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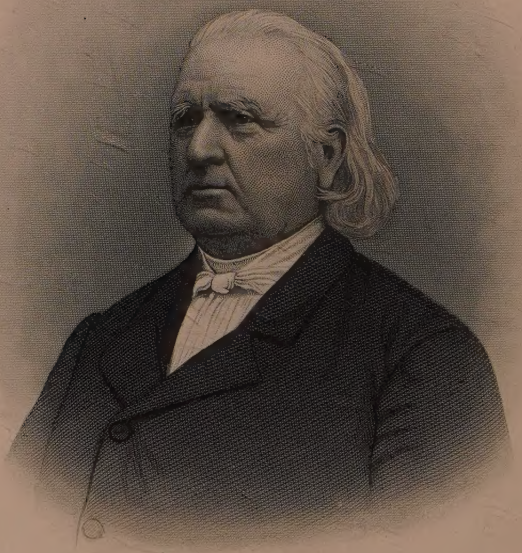
MEMOIR
OF
REV. B. G. PADDOCK.

BY
Z. PADDOCK D. D.



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With undying Love

B. G. Paddock

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MEMOIR

OF

REV. BENJAMIN G. PADDOCK,

WITH

Brief Notices of Early Ministerial Associates.

ALSO,

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING MORE EXTENDED SKETCHES OF REV. GEORGE GARY, ABNER CHASE, WILLIAM CASE, SETH MATTISON, ISAAC PUFFER, CHARLES GILES, AND OTHERS.

By REV. Z. PADDOCK, D.D.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE eulogistic reference to American clergymen by the late Daniel Webster, in his argument before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania at the time the will of the late Stephen Girard was finally passed upon by that judiciary, is doubtless remembered by a large portion of the reading public. Though the words of the great orator on that occasion were strong and striking, there was nothing extravagant or unwarranted in his estimate of the men of whom he spoke. That all of them have been either saints or patriots is not pretended. Judas has, doubtless, had his representatives in all ages and portions of the Church. But that the clergymen of our country, and especially since the American Revolution, have, generally, been men of spotless character and great usefulness will, we are persuaded, be denied by no one whose information and candor render him a proper judge.

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Nor is this less true of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church than of those of any other denomination. They may not have been, in every instance, equally learned, but in purity of character, and in real practical efficiency, they could hardly be said to be inferior to any others. This opinion is abundantly indorsed even outside of the communion. We have room for only a single example. The Rev. Dr. Sprague, a well-known author, and one of the most eminent ministers of the Presbyterian Church, in the introduction to his "Annals of the Methodist Pulpit," a most deserving publication, says: "I shall be much disappointed if this volume does not furnish evidence, even to those whose religious associations place them at the greatest remove from Methodism, that there have been in this communion some of the most eloquent preachers, as well as some of the most earnest propagators of Christianity, whose labors have blessed the American Church."

In winning souls to Christ, especially, the men of whom we speak have had few equals, anywhere or in any age. Within the last century, and on this continent, hundreds of thousands have been added to the number

of the redeemed by their instrumentality. Nor has their influence been by any means confined to their own denomination. All branches of the Church have felt the impulse of their godly labors. If not their creed, their modes and methods have been adopted by other evangelical laborers; so that even in this way their influence has been greatly multiplied and extended. In a word, tried by the rule of the Great Teacher—"by their fruits shall ye know them"—they might justly be classed among the most worthy of the clerical profession the world has ever seen.

Nor is the salutary influence these men have exerted to be seen in the religious or moral aspect of the country merely. They have contributed essentially to its general elevation. Its material wealth should, strange as the statement may seem to some, be largely credited to them. No community, at least in this country, has ever been prosperous, even in temporal things, where the religion of the cross has not been a pervading and controlling element. Habits of vice are always expensive. Sin is not only a reproach to any people, but ever a clog upon their prosperity. In all its relations and bearings, moral evil has invariably been found, in its final sum-

ming up, to be an unprofitable concern. On the contrary, thousands have experimentally demonstrated that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. He who forms his character upon the model of a pure and elevated religion is necessarily industrious, economical, frugal, temperate, and hence must be more or less prosperous. At least this is the general rule, though there may be occasional exceptions.

And what is true of individuals, is equally true of communities. Facts abundantly demonstrate it. One of the results of Wesleyan Methodism has ever been the material thrift of those who have been subdued by it to the obedience of the faith. Just as soon as they have found pardon and salvation, every thing in relation to their fortune has taken an upward direction. This was particularly observable in the days of the Wesleys themselves, but has been still more apparent in our own country and times. Nor need we necessarily suppose any preternatural interpositions of Providence in order to account for the fact. The philosophy of it, indeed, lies upon the very surface. The essential elements and graces of the Christian religion,

as we have already seen, tend directly to the specified result. That portion of country occupied by the men of whom the present volume is designed to give some account furnishes a triumphant demonstration. They carried a simple Gospel into almost every neighborhood, permeating the masses with its blessed spirit, and thus counteracting the grovelling and dissipating tendencies of vice. Thus the wilderness and solitary places have been made glad, and the desert caused to rejoice and blossom as the rose. A more prosperous population can scarcely be found on the face of the globe. Agriculture, commerce, and the arts are beautifying and enriching the land, and consequently almost every material interest of the country is in the ascendant. Doubtless this picture has its shadow, but is, on the whole, by no means overdrawn.

Nor should we lose sight of the mental elevation consequent upon the labors of those good men. The Gospel they preached acts directly upon the intellect. When God would save a man, he always begins by pouring light into his mind. He shows him what he is. The mind thus illuminated at once takes an upward direction. What surprising de-

velopments of intellectual character not unfrequently follow the triumphs of the cross! A sparkling genius has started up where we had looked for little else than downright stupidity. Many a man is now exerting a wide and salutary influence upon the world of mind around him, who, but for his religion, would never have gone beyond a state of mental mediocrity. Illustrative facts might be multiplied to almost any extent. Such facts, indeed, always teem in the wake of successful evangelism. Stimulated and elevated in its aims, the mind at once demands educational facilities. Schools, of course, become a public necessity, and multiply with the increasing demand. This is not presumption —it is the decision of experience. In all this region we see it exemplified. Wherever the itinerant has gone and societies have been formed, food has, immediately thereafter, been demanded for the mind; not only for the minds of those who have become subjects of converting grace, but of others. The whole community has felt the impulse. Hence, not only common schools have been called for, but higher institutions—academies, seminaries, colleges, universities. And, being demanded, they have been supplied. How

strange that these very men who were supposed to be not only unlearned themselves, but the real patrons of ignorance, should have been, as in a sense they really have, the pioneers of education. Their descendants are now, to a very considerable extent, the educators of the land.

To aver that all the religious teaching and moral influence which may be regarded as the basis of this extraordinary prosperity, as well material as intellectual, should be credited to the Methodistic agencies, would be the sheerest bigotry. Others have toiled nobly, and are entitled to a large share of the honor. But that the itinerancy of the Methodist Episcopal Church has opened the way and laid the foundation for those other workmen will probably be questioned by few who know any thing about the facts in the case. Settled pastors could do nothing till the country was somewhat opened and populated, and the means of supporting them had been accumulated. Methodism was under no necessity of waiting long for either. Her economy enabled her to occupy the very outposts. Ere the cabin was completed or the first acre inclosed, the itinerant was on hand. He could lodge in the loft and subsist

upon the cheapest fare. In quest of souls, he thought little of any thing else. No matter what were his privations or sufferings, so long as his chief objects were being accomplished. Living among the people, a very small salary would suffice for him. A single man thought himself amply supported if he obtained his disciplinary allowance — from eighty to a hundred dollars per annum—a thing that rarely occurred. More frequently he had to live on a moiety of that sum. Nor did the man of a family, in many instances, at least, get much more. The people gave what they *could*, and upon that the preacher had to subsist, whether married or otherwise. But they were glorious men, and their memorial shall not perish. It is not extravagant to imagine that the impartial historian may hereafter award to them a higher niche in the temple of fame than that assigned even to the heroes of the American Revolution. It can hardly be otherwise, if justice shall be done them. Posterity should come and say over their tombs, as Pericles did over the bodies of his deceased fellow-soldiers: "You are like the divinities above us; you are known only by the benefits you have conferred." It is of a portion of these men

that the present volume is designed to give some account; not merely because it is supposed to be due to them, but for the still stronger reason that such a record will, it may be reasonably hoped, be found useful to the general reader.

The idea of writing these biographical sketches originated with the death of my brother, the Rev. B. G. Paddock, which occurred some two years since. In compliance with the urgent request of his children he had for some time, as his health would permit, been committing to paper something of his own personal history. He knew perfectly well that what he had thus written, being necessarily fragmentary and often disconnected, was in no suitable condition for publication. It is evident, however, that he supposed his family might choose to make, or cause to be made, some public use of these sketches, as well as of other miscellaneous papers he had composed at different times during his long life. That some such idea was in his mind, would seem certain from the great anxiety he expressed to see his brother before his death—an event which he evidently supposed to be imminent—in order that he might place in his hands the papers re-

ferred to. Accordingly, before our first interview closed in his dying chamber, he formally committed those papers to my care, saying in substance, if I found any thing in them which, in my judgment, was adapted to do good and thus promote the glory of the Saviour, I was at liberty to publish it. Otherwise, all was to be suppressed. Soon after his death, his sons, B. C. Paddock, Esq., of New York, and the Rev. Wilbur F. Paddock, D.D., of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, speaking in behalf of the whole family, not only endorsed the request then made, but made it still more express and emphatic.

Under the circumstances I did not feel at liberty to decline the service, and especially as I was then, in a sense, somewhat at leisure. After fifty-two years in the active pastorate, or, perhaps more properly, the effective itinerancy, I was now on the superannuated list, and consequently without pastoral charge. The habit of writing more or less for the press had been coeval with my public life, and it now seemed to be almost the only available outlet of a desire to do good. Hence that present volume. Thinking it probable that the memoir might be read mostly in families,

embracing childhood and youth, as well as adult age, it has been prepared in view of such an expectation. This will account for the greater detail in my brother's early history than would perhaps otherwise have been thought quite proper. And it may be in place here to say, that, though I have availed myself of my brother's manuscript whenever I could, I have not always copied his exact words. Much, indeed most, of what he wrote was mere *memoranda;* and I have endeavored to say for him just what I doubt not he would have desired me to say, had he himself been present.

From the beginning I foresaw it would probably fall in my way to speak somewhat largely of many of my brother's early fellow-laborers. This I have done, all along mingling *their* history with *his.* But I soon found I could not in this way, without diverting attention from the principal narrative, say all I felt should be said of cĕrtain more prominent ministers, who, by their fine talents and extraordinary labors had done so much for the Church and the world in my brother's day, and often in connection with him. This suggested the plan of writing separate and more extended notices of some

of them, with a view to a somewhat ample appendix. The plan has been adopted. And it is thought that this part of the volume will be found quite as interesting and quite as profitable as any other portion of it. With a single exception, I was personally and well acquainted with the ministers of whom I speak; and I feel it to be both an honor and a comfort that I am spared to contribute even thus much towards perpetuating the memory of men of whom the world was not worthy. Others of the same class might have been noticed, only for the double reason that I did not know them so intimately and had not room, in the present volume, for any thing further.

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MEMOIR

OF

REV. BENJAMIN G. PADDOCK.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE.

IN early life the subject of the following pages was frequently, perhaps almost universally, called "Green Paddock." His entire Christian name was, however, Benjamin Green; Green being the maiden name of his paternal grandmother, whose memory it was intended thus to perpetuate.

His parents were Thomas and Elizabeth (Lewis) Paddock. The former belonged to a physical stock remarkable for manly proportions and uncommon strength; while some portions of the family were scarcely less distinguished for mental capacity and general culture. Tradition refers the origin of all bearing the name in this country to two brothers, Thomas and William, who came from England to America some fifty years after the Plymouth settlement, and established their residence on Nantucket Island, Massachusetts. From that place—supposing

the tradition to be correct—their descendants have become scattered over perhaps nearly the whole nation.*

Though the whole family of which Thomas was a member, consisting of eleven brothers and sisters, lived, with perhaps a single exception, to see their "three score years and ten," it is a remarkable fact that all of them fell victims to apoplexy, not one of them living more than thirty hours after being stricken by that potent disease.

The father of our subject was strongly inclined to a species of infidelity, advocating a sort of philosophical fatalism that shielded man from all blame. No matter how flagrant his conduct, in the estimation of men, he acted only as he was acted on, and

* Since writing the above I have had an interview with the Rev. T. T. Bradford, who married my brother's oldest daughter. Being himself a descendant from a Paddock ancestry, and having a special taste for such investigations, he has taken much pains to trace back the family history. The result of his researches he states as follows :—

"Robert Paddock, (the ancestor of all the Paddocks with whom I am acquainted,) came from England to Plymouth as early as A. D. 1630. I learned from one who had investigated the matter, that it is certain that he must have arrived there either in that year or in some previous year. Robert Paddock's sons may have afterward settled elsewhere. How many there were who came from England with their father I am not informed."

What is stated in the text claims no higher authority than that of tradition, and is of no great importance in any view of it. Robert is incontestably a family name, and the individual mentioned by Professor Bradford as sustaining it *may* have had sons by the names of Thomas and William, who settled in Nantucket, thus harmonizing, in so far at least, with the family traditon.

consequently was in no proper sense responsible for his wrong-doing. A phase of predestination frequently came from the pulpit in those days that strikingly harmonized with Mr. Paddock's theory of human responsibility; and when quite sure of hearing the right doctrine, he went, not unfrequently, to the place of worship. Nor did he wholly neglect the Bible, especially the historical parts of it. But then he always found therein authority for his peculiar views of human character and human destiny. It is not wonderful, then, that when Methodism first made its appearance in his neighborhood, it was about as distasteful to him as any thing well could be. Its teachings in respect to man's moral freedom, to human guilt, the necessity of repentance, the duty and privilege of faith in a Saviour who had died for all men, the new birth, and the like, seemed to him little better than the quintessence of nonsense.

But all of this, even, was quite tolerable as compared with the experiences and warm devotional exercises of the votaries of Methodism. These were, indeed, the very climax of absurdity. No one possessing common sense, thought he, could countenance such wide aberrations from all that is sober and decent. While he cherished such views and feelings, it might not be difficult to imagine how he would be likely to be affected by the conversion of his oldest son to such a creed and such a life, and especially when he found that son inclined to the

Methodist ministry. The actual occurrence all but frenzied him. Even his notions of fatalism were regarded as supplying no palliation whatever for a faith and a practice so utterly unreasonable. Poor Benjamin, the particulars of whose induction to the household of faith and call to the ministry will be given hereafter, had a hard time of it indeed. Restrictions and tasks were imposed upon him until he was often obliged to exclaim, "My burden is greater than I can bear."

But affliction often does for a man what nothing else can. Under the pressure of adversity even the skeptic is sometimes made not only to see, but to feel, his utter helplessness. It was so with the father in the present instance. By unreasonable exposure Mr. Paddock took cold, and was violently attacked with pneumonia, which almost immediately threatened his life. In this posture of affairs infidelity stood him in no stead. However soothing the doctrine of fate in health and prosperity, it was found to be a broken reed in the hour of languishing. In the immediate prospect of death all his former speculations appeared air-built and baseless. Though in great bodily pain, his mental distress was still more insupportable. He could hardly speak of any thing but his own past errors and follies, and his consequent exposure to remediless ruin. He had always said, if there were any good people on earth, any real followers of the Saviour, his wife was one of them; and to her he now looked, less for

physical alleviation than for religious instruction and comfort. Ever after their marriage, as he had reason to know, her prayers for his salvation had been incessant, and now he seemed to regard her as his most reliable subordinate intercessor. Well does the writer remember, though at the time a mere child, how his suffering, repenting father insisted on being taken from his bed, so that upon his bended knees he might join his godly companion in prayer for Divine pardon and acceptance. But whether upon his knees or upon his pillow—whether others interceded for him or not—he himself, like the great Master, "offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears," at the same time asking pardon of all about him. The struggle was too sincere and ardent to last long. Truly repenting of all sin, and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ with the heart unto righteousness, he was soon enabled to cry out, in the language of believing Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" The change was evident to all. This occurred in January, 1812.

He knew it was generally understood how unreasonably and how wickedly he had opposed his son, and was therefore anxious to make the widest and most satisfactory reparation possible. The expedient fixed upon was remarkable. It was that this son should publicly administer baptism to him, so that the whole community might understand him as not only identifying himself with the household of faith, but also and especially as confessing the great

wrong he had done to this son. Accordingly he wrote to Benjamin, who was at the time some two or three hundred miles away on the Northumberland Circuit, in Pennsylvania, telling him that "God had had mercy on the old sinner," and that he was waiting for him to come home formally to induct him into the visible Church of Christ. The son was not then in orders, but it was understood he probably would be at the approaching session of his Conference, so that the thing desired seemed quite possible. Expectation was realized. The son returned and performed the solemn service, his own father being the first person he ever baptized. The occasion was one of extraordinary interest. Vast multitudes came together to witness a transaction at once so impressive and so unique. Tears fell from eyes unused to weeping, and many retired glorifying God, and saying, "We have seen strange things to-day." Though more than sixty years have elapsed since this occurrence, the writer remembers all of the *minutiæ* of the occasion as distinctly as he does events which have fallen under his observation within the last few months.

From this time forward to the close of his pilgrimage Thomas Paddock was a new man. He had not only ceased to do evil, but had learned to do well. During the last few years of his life he seemed to be more in heaven than upon earth. Bemoaning the errors and follies of his past life, and adoring the riches of that grace that had rescued him from the

jaws of hell, he looked forward with exultant anticipation to death and the scenes beyond it. While his "eyes were a fountain of tears," his face was radiant with holy joy. The hundred and sixteenth Psalm so fully expressed the feelings of his heart, that he repeated it with gushing emotions several times a day.* In this happy frame he was, without premonition, stricken by apoplexy. After some thirty hours of unconscious suffering, he entered into rest, aged about seventy-three years. His remains sleep in the cemetery at Little Lakes, Herkimer County, New York, where they were deposited on the 25th of December, 1828.

The mother of Benjamin was a woman of extraordinary excellence of character, and from her he received nothing but the most desirable help. She was the daughter of Matthew and Susannah Lewis, of Hopkinton, Rhode Island, at which place she was born on the 28th of November, 1762. When a mere child she became a professing Christian. Her conversion was very remarkable. It occurred during the first great battle of the American Revolution, the noise of which was distinctly heard at her father's residence. The distant booming of the cannon was to her like the day of judgment. She seemed to hear the blasts of the last trumpet, and

* The funeral sermon for Mr. Paddock was preached by a very devoted local minister, the Rev. Abraham Fish, on the seventh verse of this Psalm: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

to feel the concussion of heaven's mighty artillery. A conviction that she was unprepared to meet God in judgment all but overwhelmed her. Retiring to her closet, she began in deep penitence to cry for mercy. Her godly mother, hearing her voice, went and kneeled by her side, joining her in prayer, and directing her to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Thus instructed, she gave her heart to the Saviour, and was at once enabled to rejoice in his pardoning love. The change was not only sudden, but inexpressibly joyous. Her little bosom was instantly filled with heavenly tranquillity. Darkness and sorrow were succeeded by light and comfort. The roaring of the cannon ceased to disturb her, so that she went to her bed that night with such an assurance of safety as she had never before felt.

Soon after this blissful change she openly professed faith in Christ, and became a member of the Baptist Church. Though she had few helps, as compared with those enjoyed by young Christians at the present day, she maintained her position with unshrinking fidelity, every-where and on all occasions letting the world know she was on the Lord's side. In no single instance, young as she was, was she known to falter in her religious course, though she may not have always advanced with equal vigor and rapidity.

At the early age of eighteen she was married to Thomas Paddock. Her family soon became numerous, and the cares of domestic life quite engrossing.

Still, however, she resolutely held on her way, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Religion was with her a matter of deliberate principle, commanding her first and last attention.

A few months after she removed from Bennington, Vermont, to Northampton, Montgomery County, (now Fulton,) New York, she lost, by a prevailing epidemic, three children—just one half of her family. The effect upon a sensitive nature will be easily imagined. Though for a time reason staggered under the terrible infliction, she was finally enabled submissively to bow to the government of God. In a memorandum found among her papers, she says, referring to this dispensation: "I felt, to adopt the language of King David when he saw the destruction of his innocent subjects: 'Lo, *I* have sinned and done wickedly: but these sheep, what have they done?' 2 Sam. xxiv, 17. Conscious that the trial had been sent upon me in the way of chastisement for my unfaithfulness, I felt to kiss the rod and Him that had appointed it. The Scriptures became now, more than ever before, a source of unspeakable comfort. Reading, 'Is any among you afflicted? let him pray,' I betook myself with increased earnestness to an exercise with which I was by no means unacquainted. God sent supporting and sanctifying grace; sent just the grace I needed, so that I then found, as did the Psalmist—as indeed I have always found—that 'it is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"

At a later period she says: "My anxiety for the spiritual welfare of my family has been greater than can well be expressed. When my children became large enough to mingle in society, my solicitude for them at times engrossed my whole soul. I knew that they, as well as others, had wicked natures, and that nothing but the grace of God could keep them from falling into vicious and destructive habits. To the Divine throne, therefore, I carried their cases with an ardency of desire which nothing but their moral renovation could fully satisfy. For my unconverted husband, also, my prayers were unceasing. O, the nights of agonizing intercession through which I passed at certain periods of my history, can be known only to Him who knows all things. Nor could I give over the struggle till I saw those to whom I was so closely allied brought into the kingdom of Christ. And, blessed be God for his great mercy to me! he regarded his handmaid in her low estate. First one child, and then another, and then my husband, and then another child, and so on, were brought from darkness to light, till my entire family were numbered with the heirs of salvation. And now, with a glad heart, and from the fullness of my soul, can I say, with Joshua of old, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'

"But sickness and death are inseparable from the present state. I have been the mother of thirteen children, of whom no less than eight have been committed to the silent resting-place of the

dead. Three lie buried in Northampton, Montgomery County, New York; three in Warren, Herkimer County, with my first husband along-side of them; one in Herkimer, and one at St. Charles, Missouri. But through the alone merits of the Saviour, I trust that their souls are with the redeemed in the heavenly temple; for a part of them were stricken down in their infancy, and the rest of them after they had passed from death unto life. My remaining children are the professed followers of the Saviour, and some of them are watchmen on the walls of Zion. But as the larger portion of my family are with *my* Saviour, my tie to earth is slender, and I often feel that I would myself willingly depart, and be with Christ. Still I will patiently wait 'all the days of my appointed time, till my change come.' "

At the age of seventy-four, Mrs. Paddock (now Widow Eastman)—generally making some one of her grandchildren her amanuensis—commenced the practice of making an annual memorandum of her current religious views, feelings, and exercises, occasionally indulging in a personal reminiscence. This was continued till bodily infirmities and decaying mental forces rendered it quite impracticable. A single entry is all that can now with propriety be transcribed, but this may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole:—

"*November* 28, 1842.

"I am now eighty years old. I have had thirteen children, fifty grandchildren, and twelve great grand-

children. Five of them are Methodist preachers, proclaiming, I trust, the same glorious doctrines that Christ taught his disciples. Can I, then, do otherwise than bless God for what he has done for me and mine? It is seventy-one years since I set out in the road to Zion; and from that time to the present I have never seen a moment in which I was sorry that I had commenced the heavenly pilgrimage; but many has been the time I have sorrowed for not having lived a more holy life. I can only say, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant,' O Lord. Evidences that we live in a fallen world are spread all about us. We see them on every hand. But, blessed be God! he has promised an Almighty Deliverer. Christ can save even to the uttermost. His blood, indeed, 'cleanseth from all sin.' We read that Joshua 'followed the Lord with *all* his heart,' and I would be like him. During the last year, especially, I have been endeavoring to live by faith, and, like Enoch, to 'walk with God.' If I have succeeded at all, the praise is due to the God of all grace and comfort. Within the last ten years I have read my precious Bible through eighteen times. Apart from my Saviour—if, indeed, this can be separated from him—nothing is so near my heart as this 'book divine.' To me it is no longer a 'sealed book.' Light from above seems to shine upon its pages. The more I read, the more I love it. With David I can say, 'O how I love thy law.' Instructed by its teaching, and sustained by its

promises, I am kept in perfect peace. Many well-meaning men are prophesying that the end of the world and the day of judgment are at hand. If so, it is well. The judgment has no terrors for me. I feel fully prepared to see 'our God in grandeur, and our world on fire.' The Judge is my friend, and I feel I can rejoice to meet him in the air. To him I can now appeal and say, as did Peter, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

Though Mrs. Paddock lived nearly fifteen years after the above was written—dying at not far from ninety-five—she kept up to the last her habitual communion with the sacred text. She read the Bible entirely through twenty times after she was seventy years old, and probably full twice as much more miscellaneously, a book here and another there, as prompted at the time by some peculiar mental state, or incidental emergency. Even when she was not reading the Bible in course her habit was to read an entire book in consecutive order. She frequently said she could not understand how people who loved Divine truth could be satisfied with such a piecemeal way of reading the Holy Scriptures as was apparently their willing habit. The train of thought could be traced and kept, it seemed to her, only by reading the Bible as other books were read. Though one might learn much by consulting detached portions of the Bible, that was not the way to find the scope and design of the writer. But

though she read the Bible, more or less every day, the holy Sabbath supplied her with the most precious opportunity, especially during the last four years of her life, when she was unable to go to the place of worship. On Monday when her son, with whom she lived, returned from his quarterly meeting—he being at the time presiding elder—she would say to him, 'Well, I too had a good Sabbath, for I read the whole of the Acts of the Apostles through yesterday.' At another time she would say, 'While you were gone I read the whole of the first and second epistles to the Corinthians.' And the like. She always read with a lead pencil in her fingers, so as to mark those passages that particularly interested her, or upon which she had heard sermons, or that conveyed to her mind some new and striking sentiment. The oldest copy of the precious volume, which she steadily used for near half a century, had, it may be safely said, thousands of these marks upon the margins of its pages. At her special, written request, this copy was placed under her head in the coffin as her *only* pillow while she should sleep the long sleep of the grave. Another and later copy, in which her pencil marks are almost equally numerous, remains as a precious memento in the hands of her children. It is worthy of special remark that while her mental faculties in their bearing upon most other subjects were sadly deteriorated during the last ten or twelve years of her life, in respect to the Bible they seemed nearly

as vigorous as ever. She could not only remember large portions of it, so as to repeat them with wonderful accuracy, but could make very just and discriminating remarks upon their import. Only a few hours before she went hence she read the precious book with all the seeming interest she ever had done.

Her end was peace. She evinced child-like sweetness of spirit, and probably had little or no bodily suffering. There was no death-struggle. Not a limb, not even a muscle moved. The family were all kneeling around her bed, when she passed away as gently as the infant falls asleep upon its mother's bosom. She literally lived out all her days, and then

"The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Good woman! She now rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.

A man's character, not unfrequently, largely depends upon his parentage. For this reason the details of the present chapter may not be deemed an inappropriate introduction to the chapters that are to follow.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

THE subject of this memoir was born in Bennington, Vermont, on the 24th of January, 1789. When he was about five years old, the family removed into the State of New York, and settled on the Sacandaga River, a branch of the Hudson, in the then town of Broadalbin, soon after Northampton, and at the time Montgomery County, now Fulton. They were doubtless attracted hither by the fame of the beautiful lands lying about the Fish House, a post established by Sir William Johnson, of revolutionary memory, for the purpose of fishing and trade with the Indians. Though now a considerable village, it was then a mere hamlet. A few hundred rods below this, on a good farm, the Paddock family spent several eventful years, and here Benjamin passed the chief portion of his childhood and early youth.

The country was new, and, consequently, religious and educational advantages were inconsiderable. After awhile, however, Churches were formed and schools opened, so that the multiplying youth of the community received, to some extent at least, evangelical and literary instruction. In these advantages

Benjamin shared quite as largely as any of his fellows, while his home privileges were probably much superior to theirs, generally. Though, at the time, as has already been seen, his father was far enough from being a Christian, his mother was all to him that a true disciple of the Saviour could be. Her children were made familiar with the voice of prayer from their very infancy. They not only heard it every day, but many times every day. Writing of this period, just before his death, my brother says: "Mother would take us children into a retired part of the house, and there talk to Jesus in our behalf, asking his blessing upon each one of us by name. Though I could not see the Saviour, I thought he certainly must be there, for mother spoke to him just as if he were really present." Nor did she omit to instruct her children, as well as pray for them. In the memorandum from which we have just quoted, he says again: "Whatever I am, or have been enabled to do during these eighty years to benefit my fellow men, I owe, under God, to my godly mother. Just as soon as I was old enough to understand somewhat the meaning of words, she told me that when I was born she gave me to the Lord; that as I belonged to him, I must do whatever he commanded; that I must obey my parents, and love my brothers and sisters; that I must never tell a lie, or break the Sabbath, for if I failed to do the one, or actually did the other, God would not own me as his child, and that I would be Satan's

boy. O how I trembled at the thought of being a child of the wicked one! I then solemnly resolved, as well as I knew how, to be good, so that I might belong to God's family, and not be Satan's bad boy.

"To enforce these lessons, mother read to us the precious Bible. From that I soon learned that 'all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' Hence I was led to fear a falsehood as I would have done that dreadful place. My attention was also fixed on the fourth command, where I was assured that God would not hold him guiltless who should take his name in vain. So deeply was I impressed with this, that I have never uttered a profane oath, or what I supposed to be one, during my whole life. And it has often occurred to me, especially of late, that one reason why I have been allowed to live so long in the world, has been that I so scrupulously honored and obeyed my parents in childhood and youth."

In March, 1794, a few months after the family came to Northampton, an epidemic, then called *canker rash*, broke out in the neighborhood, carrying off large numbers of children and youth. This dispensation fell most destructively upon the Paddock family, to which affliction allusion is made in the preceding chapter. The oldest son, aged nine years, and two daughters, aged respectively seven and one, were laid away in the silent grave. Benjamin himself was so violently sick that there was

scarcely the least hope of his recovery. When convalescence restored him to consciousness, he found himself in a desolate and sorrowing family. Nor did returning health much improve his feelings, as it seemed to give him a keener sense of the great loss he had sustained. His loved companions gone, the garden, the meadows, the pastures, the grove, all the haunts of childhood, seemed to mourn. About all the comfort he found was in the bosom of his mother, and in joining her when she "talked to Jesus." But time and the soothing influence of prayer gradually restored him to a degree of buoyancy, so that he again enjoyed life.

But an incident, far more dreadful than death itself, followed these family bereavements; not directly, but as an unquestionable consequence. The oldest child, Susan, then aged about seventeen, became a hopeless maniac. She had been a beautiful and lovely girl. Her mother was often heard to say that she never saw her angry, or knew her to do what seemed intentionally wrong, even from the days of her childhood. In every thing she was scrupulously conscientious. So fearful was she that she might do something that would offend God, that she scarcely dared to move without first consulting her mother. Indeed, it might be said that she was *always* religious. In early childhood prayer seemed to mingle itself with her every breath. Nor did she abate the habit of prayer, as is too often the case, with advancing years. So far from it, that she be-

came more and more devout, so that at the age of about fifteen, she made a public profession of religion, and became a member of the Baptist Church.

At that time high-toned Calvinism held almost universal sway. The *horribili decretum* that doomed little children to everlasting burnings because of Adam's transgression was not only pretty generally received as an article of faith, but was often prominent in pulpit declamation. Of course, Susan frequently had this revolting doctrine addressed both to her eye and her ear—read as well as heard it—and supposed she was bound to accept it as a part of the evangelical system. Other people, better than she was, received it, and why should not she? So long as it was to her a mere theory, she hardly paused to think of its dreadfully malign consequences. But now the death of her little brother and two sisters brought home to her own bosom the practical bearings of this terrible doctrine. The idea that these little innocents, so nearly allied to herself, and in whose destiny she had ever felt so deep an interest, were "with the damned cast out," was more than she could bear. Her whole intellectual and moral nature seemed, for weeks and months, to be struggling with the problem thus forced upon her; nor is it to be wondered at that reason gradually gave way in the dreadful conflict.

A little one that had been given to the family, not long after the first signs of mental aberration in

Susan had been detected, seemed to attract her special attention. It was matter of doubt with her whether one so wicked ought not at once to be dispatched to the place of woe; a query that was solemnly and repeatedly propounded to her mother. When asked, in return, what made her think the little one so wicked, she instantly responded, "I know he is, for I hear him saying, right under his tongue, *devil, devil, devil,* all the time." But further details, however important their bearings upon mental philosophy or Christian theology, are waived here as being irrelevant to the objects of the present publication. There was a time, perhaps, when such an *exposé* might have done good. But that time has gone by, as the doctrine which occasioned this distressing personal and domestic disaster has, in a sense, become obsolete. There are probably few persons, certainly no Churches, that would choose now to avow it. It will be sufficient to add that, in the present case, the deterioration was complete. A nature once so innocent and so lovely was not only utterly perverted but totally ruined; so that qualities for which this young woman had been so eminently distinguished were superseded by others of a directly opposite character. Such a perfect wreck is seldom exhibited to the world.

Though Susan lived more than thirty years after this utter extinguishment of all that renders life desirable, there was never any improvement in her case, unless, indeed, a calmer, a less turbulent state,

might be regarded as an improvement. Reason, in the smallest measure, never returned. Without any apparent disease she sunk into a kind of torpor, and quietly passed away. But who can doubt that she went into the spirit world with just the kind of moral character she had when reason left her? Thenceforward, certainly, she ceased to be a moral agent. Her probation as much terminated then as it would have done had she then died. Thus the family have always found great comfort in the conviction that when they join her again, they will find her the same beautiful and lovely young woman she was when they parted with her as such. But the amount of suffering and sorrow inflicted by her case upon the whole domestic circle, particularly upon the parents and upon Benjamin—the latter being nearer the age of Susan than any other member of the family—can never be adequately described. How natural, then, that all connected with her should feel something like an utter abhorrence of a doctrine leading to such disastrous results.

But to return to the case of Benjamin. What follows was recorded by himself, only a few months before his final departure. "Still, Providence spoke to me in the way of admonition. A few years after the deaths in the family of which I have spoken, when I was large enough to go to school, Galutia Lewis, a schoolmate, eating through mistake what is popularly known as wild parsnip, poisoned himself. His agonies were terrible, but soon ended in death.

This again greatly affected me. Soon after this distressing occurrence a poor man was instantly crushed to death in a grist-mill, near the school-house. His body, mangled and bleeding, was brought into the miller's house and laid on the floor. What a spectacle for the eyes of a timid boy! I was, indeed, almost utterly overwhelmed. And then, as if God would force me to think of the uncertainty of life, I was called in a very short time after the above to attend the funeral of a lad, a little older than myself, killed by the falling of a limb from a tree. His death, too, was instant and shocking. These dispensations supplied me with material for solemn reflection by day, and occasioned me frightful dreams at night."

"Crossing a beautiful field one day, all alone, when about ten years old, I was suddenly and unaccountably caused to stand still and reflect. For some time my ear was deaf to the songs of birds, and my eye blind to the beauties of nature around me. Death, I had been taught to believe, is not the extinction of one's being. Those, therefore, who had so recently fallen had not ceased to exist. Then how different must be the destiny of good and bad boys! The miseries of the lost and the blessedness of the saved seemed to present themselves to my mental view, and a desire to shun the one and to secure the other so impressed me that I thought I must *now* be a Christian. But it was then suddenly suggested to me that the Saviour

himself did not go 'about his Father's business' until he was about twelve years old, which was at the time he held his memorable conversation with the Jewish doctors in the temple at Jerusalem, and that I had probably better wait till I should be about as old as he was then before it would be proper for me to think of becoming one of his disciples. This suggestion was doubtless from 'the father of lies,' of whose devices I then had little knowledge; otherwise I might not have so readily yielded to the temptation. But when the two years had elapsed I did not, by any means, feel as I did when the resolution of postponement was formed. Then my heart was tender, and it would have been comparatively easy for me to be a Christian; but now my heart was less susceptible, and the difficulties in my way, it seemed to me, were greatly multiplied.

"About this time the spirit of awakening grace was poured out largely in our neighborhood. Many youth were made to see their lost condition, and were led to seek the Saviour. Meetings were frequent, and not a few found peace in believing. At one of these social meetings, held at my father's house, I heard some of the late converts tell what great things God had done for them, while a tide of joyous feeling seemed to sweep over the happy circle. Again I was deeply impressed. It seemed to me I could not stay in the house; I must get away by myself. Accordingly I sought a retired spot in

the field, where I fell down to the ground in deep agony of spirit. I mourned that I could not feel as they did, or even as I myself once had done. If I could only be as broken-hearted again, I thought I might hope for pardoning mercy, but now feared I was utterly forsaken of God. O, the anguish of spirit I then suffered is indescribable! But, alas! my goodness, like that of Judah and Ephraim, was as the morning cloud and the early dew, for I soon relapsed into my former feelings and habits. Thus I went on, sinning and repenting, forming resolutions and breaking them again about as soon as made, during the rest of the time that the family remained in Northampton."

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

EARLY in the year 1804 the Paddock family, by an exchange of landed property, removed from Northampton to Warren, Herkimer County, our subject being at the time in the sixteenth year of his age. Nothing occurred in his personal history worthy of special notice till in the autumn of that year, when he cut his foot with an ax so severely that he was laid up for tedious months. Indeed, the bones were injured in such a way that he never fully recovered—so recovered as not to be occasionally somewhat seriously inconvenienced. The accident was doubtless at the time deemed a very great misfortune; but when the chain of consequential events is taken into the estimate, it would certainly seem to have been one of the greatest providential blessings of his early life. For, whatever harm may have been done to the body, it gave the mind a new and more elevated direction. At that time, and especially in the country, there was little to lure youthful feet into the paths of literature. While books were few, schools were generally of a very low grade. He who could read, write, and cast figures even, to only a very limited extent, was

judged qualified for almost any business or society. Benjamin was already possessed of these qualifications, and but for this providential impediment might have remained quite contented with his scholarship. But, confined as he now was, he *must* do something, and what else could he do but read? To books, therefore, he turned as a sort of necessity. But then what was at first a mere self-imposed task, an unavoidable drudgery, soon became a matter of inclination. To give scope to his mental exercise he found, upon experiment, to be a real though unexpected luxury. Hence, the domestic library was soon exhausted, and then the whole neighborhood was laid under literary contribution to the young student. History, geography, travels, and the like, were devoured with a new and singular relish. In a word, his mind was so stimulated that he was far from being satisfied even when he had read all the books within his convenient reach. Who, then, can say that affliction was to him an unmixed misfortune?

But a still more important event connects itself with this providential lameness. In a sense, he was led by it to the foot of the cross. After he had so far recovered as to be able, by the aid of crutches, to go abroad, though still unequal to any thing like manual labor, he was at liberty to visit his friends elsewhere than in his own neighborhood. Among others whom he went to see was the family of his maternal aunt, Mrs. Gregg, who then resided in

Augusta, Oneida County. Under the ministry of the first "circuit riders" that had ever visited that place, she and her husband were led out into the light and liberty of the children of God. Though Benjamin had been familiar with the voice of prayer from his infancy, he found here that devotion engrossed the whole family, embracing father, mother, and children. Prayer was the breath of the household; it impregnated the very atmosphere; while the voice of melody and thanksgiving filled this tabernacle of the righteous. His feelings were so deeply swayed that the family had no difficulty in persuading him to accompany them to hear the Rev. Benjamin Bidlack, who was to preach that evening at a school-house near by. The word told powerfully upon his heart, already softened and prepared by what he had seen and felt in his uncle's family. He saw himself as he never did before—a sinner against God. The Divine law and his own conscience alike condemned him, so that he saw nothing before him but utter ruin. It is very probable that the great doctrine of salvation by faith, at least in its practical application, was not as distinctly understood at that time as it has been at some other periods in the history of the Church. The impression was, perhaps, quite general, that the preliminary work of the law must extend through weeks, if not months and years. Conviction and repentance for sin must hold the sinner in a long and dreadful struggle, like that through which John Bunyan and other

eminent saints had passed, or the exercise of saving faith would be found quite impracticable. It was not seen that insisting on this was much like salvation by works, or, at least, by compensatory suffering, and that it practically discredits the finished work of atonement. It makes saving faith subjective rather than objective. It supposes the salvation of the sinner to depend about as much on what he himself feels and suffers as on what Christ has done and suffered for him; whereas all that is really necessary in order to a believing trust in the Saviour, is a proper sense of our guilt and utter helplessness —a moral state that may be reached in a very short time. The history of all those conversions that occurred in apostolic times is in perfect harmony with this position. Three thousand at the feast of pentecost, without any previous conviction, so far as we know, were saved and brought into the Church of God in a single day. Saul of Tarsus was only three days under conviction before he found pardon and acceptance, and his was the most protracted case of preliminary penitence recorded in the New Testament.

Had the true gospel theory been understood and taught by Benjamin's advisers, the presumption is that he might at once have found peace in believing. Such, however, was not the fact. He did not look directly and *solely* to Christ for salvation. Retrospection and introspection so engrossed him for weeks, that he could get only transient glimpses

ses of the cross. Reading the Scriptures, going to meeting, asking the way to Zion, shedding tears of penitence, offering incessant prayer—in a word, doing whatever he supposed conducive to salvation, and all of this without the least relief to his burdened soul—he felt himself sinking in despair. In a letter to me written in 1860, reverting to this portion of his early experience, he says, "I had never doubted that there was a Saviour for the lost, or that Christ was the sinner's only hope; and yet it seemed to me my sins were so many in number and so great in aggravation that there was no salvation for *me*. Others might hope for redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of their sins; but how could I, who had sinned so long, and against so much light and knowledge, expect any favor at his hand?" But the hour of deliverance was now nigh. God is wont, it is said, to make man's extremity his own gracious opportunity. Just now Christ was divinely presented to him in all the dignity of his character and in all the efficacy of his sacrifice. In his own language, "By faith I beheld the God-man, *my now* Saviour, pleading for me before the great Jehovah, that perfect and glorious Being against whom I had so wickedly offended." Of the prevalence of this advocacy he could no longer doubt, and was ready to exclaim with the poet:

> "Since thou for me didst undertake,
> My suit is gain'd, thy blood did make
> Atonement at his bar."

He was now justified by faith, and had passed from death into life. "O what a change," says he, "was then and there wrought in me! It was, indeed, a new creation in Christ Jesus. A transition from midnight darkness to meridian brightness would be only an imperfect emblem of what actually took place in my long-benighted but now rejoicing soul. But of this great moral transformation no mortal can give any thing like an adequate description. He who experiences it can only say, as did the blind man who had been restored to sight by the interposition of the Son of God, 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.' But though I may not be able to state the *modus*—the process—the fact is indubitable. I knew in whom I had believed, and *felt* that he was mine and I was his. It was not a point of doubtful conjecture, for the Spirit itself bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. A matter of personal consciousness, I could no more call it in question, just then, than I could my own physical being." Thus Benjamin went on his way rejoicing.

The culminating point in this great struggle was at the house of the Widow Roberts, near Newel's Corners, in Augusta, where the little band of disciples were of one accord engaged in prayer. Though the time had passed within which it had been expected Benjamin would return home, yet the place and the company had become so dear to him, and, as he thought, so essential to his establish-

ment in the faith, that he sought and obtained permission to remain a little longer. Another object he had in view in staying was, to attend a quarterly meeting which had been announced to be held soon thereafter on the Unadilla river, Chenango County, at the house of a Brother Underwood; for, in those days, there were no churches, so that even meetings of this kind must be held, if held at all, in private dwellings, school-rooms, barns, or groves. The meeting was all he anticipated it would be, and a thousand times more. The Rev. William Colbert, who had previously been on the district as presiding elder, now attended it as a visitor, but was, notwithstanding, chief speaker on the occasion. Though small in person, our subject thought him wonderful in zeal, eloquence, and power. Nor is it surprising he should have so estimated him, even if he had been less able than he really was, as he had never before heard more than two Methodist itinerants, and especially as he was himself in a frame to appreciate the ministry of the word as never before. The other exercises were to him equally interesting. The love-feast, in his estimation, fell little short of heaven upon earth. The speaking and the singing were alike seraphic. Though reared in another religious community, and under other religious influences, he now said, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." They were mostly total strangers to him, and yet he says "his soul was so knit to them that they were dearer to him

than any earthly relations." Though he had not been home in many weeks, he felt that he could go right off with those ministers and those people to the ends of the earth. He was in a world of wonders—a world of delights. Looking back to this period, after the lapse of more than half a century, he exclaims, "Earth, with all its former pleasures and delights, its pastimes and vanities, was gone—completely eclipsed by the brighter glories of the cross. The grand theme was Christ and him crucified. My youthful heart was perfectly won over, and I began at once to proclaim the wonders of redemption."

In this happy frame he returned to his father's dwelling, in the town of Warren. The writer, though at the time only about six years old, has a very distinct recollection of the event. He was in bed and asleep when the voice of Benjamin was heard below, first in singing and then in prayer. Though too young to comprehend the full significance of the transaction, he was impressed that it was quite a new thing in the conduct of his older brother, and was otherwise much affected by it, so that it was a long time before he could sleep again. The next morning not only did Benjamin seem very tender and solemn, but the whole family acted as if conscious that something like a new domestic era had commenced. Mother wore upon her face a smile of holy joy, and the sister next younger than Benjamin was in tears. Even the semi-skeptic father seemed

struck with a sort of speechless awe, and it was sometime before he so recovered himself as to take a hostile attitude.

Nor was the neighborhood much less agitated than was the family. The report was now widely diffused that "Green Paddock" had come home a Methodist convert! though exactly what that might be was a question of very difficult solution. Most people seemed to regard it as a species of mental hallucination which threatened his utter ruin. In their view, he was regarded as an object of pity. Others looked upon him as the victim of religious heterodoxy, and as the consequent patron of the most dangerous form of error. This was probably the light in which he was viewed by most professing Christians, by whom an Arminian was then regarded as the embodiment of all that is dangerous in doctrine. A single example will sufficiently illustrate this. Not many weeks after Benjamin came home, the Rev. Mr. Holcombe, pastor of the little Baptist Church in our town—by the way, the only church at the time in it—was, for some reason not now recollected, writing a letter at the house of our father to Elder Finch, of Northampton, of which Church my mother was still a member, for she had neglected to bring a letter of dismission and recommendation with her. After Elder Holcombe had written what he saw proper to say for himself, he turned to our mother, and asked if he should say any thing as from her? "Yes," said she, "I would be obliged if

you would assure Elder Finch of my tender Christian remembrance; and please also to tell him I trust I now have one member of my family to go with me to heaven." The old gentleman threw down his pen, and, looking at Mrs. Paddock with the greatest seeming astonishment, said, "Which? Who?" Aware that he knew perfectly well to whom she referred, her first impression was not to answer at all. But then, after a moment's reflection, she thought I must not forget what is due to myself as a Christian professor, even though Elder Holcombe forgets what is due to himself as a Christian minister, and mildly responded, "Why, Benjamin." "*Benjamin!*" said he, with a sort of sardonic smile, and an accent that indicated the utmost contempt, "I have as much again hope for the salvation of so and so, calling over the names of some half a dozen of the wickedest young men in town, as I have for that of Benjamin, for they may be brought in by sovereign grace and embrace the truth, but he has the poison of Arminianism so ingrained in his heart that it will be impossible to get it out of him."

But to return to Benjamin's personal history. Soon after he came home from Augusta it was noised abroad that, on a specified evening, he intended to hold a meeting at his father's house. He had authorized no such appointment, and was at a loss how to account for its origin; though it was the impression of the family that some evil-design-

ing young men, who wished to push him into a ruinous corner, were at the bottom of it. If so, it was not the only instance in which Satan has been known to overreach himself. Though this youthful convert was all but overwhelmed at the idea of being made responsible for a public religious service, his mother encouraged him to hope it might, after all, be found to have been of God, and that good would result from it. Reverting to this meeting, in a letter to the writer in 1860, he says: "We had a room full of young people. After lifting my heart in prayer for wisdom to direct and grace to support, I arose and commenced singing, thus gaining confidence to speak. I began by telling them, as well as I could, what great things God had done for me during my absence. Regarding them as my friends, I felt the greater freedom in speaking in regard to my experience; assuring them that what I had found so happifying to my own soul, would be equally valuable to them; and then exhorted them to lose no time in complying with the terms of salvation. Thus," he adds, "when I was only sixteen years old I began to call sinners to repentance, and have continued to do so ever since."

But though he was greatly blessed and comforted by this meeting, trials and conflicts still awaited him. Ignorant of Satan's devices, he was, not unfrequently, the victim of most distressing temptation. Every casualty or adverse occurrence that happened to him was apt to be construed as evi-

dence that he had been misled in respect to his religious state. The thought of being deceived here was of all others the most dreadful. When assailed by temptation, however, he had learned from one whom he had always trusted in such matters to go at once to the foot of the throne, and was, of course, victorious. In an extended memorandum, written for the most part some time afterward, and from which we shall have frequent occasion to quote, he states the following incident: "Not long after I found peace in believing"—probably the next spring —"my father was erecting a house near by, when an impending shower drove us all into the unfinished building. Presently the lightning struck a high tree near the house, and shivered it in pieces. The crash was terrible, and, being so near the house, caused it to shake and tremble as if the day of doom had really come. A man, one of our company, was so completely prostrated and disabled by it that, for some time, he seemed to be dead. My feet, being on the ground, were so benumbed by the shock as to feel as if asleep, afterward becoming livid, and so remained for some time. The precise nature of the occurrence was quite beyond the range of my philosophy, and I considered it a warning to look again at the foundation of my hope. I soon found a place of retirement in an outbuilding, and earnestly besought my Saviour not to permit me to be deceived. But fears on this momentous point would, now and then, harass my mind, especially

when danger seemed to be near. When I saw an approaching shower, I would flee to the house with the simplicity of a child, and get the blessed Bible in order to tranquilize my mind. Not long after the period here referred to I was awakened from slumber in my chamber, at a late hour in the night, by such a storm of thunder and lightning as I have scarcely witnessed since. I cried unto the Lord, asking him to take away my fear and trembling, and to do it as an evidence of my adoption into his family. The Holy Spirit at once so descended upon me that I shouted aloud, 'Glory to God in the highest!' The family below were awakened, and not only called to me from their beds, but came to inquire what was the matter. My chamber seemed illuminated for a long time, and I quite forgot all about the thunder and lightning. Since that blessed hour I have never entertained a doubt touching the genuineness of my conversion to God."

But the greatest problem of his life, with perhaps the single exception of his personal salvation, now almost constantly engrossed his mind, challenging a safe and satisfactory solution. It was, whether he were divinely called to devote his life to the work of the Christian ministry. It is not wonderful that his thoughts took this direction when he was first made a partaker of the grace of life. With young converts this is a common thing. The true Christian is not, and cannot be, a selfish being. The very grace that saves him from spiritual and eternal

death enlarges his soul, and fills his bosom with sentiments of the purest and most exalted benevolence. Just as soon, therefore, as any one finds the path of life, he begins to desire that others may find it also. He longs for companions in the way, and feels like inviting every human being to join him in his pilgrimage to the heavenly Zion. But in Benjamin this was far from being a mere transient sentiment. It took possession of him as a permanent passion, accompanied by an ever-increasing impression that in no other way could he either please his Maker or save his own soul than by spending the balance of his days in calling sinners to repentance. But the affirmative conclusion was not reached without a painful and protracted struggle. If the particulars of this struggle sometimes seem almost puerile, it should be remembered that they chiefly occurred while he was yet scarcely seventeen years old. Besides, it was a question he had to settle with little foreign help. There were no books within his reach that gave him any considerable aid. The few ministerial biographies that fell into his hands afforded no answer to those specific queries which were constantly arising in his mind. If he sought oral aid, where could he find it? The circuit preachers paused just long enough to preach and meet the class, and were then off to perform similar services elsewhere. If he ever consulted them, we have no record of the fact.

The Rev. Phineas Holcombe, of the Baptist

Church, to whom we have once before had occasion to allude, lived near neighbor to our father, and to him Benjamin ventured to go for advisement. This would seem strange, when it is recollected what estimate the "Elder" had already put upon his personal religion. But my brother was not only child-like and forgiving, but was in such agony of soul that he thought he must die could he not get relief somewhere. The venerable old gentleman allowed the "boy" to state his case, which he did in broken accents and with many sighs and tears. When he had concluded, the Elder, with a characteristic smile, answered, "Well, Bennie, I advise you to go home and ask your mother to make you a good strong cup of tea, when your head will doubtless feel better!" ending with a te-he-he.*

Thus rebuffed, he could do nothing better than return to the foot of the Divine throne and to his own unsatisfactory reasonings. But of this terrible mental conflict he himself must be his own historian. In the memorandum of 1870, to which we have be-

* We take great pleasure in saying, that Elder Holcombe very materially modified his estimate both of Benjamin and the people with whom he was connected before he died. Only half a dozen years after this interview he expressed great satisfaction in hearing the "boy" preach; and some of the last words he uttered before he closed his eyes in death, were expressions of sorrow for the unkind things he had said of the Methodists. He, doubtless, died a good man. It should be remembered that the Methodists were then little known, and that the most absurd reports were put in circulation in respect as well to their creed as their practices. Besides, that was, by no means, an age of catholicity.

fore referred, he says: "Soon after I received the Spirit of adoption, a strong impression was made on my mind that it would be my duty to spend my life in preaching the Gospel. Considering my youth and incapacity, however, I was led to fear the impression might come from an evil source, and that the arch foe might herein seek my ruin. This threw me into the most painful quandary. I feared to yield to the impression, lest, if it were not of God, I might not only go fatally astray myself, but might lead others to ruin. But then, if it were of him, and I refused to obey, even though it might be through fear of going before or without being sent of God, I might provoke his displeasure, and, by neglect of duty, leave the wicked unwarned to perish in their sins. Thus I was left in the most perplexing, and, at times, distressing dilemma. Still, such was my love, both for Christ and for souls, that I could not refrain, whenever a fitting opportunity occurred, to stand up in the congregation and speak for the Master. Nor did I wait for public opportunities. In private, also, I spoke to such young people as I could reach on the subject of their souls' salvation. In thus speaking, either publicly or privately, I generally found peace and comfort. This, however, did not solve the great question; and just as soon as I was alone it would return to me, occasioning the greatest solicitude.

"I fasted, and prayed, and in every way that promised light sought to know my duty. Thus en-

gaged, I retired one day to a lonely spot where I cried to my Divine Advocate for relief, and felt much encouraged. I arose from my knees and opened my Bible with the impression that I should find something specially suited to my case. I had hitherto mostly read the New Testament, and was consequently much less familiar with the Old. How great was my surprise, then, when I saw I had opened to the sixth chapter of Isaiah, where I found what I had scarcely known to be in the Bible! In the eighth verse I read, 'I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.' Connecting this with the fifth and sixth verses, I was both instructed and comforted. What if my lips were unclean, as I had often pleaded in the way of excuse, there were the same instrumentalities and the same cleansing agencies now as there were in the days of the Prophet. The effect was wonderful. My anxious soul was filled, as I believe, with the Holy Ghost; and I rejoiced as did the Prophet Daniel when the Lord made known to him the King's secret. O what a happy day! not merely because my duty to preach was now made so plain, but also and especially because the ear of God was so manifestly open to the cries of his unworthy child. The rest of the afternoon was spent in communing with God, with the Bible, and with my own heart. Scenes of surpassing glory were opened to my view. It almost seemed to me that I should

live to see the opening of the millennium, like a sweet, tranquil morning in spring. While upon my knees, though there was not the least perceptible atmospheric current, the dry limb of a tree fell close by me. Believing it to be the work of the evil one, and quite sure that God would not allow him to harm me, I would not and did not leave the posture of prayer. Here, in this lonely spot, where no one could hear me, or be disturbed by me, I remained a long time, praising God with a loud voice. Such a day I had never before seen.

"The fact may astonish others, as it did not unfrequently myself, that, after these remarkable and, to me at the time, very satisfactory intimations of the Divine will, I should again give way to doubt on the subject of my call to the ministry. Such, however, *was* the fact. Within a few weeks, while reflecting on the awful responsibilities connected with the office of an embassador for Christ, my youthful heart (for I needed years to be out of my teens) sunk within me. Again, therefore, I was at the foot of the throne crying for direction. In deep anguish of spirit, I said, 'O God, am I not deceiving myself? So young, so utterly unqualified as I am, shall I not bring reproach upon the blessed Gospel instead of building up the kingdom of Christ?' Thus I was as one out upon an unknown sea, without either chart, or compass, or pole-star. I read the Bible more than usual; indeed, about all of the time when not engaged in the performance of

unavoidable temporal duty, or in agonizing prayer. Very often, when I went to the foot of the throne with the question of duty, the answer would seem to be, *you* KNOW *your duty*. This response was so frequent and so emphatic that, for awhile, I scarcely dared to make my call to the ministry the subject of prayer. But again, when so pressed in spirit that I thought I could not live in such a state, I would venture to ask the Divine direction. Going to make a Christian visit in the neighborhood, I had to pass a shrubbery that stood near the road, into which, being in great distress of mind, I turned aside for meditation and prayer. While thus engaged it occurred to me that Gideon, when commanded to go and smite the Midianites, asked and obtained a miraculous sign that the command was from God, and that success should certainly attend the expedition. (Judges vi.) As the destiny of souls is a matter of far greater importance than the mere civil rights of the Jewish people, why may not I ask for a sign with quite as much propriety as did Gideon? I was at once impressed that I was at liberty to do so, though I thought of nothing in particular that I would accept as a sign, believing that God would, in his own way and time, come to my relief. Returning from my visit in the evening—a very dark one—when near my bower of prayer, I was so powerfully arrested that I stopped and stood like a statue. While thus pausing an inward voice seemed to say, Now ask a sign, and God will give it you.

Deliberating on what to ask, it occurred to me that it would best harmonize with my feelings to ask God to convert the wickedest man in the place. The first one of whom I thought was my own dear father, for whose salvation I had been constantly praying ever after my own conversion. But, upon a moment's reflection, I felt that he was *not* the wickedest man, and that I must, however reluctant to do so, name another. It seemed to me just as if God were now waiting for an answer, and that I must designate my selection. I instantly exclaimed, 'O God! if thou wilt convert my uncle, M. L., I will never again doubt, being Divinely aided, touching my public duty.'

"The sign sought was, indeed, a sort of miracle; for the individual named might be classed with the most flagrant backsliders I have ever known. Such was his own estimate of himself when awakened to a sense of his true moral condition, as he was a few weeks after the memorable evening referred to above. He would walk the streets, sometimes crying out in the utmost agony. If he met a professing Christian, no matter where, he would entreat him to pray for him, if he could have the least hope for such a wretch as he felt himself to be. At times he seemed to be in utter despair. His old companions in sin mocked and derided him. I heard one of them who met him in the street say: 'Fool! you may cut, and carve, and turnpike as much as you please, but you will be the same Mat. Lewis

after all.' But persecution had no other effect upon him than simply to increase his sorrow for sin and his desire for salvation. He subsequently told me, that, as he was burning brush on land that he was clearing, he felt more than willing to throw himself into the flames, could he thereby obtain the least gleam of hope; and that he had sometimes actually thrown open his vest to take in fresh air, as it seemed to him as if the flames of hell were already kindled in his bosom. But the hour of deliverance came. God heard his prayer, and *restored* to him the joys of the great salvation. He was our neighbor, and O! what a change in his conduct and conversation, nay, in his very appearance! He was, indeed, a new creature.

"Nor could he be contented to enjoy the precious boon alone. He went from house to house, telling what great things God had done for him, and inviting all he could reach to go with him to heaven. There were a pathos and power in his words that carried all before him. At least the wicked dared not to mock, if they could not be persuaded to pray. The report of his rude but effective eloquence was carried into surrounding neighborhoods and townships, and he was invited to hold meetings somewhere almost every Sabbath. All of this was done without ecclesiastical authority, for as yet he had joined no Church, thinking he might do more good to remain alone. But experience taught him that however well this might be as a temporary expedi-

ent, it would not answer as a permanent policy. Accordingly, he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was soon thereafter licensed as a local preacher. For more than half a century he not only held but did honor to the office, and then died in great peace. Just before his departure I joined him in the Holy Communion, and have no doubt he passed over Jordan with his feet upon the Rock. I have given this case somewhat at large both because I think it was in itself most remarkable, and because of the decisive influence which the conversion of my uncle had on my own mind touching my call to the ministry."

That Benjamin was divinely called seems now to have been finally and completely settled: at least, if he ever afterward seriously doubted, he makes no record of the fact.

CHAPTER IV.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP—STUDENT—LOCAL PREACHER—MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

FROM any date now before the writer, it does not appear certain when my brother first became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church —whether it were while he remained in Augusta, where he experienced religion, or after he returned to the town of Warren. All that is positively known is, that he was received on trial under the pastorate of Rev. Benjamin Bidlack; but as the Otsego Circuit, of which Mr. Bidlack had charge, then included Warren as well as Augusta, it is impossible to say in which of these places he was admitted to probationary membership. The presumption, however, is in favor of the town where he was properly at home. But if he were not first admitted there, it is certain he was soon thereafter. When he became part of the Warren Society it consisted of only seven members, namely: Robert Huestis, his wife, and son Jonathan, Elijah Peak and wife, Elizabeth Paddock and her son Benjamin, of which the first named individual was leader. Other members were, however, soon added, so that the Warren Church has had a growing existence for almost seventy years. It is now a separate charge in the Northern New York Conference.

Water baptism was probably less insisted on by the old preachers than it has been since their day. They were chiefly concerned in getting men converted from the error of their ways, often holding mere ritual, at least practically, below its proper value. Hence the initiatory rite was sometimes, perhaps not frequently, omitted even in admitting to Church-membership. At least it is an historical fact that individuals have been recognized as members of the communion, sometimes even placed in official positions, who had not been baptized. It is not so very wonderful, then, that our subject put off baptism for more than a year after he made a public profession of religion. His apology was, that, having been brought up in a Baptist community, he had heard most of those whose baptism he had witnessed speak of very strong convictions of duty in respect to this ordinance. Now he himself had had none of these feelings, and yet supposed he *must* have them, or accepting the solemn rite would be little better than presumption, if not, indeed, downright sacrilege. Hence his delay, and this, too, while he was holding meetings, under an exhorter's license, in most of the surrounding neighborhoods. But a careful inspection of New Testament history satisfied him that he had been wrong, and that the sooner he corrected his error the better it would be both for himself, and others who might be led astray by his example.

But by what mode should he be baptized? He

says:—"I had seen it administered in only one way, namely, by immersion. But was this the *exclusive* Scripture mode? To settle this point, I went again to the Sacred Text. I was already rather familiar with the New Testament, having read it through several times within the last few months, sometimes in two weeks. The conclusion I reached was, that though immersion was doubtless a valid mode of baptism, it was by no means the *only* mode. It was quite clear to my mind that some, if not most, who were admitted to the apostolic Church received the initiatory rite by effusion. And, since baptism is "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God," it seemed to me that the quantity of the water used was a mere circumstance that did not in the least affect the validity of the sacrament. Such has been my firm conviction from that day to this. Hence, I have often administered baptism by sprinkling and pouring as well as by immersion. During the great revival in St. Lawrence County, many years since, I administered the ordinance to full three score of subjects at one time; some in each of the three ways named above, just as the candidate preferred. But, though such were my early as well as later views, when I was baptized in 1806 it was by immersion. I chose this mode chiefly out of deference to others, whom I thought I ought to please if I could do it—as I certainly could in this instance—with a safe conscience."

In the year just mentioned, (1806,) Frederick Woodward, Benoni Harris, and Charles Giles were the preachers on the Otsego Circuit. For some reason, not now known, Mr. Harris, though not in charge, administered baptism to my brother. Dr. George Peck, in his History of Early Methodism in the old Genesee Conference, incidentally alludes to this baptism. In a brief character of Benoni Harris, and speaking of his diminutive person, he says, "We saw him baptize by immersion, in Red Creek, two full-grown young men, one of them Benjamin G. Paddock, and a young lady; and there we marveled at his physical strength, for he did the work manfully." This young lady was the sister of Benjamin. Soon after his conversion she joined herself to the people of God, and remained a faithful disciple to the day of her death, which occurred only a few years since. Few more amiable or pious women ever lived. She loved every body, and every body loved her. She,

> "Too good for earth, to heaven has gone,
> And left us all in tears."

Our subject, now regarding himself as being fully committed to the work of the Christian ministry, felt the necessity of making all the preparation in his power therefor. He had been a licensed exhorter almost from the beginning of his Christian course; and by exercising his gifts in this way, as well as by reading and hearing, had accumulated what might be of much future use to him. But the

smallness of his intellectual stores impressed him with the importance of laying under contribution all other sources of knowledge properly within his reach. Jonathan Huestis, who had been his Church class-mate in Warren, and who was now a licensed local preacher, had opened a sort of high school on Bowman's Creek, in an adjoining county. None of our Conference seminaries were then in existence, and there was no institution to which Benjamin could go that promised him advantages at all equal to those to be found at the school of his special friend. To this school, therefore, he determined to go, especially as he was sure of spiritual companionship here such as he could find nowhere else. This step was taken in the year 1807. Of his connection with this school he speaks in terms of the highest satisfaction. The principal he had known long and intimately, and loved, perhaps, as he had scarcely ever loved any other human being not immediately of his own family. So intimate was their union that they were pleasantly spoken of as David and Jonathan. While they carried on their studies together, as well theological as literary, they were greatly encouraged and strengthened by witnessing a most gracious outpouring of the Divine Spirit. Large numbers, both of the students and the young people of the neighborhood, were humbled at the foot of the cross, and made new creatures in Christ, one of whom subsequently became a minister of the Gospel. Looking back to those scenes

and events over a space of sixty-three years, my brother exclaims, "O happy, youthful days!"

But unmingled bliss is not the allotment of earth. It belongs not to the present state. It is reserved for a purer air and a softer clime. So long as the carnal mind is enmity against God, just so long will the pure and the good meet with opposition. It might be supposed that two innocent young men, toiling without fee or reward for the highest interest of their fellow-heirs of immortality, would, at least, be allowed to prosecute their work without malignant persecution. Such, however, was not the fact. It would seem as if the demons that had been cast out of the souls of some had actually entered the souls of others, thus doubly charging them with the spirit of darkness. They not only mocked, and derided, and threatened, but invented the most scandalous stories about Huestis and his companion. Nor was this all. They obtruded themselves into the praying circles, and getting down near those who were weeping and praying, as if themselves were seekers, would whisper into their ears the *vilest* slander against the preachers, or mock the sobs and struggles of those who, in deep anguish of spirit, were seeking the grace of life. If they could not in this way succeed in diverting them from the pursuit of salvation, they would not hesitate even to push them violently over upon the floor. Though all this was not only witnessed by the leaders, but occasioned them the greatest sorrow, they thought

as they were young and comparatively little known in the place, it might be best for the work on their hands to affect ignorance of the disturbing element. An open issue, they apprehended, might be productive of results they could not well control. All they felt at liberty to do was to go to the foot of the throne, and pray God in his own way to vindicate his own cause. They knew he was able to make even the wrath of man to praise him, and if the interests of religion did not suffer in this painful conflict, their highest and most precious object would be accomplished.

The connection between cause and effect, even in the simplest operations of nature, sometimes involves an insolvable mystery. Indeed, even the connection itself—assuming there is one—often eludes the most searching analysis. It should not seem wonderful, then, that the providential government of God does sometimes present something like a similar problem. We speak now of what is *special*, as distinguished from what is *general*. As we cannot certainly know, we have no right to say, that any particular calamity that comes upon a community or upon an individual is in the way of retributive justice. But whether such calamity occur under a general law, or whether it be estimated as an immediate and special infliction, it is still a dispensation of Providence, and, as such, should always be regarded as teaching important moral lessons. What followed in the history of the revival on Bowman's Creek

looks so much like retributive dispensations, that one might be strongly inclined to put that construction upon them. They were certainly *corrective*, whether retributive or not. Indeed, they seem to have been so regarded even by the wicked persecutors themselves. But my brother himself must narrate the facts:—

"A young married couple, who had been leaders in the diabolical work of persecution, came to the meeting one evening and deported themselves as they usually had done. On their return home, which was about a mile from the place of worship, they found their house so far consumed by fire that nothing could be saved. This, in itself, might have been quite tolerable. It was, however, the least part of the calamity; for their two innocent babes, all the children they had, had perished in the flames. Surely, 'the way of the transgressor *is* hard.' The little ones were not to blame, and were doubtless taken to the bosom of the heavenly Shepherd, so that the stroke fell mostly, if not solely, on the guilty pair. The latter not only writhed in agony under the terrible infliction, but wholly ceased the work of persecution. As I left the place at the close of the term I am not advised whether their reformation was permanent or not.

"Another incident was, if possible, still more appalling. There lived not far from our school a Dr. Conklin, whose grown-up children were active participants in the work of persecution. The doctor

himself, though an avowed Deist, had the reputation of a gentleman, and doubtless was such in the ordinary acceptation of that term. Being a man of business tastes, he had added to his medical practice the supervision of a somewhat extensive ashery. The arches for the requisite kettles, covered by ample buildings, were set in the bank of Bowman's Creek, and were generally reached by passing around the building, and thus descending to a level with the works. The doctor, returning from some professional visit, went down to see the state of things at his ashery. On reaching the buildings, instead of going around them in the usual way, he attempted to step directly from the bank on to the top of the arch. Not noticing a large beam under which, stooping, he had frequently passed, he ran his head violently against it, which not only threw him from his balance, but precipitated him into one of the kettles containing boiling lye, almost strong enough to cool for salts. As he was falling he cried out, 'Help, or I am a dead man!' His son, aided by a man present, snatched him from the burning liquid, and thrust him into the creek, almost in a moment of time. But, alas! the expedient, though doubtless the wisest that could have been chosen, was unequal to the terrible exigency. The burn was too deep for remedy. Even the clothing of the hapless doctor fell into shreds, and floated down the stream. Though he lingered for some thirty hours, his sufferings were so great that he seemed utterly incapable of any thing

like coherent mental action. I visited him, but could of course hold no conversation with him. He murmured something which sounded to me like, 'Lord, have mercy,' but which may have so sounded simply because I so earnestly desired that he might thus pray before he died.

"Whether the doctor knew what part his children had acted at our meetings, or whether, if knowing it, he had tried to restrain them, we never learned. It is certain, however, that his tragical death, coupled with the other sad occurrence before detailed, produced a most salutary impression, not only on his own family but upon the whole community. Opposition to the work of God at once ceased, and many a persecuting Saul became a praying disciple. We now not only had peace in all our borders, but large numbers were added to the Church of such as *were* saved."

How much this joint action of God's providence and God's grace may have done to encourage and strengthen these youthful laborers in the great Master's vineyard, it is impossible to say. The presumption, however, is, that it exerted a controlling influence in all their future history.

As my brother regarded teaching as being more nearly allied to the great work in which he expected to spend his days than perhaps any other employment, and feeling that he was as yet by no means prepared for *that* work, especially as connected with the itinerancy, he determined, as a kind of preparatory step,

to accept of such employment. This was, doubtless, a wise determination. The reflex influence of teaching is friendly. He who educates others can hardly fail to educate himself. He not only perfects himself in those branches of science or of letters he is required to teach, but as each of these branches is more or less connected with other branches, he is constantly enlarging his field of observation. Thus he goes on, perhaps almost imperceptibly to himself, adding to his stores of knowledge. In this way many of our older preachers found nearly all their preliminary training; and, thus employed, not a few of them achieved a highly respectable scholarship.

Soon after leaving Bowman's Creek, my brother took a school in the town of German Flats, near the seat of justice for Herkimer County, New York. But here he soon found that the ecclesiastical name he had brought with him was little better than a proverb of reproach. In a school district adjoining the one in which he was employed, some of the larger students seem to have discussed his character with great freedom. The incident he records as occurring in that district was certainly one of a most extraordinary character, and was evidently regarded by him as belonging to the same category with those terrible providential inflictions he had witnessed in the place he had left a short time previously. As to the abstract probability of the occurrence, the reader must judge for himself. It is certain that my brother, whose account of it follows,

regarded it as substantially truthful: "'I wonder who it is,' said one of the students in the other school, 'that teaches in the next district?' 'I know,' replied a youth, approaching his majority; 'it is Paddock, a Methodist.' 'A Methodist!' was the response; 'what is that? Is he a black man?' 'No, no;' returned the one who had volunteered to give the desired information; 'I will tell you who the Methodists are. They hold prayer-meetings, get on their knees when they pray, halloo, shout, and say Amen. Come,' said he, 'I'll show you how they do it, if you'll get down on your knees by this bench.' Some of them did so, when, in the most grotesque style, he essayed to mimic and show off the Methodists. In the midst of this profane exercise the chief actor was struck blind, and cried out with fear and trembling. Utterly incapable of directing his own movements he was led home, and continued in the same state some ten or twelve days. Ever after, as I was assured by candid people who were conversant with the facts, any allusion to this strange occurrence seemed to give him the greatest pain. The case of this wicked young man was overruled for the furtherance of the Gospel; for, being blazed abroad, multitudes were led by it to come out and hear what might be said by one whose teaching had been thus mysteriously vindicated.

"When I had no appointment of my own I generally worshiped with the Baptists, who occupied

the school-house, and were under the pastorate of the venerable Elder Randall. He and his people treated me with great courtesy and kindness. After preaching himself, he would almost invariably ask me, if present, to add an exhortation. Sometimes he went further than this. Being an old gentleman, he occasionally felt so feeble on reaching the place of worship that he would turn all the services over to me. Such an instance of catholicity in those times was like a green and fertile spot in the midst of a barren and dreary waste. I was not only pleasurably impressed, but much profited by it. For thus I was encouraged in the great work to which I had resolved to devote my life, so that I was ready to respond to any Macedonian call that might reach my ear. Calls of this kind were not infrequent, and I found great comfort in proclaiming Christ and him crucified in neighborhoods where he had never before been preached. Nor, feeble as I was, did I labor in vain. While I was strengthened and blessed myself, I had the great satisfaction of seeing quite a number of souls joined unto the Lord."

Having completed his term of service as teacher in German Flats, Benjamin was called, in the autumn of 1808, to take charge of a school in Litchfield, in the western part of the same county. Here he found himself more immediately in the society of those whose Church relations were in harmony with his own. In this respect the change was most grateful

to his feelings. To be where he could regularly attend class and prayer meetings, as well as otherwise enjoy communion with his chosen people, was to him a privilege of almost priceless value; and especially as it was one of which he had been so long deprived. Here, too, calls to proclaim the great salvation were frequent and pressing. He was out somewhere speaking for the Master almost every evening in the week. The presiding elder of the district, the Rev. Peter Vannest, had already told him he would probably soon be wanted in the regular work, and that he must not otherwise so commit himself that he could not at once respond when the call should be made. To be *wholly* devoted to the work of the ministry had now become a sort of controlling passion. He regarded it as the one great business of his life, so that it was no difficult thing for him to subordinate every thing else to it. Still he toiled on, just where he was, intent only upon doing present duty, and thus awaiting the developments of Providence.

While teaching in Litchfield a most painful dispensation elicited his deepest sympathy. Two little children, belonging to a family with which he was intimate, were consumed in their father's dwelling. The parents had passed an evening with neighbors, a mile or two distant. Returning rather late, they met their little son, some eight years old, most piteously crying, and making his way toward them through the deep snow as best he could. He was

but partly dressed, and must have suffered greatly. He said he awoke from sleep, and found the house all on fire. He tried to arouse the other little ones, but could not, nor could he stay to put on more clothes. When the appalled father and mother reached home, their worst fears were more than realized. Not only their habitation and all its contents, but their two dear children were wrapped in the flames. Any description of the scene is quite out of the question. Imagination itself could hardly do justice to it. But perhaps no one outside of the family circle was more affected by the casualty than was the teacher. Not only were his sympathies profoundly touched, but he felt as if he had, in a sense, experienced a personal loss. So deeply swayed were his feelings that he was prompted to attempt what, so far as his friends knew, he had never before tried to do: he essayed a poetical composition, which procured him unexpected fame. It was, doubtless, a tolerably correct portraiture of the painful event; and, falling in as it did with the excited feelings of the community, manuscript copies were wonderfully multiplied. At length a post-rider, who carried the newspapers from Utica through that portion of country, finding a copy of the verses, and thinking he might "turn an honest penny" by the measure, got them printed in the then usual ballad form, thus giving them a still wider circulation. Simple and unpoetical as they must have been, the air to which they were sung was exceedingly plaint-

ive, which probably gave a sort of adventitious value to the composition itself. The community were surprised to find they had a poet in their midst, but nobody else was quite so much surprised as was the poet himself.

It was, very possibly, the unexpected success of this early effort that inclined him, whether wisely or not, to indulge in this species of composition during most of his subsequent days. Indeed, the passion seemed to strengthen with advancing years, so that, after he reached what is commonly regarded as the ordinary terminus of human life, he gave himself up to it more fully than ever before. And, what is certainly remarkable, some of his last pieces were among the very best he ever wrote. They were always religious, and generally intended to be sung. These simple lyrics, though their authorship may not have been generally known, have sometimes been widely circulated, and sung in the family and social circle with good effect. In a subsequent chapter* it is proposed to insert a few of the more deserving compositions of this sort.

* See chapter xxv.

CHAPTER V.

ENTERS THE ITINERANCY.

TILL the formation of the Genesee Conference, in 1810, the Philadelphia Conference embraced the western part of the State of New York, and the rest of it was covered by the New York Conference. The line of division was, however, neither very accurately defined nor very permanent. It was probably designed to run from south to north through what was supposed to be about the center of the State; but portions of the territory were sometimes in the one Conference and sometimes in the other. In 1809 the Cayuga District was in the New York Conference, and included the following charges, namely, Chenango, Otsego, Westmoreland, Pompey, Scipio, Cayuga, Black River, Western, and Herkimer. At the session of the Conference just named, James Kelsey and John Crawford were appointed to the Westmoreland Circuit; but the latter, for some reason not now understood, left the charge. Whatever was the cause, whether sickness, or discouragement, or inefficiency, he seems not to have resumed his labors in the itinerancy: at any rate, we do not find his name again in the Conference Minutes. To supply the vacancy thus created, the presiding elder of the district, the Rev. Peter Vannest, called my

brother, then in the twentieth year of his age, to the Westmoreland Circuit. This was the beginning of his itinerant career, though his name did not and could not appear in the Minutes of Conference till the following year. Those who have traced his history thus far can hardly fail to see that he must have entered upon his great life-work possessed of some special advantages; particularly as compared with those of many, if not most, who devoted themselves in those early times to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Still he never claimed to be, by any means, an educated man, as that phrase is generally understood.

It was fortunate for the young preacher that he had so good a colleague as was the Rev. James Kelsey. His age and longer experience qualified him for the office of counselor and guide, and there can be no doubt that he rendered valuable assistance to his younger and less experienced associate. The latter, down to the close of his life, always spoke of him in terms of affection and respect. At almost the very first meeting of the parties, after their new relation had been officially agreed upon, a little pleasantry occurred that was often adverted to in after life. The novitiate had never, as yet, ventured to apply the term *preach* to his public performances. Giving out an appointment, he had simply proposed to "hold meeting." Receiving at the mouth of Mr. Kelsey a list of the appointments, embracing time and place, he was expected to fill in going round

the circuit, he wrote—still shrinking at the idea of being committed for a *sermon*—"hold meeting" in such a place, at such a time; and so on, till, by a mere *lapsus penna*, he wrote "preach." His colleague was watching the process, and instantly exclaimed, "Ah, I see you are going to make rapid improvement, for you expect to be able to *preach* by the time you reach that appointment!" This sort of innocent raillery, though eminently characteristic of Mr. Kelsey to the close of his long and useful life, in the present instance greatly mortified his youthful colleague. For the moment he took it in sober earnest, and was ever afterward accustomed to speak of it as one of the chastening incidents of his early public life. The truth is, he did not then know as well as he did afterward that such sallies of wit were quite common among the early preachers. Sometimes, indeed, they were made powerfully effective, especially when brought to bear upon their wicked opponents. But with the junior preacher the mortification was only momentary; for he now had new and stronger evidence that his senior was neither sour nor frigid, but genial and kind-hearted.

The Westmoreland Circuit was then an ample field, embracing large portions of Oneida, Madison, and Oswego Counties. But the number of appointments greatly multiplied upon their hands, so that at the close of the year there were almost twice as many as there were at the beginning of it. Several of the towns embraced within the geographical

limits of the charge, had never till now had circuit preaching. Of this number were Florence and Oneida, in Oneida County; Fulton and Oswego, (the former then called Mooney's Settlement,) in Oswego County. Where the flourishing city of Oswego now stands there was not at that time a single framed dwelling. But neither bad roads, no roads at all, nor the absence of every thing like comfortable quarters, deterred the itinerants of that day from carrying the Gospel wherever they found an opening. If the perishing could be reached, they felt themselves divinely called to proclaim to them the good news of salvation through a Saviour's blood, whatever suffering or sacrifice it might occasion them.

It was during this Conference year that Kelsey and his colleague were allowed to open their mission in the city—then a very small village—of Rome, Oneida County. The preacher in charge was the first to be heard there, and his introduction was a very taking one. His text was, "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also." Rom. i, 15. The small company present seem to have hardly imagined there was such a passage in the Bible, and looked upon it as having been placed there, in some sense, specially for themselves. Nor were they scarcely less interested and impressed when Mr. Kelsey's youthful colleague came to them with the same glorious message. He was young, genial, a fine soloist, and evidently in

earnest to do good. Young people, especially, were captivated, and flocked out in large numbers to hear the youthful evangelist. Concerned lest he should be lifted up by his popularity, an aged local preacher in an adjoining town came to him, after he had been preaching, and said, in a most tender and loving spirit, "I hope you will not think it is because you can *preach much* that the people flock out in such numbers to hear you. It is the novelty of the case that brings them out, for there has never before been so young a preacher here." Whether the admonition were specially needed or not, it evidently had its effect; as it led him not only to deep searchings of heart, but to an augmented resolution to labor scrupulously for God and for souls.

Nor did he and his devoted colleague labor in vain. New Societies were formed all over their charge, and many souls added to the number of the redeemed.

More than fifty years after this, my brother, then on the list of superannuates, was living in this same place, (Rome,) now, however, a large and flourishing town, when he learned what was an occasion of much comfort to him. On some special occasion he went to preach in Lowell, a neighboring village. At the close of the service, and when he was on his way home, he was overtaken by a gentleman who had just heard him preach, and who introduced himself as Doctor ——. After a moment he asked the preacher if he remembered attending a funeral,

between Rome and Oriskany, when laboring in these parts in 1809? The answer was, "I do very distinctly." "Well," rejoined the doctor, "though then a mere lad, I was awakened under your sermon, and never found peace till I found it at the foot of the cross. He who is now my pastor—we are Baptists—was also led to the Saviour by the same discourse. I am thankful that I am permitted to see you once more, and to speak to you respecting a matter of so much interest to me." "Soon after this," says my brother, "the minister himself, though living some six or eight miles distant, came to Rome, as he said, almost on purpose to confirm what the doctor had said, as well as to express his gratitude to me for speaking words whereby he had been saved. None but an old minister, who is sometimes tempted to fear he has labored in vain and spent his strength for naught, can realize how much comfort this brief narrative gave me."

The coincidence is worthy of notice that my brother was admitted on trial in the itinerancy at the first session of the Genesee Conference. By enactment of the General Conference the bishops had, from 1796 to 1812, "authority to appoint [form] other yearly Conferences, if a sufficient number of new circuits were anywhere found for that purpose." Such a measure, in the present state of things, might justly be regarded as loose and hazardous. At that time, however, measures of that sort were unavoidable, if the religious necessities of the coun-

try were at all to govern the policy of the Church. Emergencies were constantly arising that called for extraordinary measures—measures which might not be safely delayed until another General Conference could pass upon them. Besides, the discretion was then in safe hands. If Asbury and M'Kendree might not be trusted in such matters, then no human beings should be so trusted. They had been tried, and never found wanting where wisdom and integrity were demanded by the exigency of the hour. The then existing state of things evidently called for the exercise of this discretion, for the preachers in Canada, as well as those in central, western, and northern New York, had to go on horseback, generally at a season of the year when the roads were well-nigh impassable, all the way either to New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, in order to be present in their respective Conferences.

The new Conference embraced Susquehanna, Cayuga, and Upper Canada Districts, and, including those on trial, contained fifty-seven preachers.* Its first session was held at Lyons, Wayne County, New York, in what has generally been called Judge Dorsey's "barn," a building that had been previously used as a store-house. It was presided over by Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree, and commenced

* In his Journal Bishop Asbury says, at the close of this Conference, "stationed sixty-three preachers." The printed Minutes, however, contain the names of only fifty-seven. The inference is, that six *local* preachers accepted appointments from the Conference.

on the 20th of July, 1810. Bishop Asbury speaks of it as a session distinguished for "great order and dispatch in business." A camp-meeting seems to have been held at the same time, for the Bishop says, "Sabbath 22, preached at the encampment."

Another incident of the Conference, related to the writer by the late Rev. James Kelsey, is worthy of being put on record as showing the simple habits of the times. Not far from the building in which the Conference was held, and in easy view of it, Judge Dorsey had a fine meadow, the product of which was just ready to be taken into the barn. A cloud was coming up that threatened an abundance of rain. Alarmed by its approach, the Judge and his hands were doing their utmost to secure the hay. Bishop Asbury looked out and saw the state of facts, and proposed that the Conference should adjourn forthwith, and go to the aid of the Judge. This was done instantly, and, in a few minutes, all, not excepting the Bishop, were in the hay-field contributing their utmost to accomplish the desired object. If memory be not at fault, the hay was made safe before the rain began to fall. Wonder if there be any Annual Conference, in our whole ecclesiastical union, that could regard such a transaction nowadays as being quite in order?

At the close of the Conference my brother was delighted to find himself appointed to the Lyons Circuit, as assistant to his spiritual father, the Rev. Benjamin Bidlack. Of this circuit the seat of the

Conference was near the center. Like most others of the day, it was very large, extending from Lake Ontario on the north to Steuben County in the south, and from Seneca Lake on the east to the town of Gorham in the west. This description, however, gives only a tolerable idea of the bounds of the charge. Lines could not then be very accurately drawn, nor was it needful they should be. For the preachers—save those in the same charge—were necessarily so far apart that there was little danger of encroaching upon each other's territory. Indeed, it was understood to be the duty of each to see that all within his reach were visited with the tidings of salvation, so that if he found a neighborhood where no one else preached, that neighborhood, if he could take it in, was a part of *his* parish. The incumbents on Lyons Circuit this year had to ride between three and four hundred miles every four weeks, and to preach over thirty times. The state of the country considered, this was an herculean task. Outside of the thoroughfares there was scarcely any thing that would now be called a road; marked trees and mere bridle-paths alone supplying travelers with any intimation as to the course proper for them to take. During nearly the whole of the last half of the year the junior preacher was left alone, and in charge, the senior having been called home to Wyoming Valley. The details of the year, could we give them, would, doubtless, be interesting, but the data is wholly wanting. It is certain, however, that it was a year

of religious prosperity, for it was commenced with a membership of four hundred and twenty-four, and ended with an additional hundred.

The next session of the Conference was held in Paris, Oneida County, commencing on the 20th of July, 1811, and from this our subject was appointed to the charge of the Northumberland Circuit, in Pennsylvania. His colleagues were James H. Baker* and Ralph Laning,† both as young—at least ecclesiastically, and probably in years—as himself. By any then practicable route the new charge was between two and three hundred miles from the one he had just left. But transportations of this sort were, at that day, by no means unfre-

* James H. Baker was admitted to the Genesee Conference, on trial, in 1810; received into full membership and ordained deacon in 1812; ordained elder in 1814, and located in 1816. He was distinguished chiefly by deep piety. Almost literally, certainly in the scriptural sense of the phrase, he "prayed without ceasing." It was this, more, perhaps, than any thing else, that gave him currency among the people. If he were not mighty in the pulpit, he was at the foot of the throne. He retired from the work to the society of his friends, on the eastern shore of Cayuga Lake, from which place, years since, he passed to that rest that remains for the people of God.

Since writing the above I have received a letter from the Rev. Gideon Laning, a most excellent man, and brother of the Laning mentioned in the text, in which he says: "Some of the people in the Northumberland Circuit used to say that Brother Paddock was the most eloquent, and excelled in singing; that Brother Baker was the most devotional; and that Brother Laning was the most systematic. Seven years subsequently, when I was on that charge, honorable mention was made of these brethren, and some who were then pillars in the Church were converted through the instrumentality of your brother."

† See Appendix.

quent. Besides, what may seem still more strange to us of the present day, Lyons and Northumberland, far as they were apart, were in the same district, so that, in modern parlance, the appointment could not have been very far away! Nor had his presiding elder, the Rev. Gideon Draper, abandoned him, for he still kept him in his district. Large charges and long rides were accepted in these times as unavoidably incidental to the itinerant ministry. Under existing circumstances how little do we know, or *can* we know, touching the toils and sufferings of the pioneer preachers!

But this trio of youthful evangelists addressed themselves right manfully to the great work whereunto they had been sent. The circuit, like the preceding one occupied by my brother, was a very large one, involving, according to estimate, a travel of at least four hundred miles. It included not only the whole of Northumberland County, but parts of several adjoining counties running along the Susquehanna Valley, and extending over the hills and up the gorges on either hand. They found five hundred and eighty-six members in Society, and left six hundred and twenty-two; so that, though they did not do all they hoped to do, they were by no means wholly unsuccessful in winning souls to Christ.

While in this charge my brother received tidings of the conversion of his father, of whose somewhat remarkable case some account has been given in a preceding chapter. The effect produced on his

feelings by this intelligence must have been great. His history of it is as follows: "Passing through Sunbury, in company with my much-loved colleague, Laning, we called at the post-office, where I found a letter from my venerable father. On reaching Brier Creek, at which place the itinerant had a most excellent home in the bosom of a pious family,* after disposing of our horses and saluting the household, we went directly to our room—"the preacher's own room," so called because its occupancy was exclusively his—in order to read the letter I had just received. As it was from home, it *might* contain what would be hardly proper for even the ears of my colleague, so I commenced reading in silence. I had perused but a few lines, however, before my feelings so overcame me that I began to weep like a stricken child. My colleague, supposing I had received sorrowful news—news, perhaps, of the death of my father or mother—essayed to comfort me with soothing words, and by repeating such passages from the Bible as would be appropriate to any case of mental suffering. But this only caused the tide of emotion to rise still higher, so that it was some time before I could so command my organs of speech as to be able to make any explanation. As soon as I could speak I read as follows: "O my dear son, God has had mercy on me, an old sinner! Fifty and five years have I neglected my immortal soul and my duty to my gracious Creator; and now I

* That of Jesse Bowman.

feel that he has pardoned all of my sins, numerous and great as they have been! Tongue cannot express, nor can pen describe, the abounding mercy of the compassionate Saviour. O, praise God with me for his wonderful forbearance and great kindness to the chief of sinners! We greatly desire to see you, and pray God not only to preserve you, but to bring you to us shortly. You are remembered in our daily supplications." Of my brother's visit home, and of the baptism of his father, I have already spoken in the first chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

ITINERANCY CONTINUED.—CHAUTAUQUA CIRCUIT.

THE Genesee Conference for this year (1812) had been appointed to be held at Niagara, U. C., to commence on the 23d of July. But in consequence of war with Great Britain, declared by the American Congress not long previously, it was found impossible for the Conference to go to the place of its first appointment, and it was accordingly held in the very building—Judge Dorsey's "barn" at Lyons—it had occupied at the time of its organization, two years before. At this session Bishop M'Kendree alone presided. War itself, even in its mildest form, is a terrible evil; but, in the present instance, it was deeply felt to be so, as no less than thirteen members of Conference were "shut up by it in Canada," not being permitted even to cross the lines. The best these exiles could do was to hold a sort of *sub*-conference of their own, and thus dispose of themselves in their *necessitated* field of labor in such a way as, in their judgment, promised the greatest usefulness.

The session at Lyons, though inspiring the most tender recollections, was distinguished by little beyond the ordinary routine of conference business. To our subject, however, it was an occasion of most

extraordinary interest; for here he was not only admitted to full membership in the itinerancy, but was ordained deacon, and appointed to one of the most laborious circuits—if circuit it could be called —within the bounds of the Conference. Though the charge was called in the Minutes "Shetockway," [Chautauqua,] it could hardly be said to have any thing like boundaries. He who went to it had a sort of roving commission. The incumbent was, indeed, accustomed to speak of it as a mission. In a memorandum, made many years after, he says: "In 1812 I labored rather as a missionary. Commencing near Buffalo, I went up Lake Erie to near the Ohio line, then off south and east to Waterford, Meadville, Franklin, Brokenstraw, Warren, Maysville, and other places of less note; taking in Cattaraugus and Chautauqua Counties, in the State of New York, and Erie, Venango, Crawford, and Warren Counties—more properly parts of them—in Pennsylvania. This was a year of hard labor, many privations, and great responsibilities."

On reaching Buffalo he was invited to perform a special but wholly unexpected service. The war with Great Britain had now fairly gotten under way, and a small division of the American army was posted at that place. The commanding officer, learning that a "missionary" was passing through the place, sent his orderly with a very respectful but urgent request that he would address his men before leaving. My brother was too patriotic to

decline the invitation, though its acceptance occasioned him some inconvenient detention. A hollow square, so called in military terminology, was formed at the time appointed; thus bringing most, if not all, of the forces within easy hearing distance. The young missionary, who as a soloist was almost without a compeer, commenced by singing from the stand that had been prepared for him a poetical composition of his own, which, however destitute of lyrical merit, had great popularity in those times, and for several years thereafter, and which, it is fair to presume, was, in the present case, heard with great favor. It is called the "Spiritual War Song," and commences—

> "Hark, brethren! don't you hear the sound?
> The martial trumpet now is blowing;
> Men in order 'listing round,
> And soldiers to the standard flowing."

The profoundest silence prevailed while he engaged in prayer. Then followed the discourse, which he tried to make as appropriate as possible. The war, he maintained, had been forced upon the nation by a series of unprovoked aggressions. Contrary alike to the laws of nations and the dictates of justice, Great Britain had asserted her right to search our ships, at discretion, wherever she might find them. In accordance with this assumed right she had, all along, been in the habit of entering even our merchant vessels and taking forcibly from thence all those whom her agents *said* were British subjects;

many, probably most, of whom had never been elsewhere than in America, and who owed no more allegiance to the king of England than to the sultan of Turkey. These were not only put in chains, and carried away from kindred and home, but, after the war broke out, compelled to fight against their own countrymen.* Under the pretext of defending

* The writer can never forget a scene he witnessed in the days of his boyhood: it must have been in either 1810 or 1811. While he was at a store upon a domestic errand, a poor, emaciated man came limping along the street, apparently much exhausted, and seated himself upon the doorsteps. His aspect was so pitiable that the attention of all present was at once fixed upon him. He had made his escape from a British man-of-war, somewhere in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, a few weeks previously, and was on his way to his family, whom he had neither seen nor heard from in more than three years. In early life he had been addicted to the seas, and being pressed for a sum of money, which he was fearful he might not be able to realize in proper time where he was, he concluded to return for a short time to an employment which he was sure would bring him the needed relief. Accordingly, at a great sacrifice of domestic feeling, though in harmony with the judgment of all concerned, he went to the seaboard, where he made satisfactory arrangements with a merchantman, soon to sail for some port in Mexico; it is thought Honduras. While there his ship was entered by a company of men from the man-of-war, who, after a transient survey of the crew, claimed him and others as British sailors, bound them, and took them on board of their own ship. All explanations, protests, and entreaties were unavailing. Might made right, and the hapless victims of this wicked procedure, at least one of them, saw nothing before them but the most wretched servitude, far away from wife, and children, and all the endearments of home, during the rest of their days. The sufferings through which our hero passed cannot be described. Two or three years he had been kept in slavery, when, by swimming a long distance under cover of night, he made his escape near the place named above. Being without money, he had walked, subsisting on charity, all the way to Herkimer Co., N. Y.

herself against the Milan and Berlin "decrees," so called, "orders in council" had been passed which authorized the seizure and confiscation of any American vessel that carried what this "order" was pleased to call contraband of war; while the practical construction of it was so elastic that it was hardly safe for any American merchantman to go to sea at all, whatever might be its cargo. "Added to all this, our flag has been insulted at sea almost times without number. Finding remonstrance vain, our Government could not do otherwise than put herself in an attitude of resistance; and you, citizen soldiers, are unquestionably in the way of duty, standing where you do to-day. But be sure to act in character. Be brave, be humane, be kind to each other: above all, be good. Carefully and conscientiously obey orders, without which unity of action is out of the question. In thus doing you will honor yourselves, your country, and your God. Situated as you are, as indeed you *must* be, it will be highly needful for you to be on your guard against two

But he was now within a day's walk of home, and, emaciated and fatigued as he was, might have been buoyant and happy but for the painful uncertainty that hung over all there. Might not some, if not all, of the domestic circle have gone to the shades of death since he last saw them? Might not the wife of his bosom, supposing him to be dead—as she well might—have become a party to other domestic relations? And his children, if still alive, would they know him, or he them? The state of mind existing under such circumstances may possibly be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. One such a case will do more to set forth the significance of the "right of search" than a volume of speculation.

great evils, namely, drunkenness and profanity. And now, commending your life, health, and happiness to the care of an ever-faithful Providence, I bid you adieu." Such is a condensation of the address delivered to the army at Buffalo. Judging from the memorandum of my brother, as well as from the spirit of the discourse, the exercises must have made a good impression.

Having performed this service, our subject resumed his journey. At the first principal settlement, in which he found the New England element largely in the ascendant, he paused to open his Gospel mission. He was kindly received and treated with great cordiality. While in this neighborhood there was reported to him the following rather suggestive incident: A gentleman from the east, who was on his way to New Connecticut, Ohio, stopped here to rest and see certain persons he had known elsewhere. He called himself a Universalist preacher, and proposed to deliver a sermon before resuming his journey. The neighborhood turned out pretty generally to hear him. At the close of his discourse he told the congregation where he was going, and said he would be quite willing to preach to them again on his return, should they so desire. He paused for an answer, but none was given. Resuming, he said it would not disoblige him in the least, as he should like to call on them when he came back. No one responding, he assured them it would cost them nothing, as the service would be perfectly

gratuitous. At this point a staid, elderly gentleman, not a professor of religion, arose and said, "Neighbors, this is my opinion; if what we have heard to-day be true, I cannot see that we need any preaching at all, as we are all safe anyhow; but if it be not true, in other words, if it be a falsehood, the less we have of it the safer we shall be." The neighborhood seemed to acquiesce in this common-sense view of the subject, and the gentleman departed without an invitation to return that way.

The next neighborhood visited by the young missionary was on the Canadaway Creek, some two miles from the shore of Lake Erie, now the flourishing village of Fredonia. Here he found a Society already formed, containing some of the excellent of the earth. He speaks of Gould and Inman in particular, as men of deep piety and commanding social influence. Further inland, and in the more sparsely populated sections, he found others of kindred character, some of whom he had known and loved elsewhere. Thus circumstanced, he felt much as did St. Paul, when, as a "prisoner for Christ," he was on his way to Rome, and met at the Appii Forum the brethren who had come out as far as that place to accompany him into the imperial city—"he thanked God, and took courage." Though not all in the same neighborhood, he found the Rev. David Dunham, an ex-traveling preacher, Ellis and John Arnold, and Father Kent, whose son, Rev. J. P. Kent, afterward became a member of the old Gene-

see Conference. But to visit and provide spiritual food for these scattered sheep required hard labor and not a little suffering. On the lake shore the roads were quite passable, and the inhabitants in rather comfortable circumstances; but further back the state of things was very different. For the most part there were no roads, the itinerant being obliged to find his way by marked trees or the mere bridle-path; and when he reached his place of rest, if such it could be called, it was the merest cabin, supplying no room for either retirement or study. For both he must go to the contiguous forest.

An incident that occurred near the close of a day in one of these forest rides is thus described by the missionary: "I was later than usual at the place, the sun just then going down. On my left there was a sunken vale, covered by remarkably high brakes, higher, indeed, than one's head when standing upon the ground. Though growing a little dark, I could distinctly see, in one direction, and not very far off, the tops of these brakes parting and swaying in a manner that demonstrated the presence of animal life. Conjecture as to the variety was, however, utterly at fault. Nor was I any better informed when such a tumultuous yell was heard emanating from the spot to which my attention had been drawn as never before fell upon my ear. It was as if a score of demons had determined to try their most frightful strains. My poor horse appeared to be as badly terrified as was his master. He not only trembled,

but first crouched so low that my feet almost touched the ground, and then started with a momentum that thoroughly tried my horsemanship. Indeed, he was for a time utterly unmanageable. The roots cracked, the mud and dirt flew, and the other usual accompaniments of a *single* horse-race, supplied me with most comforting proof that I was making good my flight from at least one field of danger. I was soon out of the woods, and told my good friends, where I stopped for the night, from what a *congregation* of enemies I had just made my escape. They smiled at my notions of the number, alleging that three or four wolves would be all the congregation necessary to make any amount of music of the sort I had just described."

Among other physical enemies which occasioned him no little solicitude, though they seem to have done him no great harm, were "Indians and rattlesnakes"—a somewhat unusual, if not an amusing, classification, it must be admitted. But, as he had passed his early life where neither the one nor the other was seldom, if ever, met with, and where stories of their kindred malignity were so often told, it is not surprising that they assumed alarming proportions now that he was in the midst of them. Though the Seneca and Alleghany tribes of Indians were within the limits of what he regarded as his field of labor, and some of their number were not unfrequently seen, yet they always appeared friendly enough. It was strongly suspected, therefore, if not

actually demonstrated, that much of the wrong done along the lake shore—for depredations were frequently committed—was perpetrated by fictitious Indians. Before Perry's victory, the British had command of the lake, and their shipping often came as near the American shore as the depth of the water would permit. The brig Queen Charlotte, in particular, was almost constantly in sight. My brother speaks of having seen her repeatedly as he rode along the shore. And, as the thefts and pillages complained of generally occurred when this vessel was in the neighborhood, the inference that she supplied the supposed Indians that did the mischief is by no means a very extravagant one.

As the narrative which supplies our data was written more than half a century after these events occurred, their exact consecutive order cannot always be positively affirmed. Indeed, the circumstances considered, it would be wonderful if events do not sometimes seem to come together, which, in point of fact, had no immediate connection. The events themselves cannot, however, be reasonably called in question. They made too deep an impression upon the mind at the time of their occurrence, and have since been too frequently made the subject of social remark to have been otherwise remembered than with substantial accuracy.

It must have been early in the conference year that he established an appointment at the head of Chautauqua Lake, then the incipient village of

Marysville. Whether he then formed a Society there does not appear, though it would seem probable he did so before the close of the year. A few miles further down the lake he found a small settlement, composed chiefly of persons from the east. As some of them were members of his communion, his visit was mutually refreshing. To him it was like a green and fertile spot in the midst of a barren and dreary waste: to them it was as the coming of Titus. "Here," says he, "I married the youngest couple I ever did, but by no means the smallest. Though the groom was only eighteen years old, and the bride only fourteen, they came but a little short of being *six-feeters!* The parents on both sides were present, and said the transaction was quite satisfactory."

At the outlet of the lake there were a few dwellings, and the place was then called by its present name, Jamestown. It is presumed, however, that no one then imagined it would ever be the home of a governor of the Empire State. But, then, neither does Governor Fenton disparage the place, nor does the place disparage him. A good man and a beautiful town alike honor each other. At the time of my brother's labors in Jamestown there were quite a number, as compared with the size of the place, who honored the Christian profession; and to the influence of such a population the town is largely indebted for the prosperity it has always enjoyed.

Hearing of a destitute settlement, partly white and partly Indian, on the south-east side of the Alleghany River, the missionary determined to visit it. The place was then known as the Kenjua Flats. Starting from near Jamestown, he took an Indian trail that led over a spur of the Alleghany Mountains; the most practicable, if not indeed the only, way to the settlement he had in view. Owing to the blindness of the path and the ever-occurring obstructions, his progress was slow; so that, though he started early in the morning, it was beginning to be quite dark when he reached the river, which he found banks full. He says: "I could not go back, for it would not be possible to follow the trail in the dark; and then the woods were infested with wolves, bears, and other ferocious beasts. Nor did it seem possible to go forward, for there was neither bridge nor boat to take me over the swollen waters. I could hardly avoid exclaiming, again and again, 'Gracious God! what shall I do?' My condition was not unlike that of the Israelites at the Red Sea—I must pass *through* the waters or perish. Ice had been formed above, and was then floating on the surface, and there was no one familiar with the place to give me the least direction. I was left solely to my own judgment and the care of an ever-faithful Providence. Whether my horse would be obliged to swim or not, was problematical; but, reining him to the margin of the water, and bidding him enter, he obeyed with more alacrity than

could have been expected. He seemed to understand the emergency about as well as did his master. Much of the way across I found the water up to and even over the skirts of my saddle; but, holding to the horse's mane with one hand and the front of the saddle with the other, and placing my legs on either side of the horse's neck, I escaped with only a slight wetting. Speaking tenderly and encouragingly to my beast, he acted as if he comprehended me, putting down his feet carefully as if feeling his way. Occasionally pieces of ice would come against him with so much force as to cause him to stagger; but in the midst of all, his bearing was calm and resolute. Is there any thing superstitious in the supposition that one of those invisible beings who are sometimes directed to 'minister to the heirs of salvation,' did, in this instance, lead my horse in the way he should go? The supposition harmonizes not only with the plain teaching of the sacred text, but with the avowed convictions of some of the wisest and best of men. But, apart from all speculation, a noble English horse was my 'Snip.' That great deliverance has never been forgotten. I never before experienced any thing like it, nor have I since. In view of it, my full heart has taken me in thanksgiving and praise to the foot of the throne, my God only knows how often."

On crossing the Alleghany he soon reached the settlement for whose sake he had made this haz-

ardous journey, and was kindly received by a poor family, who were evidently happy to give him the best their cabin afforded. The larger portion of the population were natives of the Cornplanter or Alleghany tribe, few of whom could then be persuaded to listen to the Gospel. Since that period, however, considerable numbers of them have received religious instruction, and are now either walking in the ways of righteousness, or rejoicing with the redeemed amid the glories of the throne. Among the whites the preacher had success. Souls were saved, and the Church built up. The father of Henry B. Bascom, having spent a few years in this settlement, had just left for Kentucky. By those acquainted with the family, at that time it could hardly have been expected that the son would achieve such distinction as he subsequently did.

In this connection the following passage from my brother's memorandum can hardly fail to interest the reader: "But to return to my mountain ride through the woods. The rattlesnakes were so plenty that I preferred not to trust myself off my horse, save on a high log. But in this elevated region, where the winds had unobstructed sway, it was easy to find as many of these as the necessities of my case might seem to require. And, as I could not remain in my saddle all of the time, I occasionally *perched* myself in the manner indicated; thus finding a place for reading my Bible, for study, and for prayer. During the ride here particularly referred

to, the day having worn away to past noon, I began to feel 'the keen demands of appetite.' For such a state of things I was not wholly unprepared. Foreseeing that I must necessarily be out all day, the good sister where I had last stayed had charged me, as best she could, with provision for both horse and rider. All that was requisite for the repast, therefore, was a little of heaven's own pure beverage. How great was my delight, then, to come to a gushing spring!—evidently the Indians' resting-place. The undergrowth of bushes had been cut away, and a considerable spot was covered with sod and grass. It was, indeed, an oasis in the desert. Here, then, I extemporized a manger by spreading my horse-blanket upon the grass, upon which I emptied the corn I found in my valise, and invited 'Snip' to help himself. Then followed another feast. The good sister aforesaid had sandwiched a piece of broiled pork in a "Johnny-cake," and tidily put it away in my portmanteau. This, with the water which I took as did Gideon's men, (*vide* Judges vii, 6,) was received with a relish the pampered epicure might envy. O how sweet are all of our Father's gifts when accepted with thanksgiving!"

Not far from the place where this occurred, and it would seem on the same day, he came directly upon a huge bear. The encounter was not, however, a serious one, as, after a little hesitation, Bruin quietly retired, and left the way open for the

missionary. This incident was made the basis of a story which my brother often told at Sunday-school picnics, and on other similar occasions, doubtless to the great amusement and profit of children, particularly boys. It was related substantially in this way: "As I was riding along in the woods one day, all at once my horse stopped, trembled, and tried to wheel about. I spoke calmly to him, and, looking forward perhaps five or six rods, saw a great bear sitting quietly upon his haunches directly in my path. He appeared to me, at first sight, as high as my horse. I guess, however, that my glasses were just then a little out of trim. But even now, in the absence of all excitement, I think he must have been as large as a good-sized yearling steer. Thus circumstanced, what was I to do? It was important that I should go forward, as I had an appointment to preach that evening. After a little reflection, I determined to try mild and pleasant words. Accordingly I said, speaking as tenderly as I could, 'Mr. Bruin, I do not wish to trespass upon your rights; but really I want to go just where you are now sitting. If you can make it quite convenient to get out of my way, I shall be much obliged to you; but if you cannot, or will not, why then I must give you the path, and get out of the way myself.' He sat a short time, as if pausing to deliberate on what I had said to him, and then, apparently well pleased both with my proposition and the manner of it, turned and quietly walked off. The moral: Treat

every body tenderly and kindly, and you will get along all the better for it. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' whether in man or beast. I have always found it so during my long and somewhat eventful life."

My brother visited another new settlement, still further south, on the Brokenstraw Creek, Warren County, Pa. Here he preached at the house of a Mr. Mead, whose dwelling, it would seem, had been occasionally used for a similar purpose by other preachers. Robert R. Roberts, afterward Bishop Roberts, preached in the same house at an earlier day. During that service there was a very singular transaction, of which it is fair to presume my brother gives the version then current in that portion of country. But, as the writer hereof had the facts from the lips of the Bishop himself, a few years subsequently, differing in some particulars from the version reported by my brother, what follows is doubtless the true history of that unique transaction.

At an early period in his public life, and when he was yet quite a young man, Mr. Roberts had preached a few times in the neighborhood referred to above. Mr. Mead,* who kept what was then called a tavern, invited Mr. R. to preach at his house. As there were then no churches in all that

* I am not certain that Bishop Roberts gave the name of Mead, or, indeed, any name at all. The name, then, is wholly by my brother's authority.

region, Mr. R. did not hesitate to promise to do so the next time he should come into that part of his circuit. The appointment was accordingly given out. Many people supposed it possible that the innkeeper was governed in what he did quite as much by the hope of temporal gain as by any higher motive. It would not only be likely to secure increased patronage at his "bar," but would give a sort of respectability to his house to have religious services held in it. But whatever were the motive, when the day for preaching came there was a much larger attendance than had been usual in the neighborhood, and especially from that part of the community who rather liked to visit the tavern. Some of these were on hand quite early, evidently for other reasons than those connected with a fear that they might disturb quiet worshipers by coming late. At any rate, it was observed that when Mr. Roberts arrived and was ready to commence the exercises, there were quite a number of persons, including the landlord himself, who were more or less under the influence of intoxicating liquor. All, however, came speedily to order in the bar-room, for there the meeting was held. When Mr. Roberts was part way through his discourse, a man, evidently somnolent from strong drink, so far awoke as to feel the pressing need of additional stimulant, and cried out very audibly, "Landlord, give me a grog!" The host, responsive to the call, hastened into his bar and began to prepare the coveted potation. Mr.

Roberts paused and mildly said to him, "I think you had better omit that till the meeting is closed." The landlord looked up, and, cocking his eye and striking a very grotesque attitude, said, "Mr. Roberts, you appear to be doing well; I would thank you to mind your own business, and I will mine." Under the circumstances the preacher could not do otherwise than act in harmony with the suggestion, but was careful not to put himself again in a similar relation to the same individual. Possibly, however, this very service led to his reformation; for my brother says, "When I preached at his house—probably not now a tavern—he had learned better manners, as I was treated by him like a gentleman."*

* In 1821–2 I was preacher in charge of the French Creek Circuit, which included a part of the territory embraced in what was my brother's ample mission-field. Bishop Roberts commenced his ministry in the same region some fifteen or twenty years previously, and was still widely known and eminently popular. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other preacher, in all that country, was held in any thing like equal estimation. Go where one might, every tongue was eloquent in his praise. Anecdotes innumerable were told of him, some of which are well worth repeating. The following may be accepted as a specimen: "Mr. Roberts, dressed very plainly, mounted on a French pony, and wearing a huge Quaker hat, was on his way to an appointment when converging roads brought him into company with a gentleman, also on horseback, who at once evinced a disposition to be sociable—it may be offensively so. He soon asked Mr. R. where he was going. The response was, 'I do not exactly know.' 'You know what you are going after, do you not?' said the gentleman. 'Yes, very well,' was the answer. 'Well, then, what is it?' 'I am in pursuit of my Master's sheep, sir,' replied Mr. Roberts. 'Your master's sheep! how long have they been lost?' 'About six thousand years,' returned Mr. R. Here the gentleman again scanned Mr. R.

My brother preached regularly in the town of North East, Pa., and while there was always cordially entertained at the house of Col. Timothy Tuttle, a gentleman in high repute, who went to that place a few years previously from Oneida County, N. Y. His sudden death caused great sorrow throughout the entire community. My brother, having known him at the East, and being a special friend of the family, was called upon to officiate at the funeral. The discourse delivered on the occasion gave so much satisfaction, at least to the family, that he was requested to write out a copy of it for publication. He complied so far as he could recall

from head to foot, and, utterly failing to comprehend him, said, 'Go on, you fool! I guess you'll find them;' when he put spurs to his horse and was soon out of sight. Reaching a small house of entertainment a few miles further on, he ordered a mess of oats for his horse; and, going out to the horse-shed with the landlord, began to tell him what a strange sort of a man he had passed on the road. 'And don't you think,' said he, 'the fool told me he was looking for sheep which have been lost six thousand years!' The landlord at once comprehended the case, and said to him, 'I am sure from your description that the man you passed is the Rev. Mr. Roberts, one of the ablest preachers in all our country; you did not understand him. Using a Scripture figure, he spoke of fallen men as wandering sheep; and you know it is about six thousand years since the first transgression.' While he was yet speaking Mr. R. came in sight. 'Yes,' said the host, 'it was Mr. Roberts, as I supposed; yonder he comes; I was expecting him at my house to-day.' The stranger now saw what a terrible blunder he had committed; and feeling he could not face a minister of the Gospel whom he had treated with such indecency, said to the landlord, 'Put the bits in my horse's mouth, and let me go; Mr. Roberts' horse may eat the oats.' The unfortunate man had barely time to retreat, when Mr. R. rode up, and enjoyed greatly the close of the drama."

what was pronounced extemporaneously, and the only printer then in all that part of the State, Thomas Atkinson, Esq., of Meadville, printed it for the family. This was, I think, the only thing of the kind my brother ever attempted during his long life. That was sixty years since, and probably not a single copy of the discourse could now anywhere be found.

My brother was in Erie, then an inconsiderable village, a short time before the memorable battle between the American and British fleets at Put-in Bay, in the summer of 1813. The Hon. Judge Moore, of the Eighth Judicial District, was holding court there at the time. Hearing that a missionary was in the place, and ascertaining that he was willing to preach, he adjourned his court, so that the Court-house might be used for the service and he himself have the privilege of attending. To the preacher it was an occasion of rare interest, as Commodore Perry and many of his officers, as well as the marines, perhaps pretty generally, were present. The next morning he was introduced to the Commodore, and by him invited to visit the Navy-yard, where preparations were being made for a conflict the issue of which electrified the nation. My authority—the memorandum so often referred to—speaking of the Commodore, says: "He appeared very modest; speaking with much reserve, and using few words. The impression then made on my mind now leads me to think that; in size, personal

appearance, and general manner, he much resembled President Grant." The account of the victory, achieved not long after, need not be transcribed, as the published history of the times is so specific and ample in respect to it. My brother does not hesitate to ascribe it to the special interposition of Heaven, whose attributes always incline him to stand by the right. Humanly speaking, the advantage was all on the side of the British. Their squadron, commanded by Commodore Barclay, an experienced and gallant officer, carried sixty-eight guns, while that commanded by Perry mounted but fifty-four. The issue of the conflict gave great satisfaction to the American people, and the name of Oliver H. Perry will ever occupy a large space in the annals of the nation. The applause he everywhere received did not in the least affect his characteristic humility, unless, indeed, it were to make that virtue the more conspicuous. He is now gone, but he died as a Christian.

Our subject also preached in Meadville, then, as now, the seat of justice for Crawford County, Pa. He may have made a good impression on the community, but no Society was formed; at least, such is the inference, as none was found there ten years afterward, when the writer regularly visited the place as a part of the French Creek Circuit. Nor was there, in 1812, a single place of public worship in Meadville. The Rev. Mr. Johnson, whose Church relations are not given, had a small membership but

no church edifice. He occupied the Court-house in the forenoon, upon each successive Sabbath; and my brother, when in the place, did so in the afternoon. Since that day matters and things have wonderfully changed. Meadville is now not only a highly respectable town in size, but the seat of learning for a large section of prosperous country. The college there is an honor as well as a blessing to the Methodist Episcopal Church. How little did those who toiled there fifty or sixty years since, imagine that such a state of facts would exist in Meadville to-day!

Franklin, then a small village but now a considerable town, situated at the confluence of French Creek with the Alleghany River, also shared my brother's labors. Here he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of some of the leading citizens. William Connelly, Esq., who afterward became a somewhat distinguished member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, was long afterward his correspondent.*

* The following extract of a letter from Mr. Connelly to my brother, dated December 15, 1813, shows how the latter was appreciated in Franklin at that early day: "I received your letter from the St. Lawrence Circuit in October last, and was most happy to hear from you. The Conference Minutes gave us your appointment, and it is pleasing to know that you are still determined to toil on in the great Master's vineyard. When I look at the allurements held out to young men, and the many temptations to which they are exposed, it is matter of thankfulness that 'none of these things move you.' . . . I wish, Brother Paddock, that you would prevail on your Conference to allow you to come to ours, [Franklin was now in the Philadelphia Conference,] so that you may take our circuit again.

He left his impression, too, upon Waterford, a beautiful village in Erie County. Judge Vincent, though not a Methodist, made him welcome at his house, and otherwise treated him with gratifying consideration. My brother records an incident, in this connection, which shows somewhat forcibly the spirit of the times. An appointment had been given out for him, on Sabbath afternoon, at the Block House, a building that had been erected as far back as the time of General Washington's visit to the place, during the French war, and now the only place for public meetings in the little village. The resident minister and wife attended, each having a child in charge. Something was said by the preacher, rather incidentally, about the universality of the atonement and the freedom of salvation, when the reverend gentleman arose, and laying down his sleeping child upon the seat, very deliberately walked out. The next morning he called at Judge Vincent's, not to apologize for his rudeness, but to convince the young preacher of his grievous error. So it appeared after the introduction. He began, "'Mr. Paddock, I suppose you thought it strange that I left the meeting yesterday?' 'I did,' was my reply. 'Well,' said he, 'I did not believe what you advanced, and thought best to leave.' Without at all replying to that part

I am sure such a measure would give every body here great satisfaction. Your acquaintances often inquire after you, and I am thankful I can now answer at least some of their inquiries."

of my discourse which had such a *moving* effect upon him, he struck off upon the doctrine of predestination; referring to those of whom St. Jude says, 'they were of old ordained to this condemnation.' 'Please observe,' I replied, 'that the Apostle says nothing about the *character* of the wicked men of whom he speaks being "of old ordained," but simply of their *doom*. It involves a high reflection upon the character of God to suppose that he would first "ordain" that men should do wickedly, and then "condemn" them for doing just what he foreordained they should do. It was not only ordained "of old," but is a standing decree of God, that those who willingly and willfully sin against him shall be "condemned" and punished. But all of this is in perfect harmony with what I said yesterday.' No reply being made, I continued: 'Mr. M., your leaving meeting did *me* no harm; and yet for your own sake, as well as that of the common cause, I am sorry you did it. You cannot reasonably suppose that all of your hearers will agree with you in every thing you may think it right to say. In this imperfect state, men do and must differ in respect to what is merely speculative, or even doctrinal, in the Christian system. Now suppose some of your hearers on Sabbath next, disagreeing with you in something you may utter, shall get up, take their hats, and walk out, can you complain, seeing you have set them the example?' He paused a short time, and then said, 'I think I was a little too fast.'

On leaving he appeared much better than he did when he came." Nearly sixty years after this occurrence my brother spent a winter in this same village, and speaks of the treatment he received from every body there with great satisfaction.

From this condensed view of my brother's labors, during 1812–13, it will be seen that what was then called the Chautauqua Circuit embraced the larger portion of the territory now covered by the Erie Conference, one of the largest of our whole sisterhood of Conferences. But no adequate idea has been given—or, indeed, *can* be given—of the amount of labor performed, or of the privations and sufferings endured, while in that large mission field. Some portions of the southern part of the circuit had been previously visited by preachers from the Philadelphia Conference, who had formed a few small Societies in different and distant neighborhoods. Some of the northern portions of it had also been visited by the preachers who labored in what was called Holland Purchase Mission. This was occupied in 1808, four years earlier than the time of my brother's mission, by George Lane and Thomas Elliot, who extended their labors, at least occasionally, some fifty miles up Lake Erie. Mr. Lane, in a diary he kept, records what occurred in connection with one of these visits up the lake, and from this it will be seen what the itinerants of that day, and especially in that section of country, had to endure. I copy from Dr. Peck's very

interesting volume, "Early Methodism in the Old Genesee Conference," pp. 235–238:—

"This day I started from the house of Brother Bush, where I formed a Society of eight members, for Buffalo, a distance of fifty miles.

"At Cattaraugus I fell into company with a man and his wife, and a child eighteen months old, and two single men, who were all traveling in the same direction. The gentleman and his wife and infant, and one of the other men, rode in the sleigh. The other man and myself were on horseback.

"When we came to the lake we were obliged to travel on the ice along or near the beach. The wind had blown the ice into such ridges it was nearly impossible to cross them; in some places they were very high, and the cakes of ice were frozen together so loosely that we were in danger of falling through into the water. The wind blew like a hurricane, and caused the snow to fly as though it had been falling fast from the clouds. We were all the while nearly blinded by the flying snow, and we found it almost impossible to proceed on our way.

"After traveling about nineteen miles on land, and six on the ice, the night closed in upon us. What to do under the circumstances we could scarcely determine. The horses driven to the sleigh gave out. The snow had fallen to such a depth that it came above the body of the sleigh, which greatly increased the labor of the horses. For some

distance the winds had kept an open space between the rocky shore on the right and the snow-drifts on the left. This space had been wide enough thus far for the sleigh and horses, until at length the drift crossed the open space and closed it up, so that we could proceed no further. What to do we knew not; we first tried to force our horses through the drift. We who were on horseback first made the attempt; the snow was not only deep, but very hard packed by the strong wind and intense cold. The horses reared and sprang, and reared again, and struggled hard to get through, and appeared as though they were floundering in deep mire, and after a long while they succeeded.

"After getting safely through ourselves, I left my horse with the other gentleman and went to aid in bringing the sleigh through. After treading down the snow as well as we could, the owner of the horses took one side and I the other, with whip in hand, and tried to force them through the drift, which was accumulating at a fearful rate. But the horses, after repeated attempts, gave up the struggle, and would make no further exertion. What expedient to try next, for a moment we were at a loss. The night was upon us, the weather excessively cold, and our animals as well as ourselves exposed to great sufferings. The icicles had formed upon their legs, which had rattled against each other as they traveled or stood shivering in the cold. The wind was blowing a gale from the north-west, and

we were opposite a ledge of rocks, which rose to the height of sixty feet for some distance along the shore, against which the snow was accumulating most fearfully. To remain where we were, even for a short time, would be certain death. Some of our company advised to try to find an opening through the rocks into the woods where we might encamp for the night, though we had neither fire, nor food, nor shelter, nor sufficient clothing to keep us warm or prevent us from freezing. But counter advice prevailed, and it was soon determined to unharness the horses and leave the sleigh. One of the travelers on horseback gave his horse to the lady, and her husband, with the child in his arms, mounted one of the horses driven to the sleigh, while the other was rode by the traveler who gave his horse to the lady. Thus equipped, we determined, by the blessing of God, to make a desperate effort to reach the public house at Eighteen Mile Creek, many miles distant.

"To get clear of the snow-drift we were obliged to strike off on the lake, but we found the ice exceedingly rough, occasioned by the high wind when the lake was freezing. The snow-drift, which we had to avoid on the shore, had increased to an enormous height, and was said the next morning to be sixty feet high. We had traveled but a short distance when the horse which carried the man and child stumbled and fell, pitching both into the snow, which so completely covered them that they could

scarcely be seen. They were dug out, however, and reseated, and in a few moments we were on our way again. My own mind had been greatly sustained and comforted throughout this journey of peril, and I confidently believed that He who saved St. Paul and the ship's company from perishing by sea would save us from perishing on Lake Erie. About nine o'clock at night we arrived safely at a public house kept by Mr. Ingleson, at Eighteen Mile Creek, and felt we were under unspeakably great obligations to our almighty Preserver.

"The next morning the owner, with others, went in search of the sleigh, but could find nothing of it. The snow had covered it, and it could not be discovered for months. After the snow had disappeared, the sleigh, with a hundred dollars of money, which had been left in it, was found, and the faithful dog who had remained to watch it was also there, dead by the side of his master's property.

"*Tuesday, Jan.* 24. I started again for Buffalo, but found the wind so high and the snow so drifted that, after traveling ten miles, I was obliged to stop at the house of Brother Titus. At night a few travelers came in, to whom, with the family, I was requested to deliver a discourse; but, according to a long-established practice, I sought a place for secret prayer, and for want of a better, retired to a log stable, but found no room there; so I went around the stable and cleared the snow away with my feet, (it was about two feet deep,) and kneeled

there before the Lord to implore Divine aid in delivering his message to the people; nor did I ask in vain, but found help from above.

"My route led me through the Indian village south-west of Buffalo, where the famous Red Jacket resided, or frequently visited. I often called at their wigwams to inquire my way. The road was new, through woods; in winter plenty of snow, in spring the mud very deep, the streams swollen; in many places the streams had to be forded; but, notwithstanding all this, through the protecting care of my heavenly Father I was saved from all my difficulties and dangers."

It could hardly be said that the subject of this memoir passed through any one scene of personal suffering and danger, while on the Chautauqua Circuit, equal to the preceding. Still, however, it was, from beginning to end, a year of trial. What would now be regarded as in a sense the essential comforts of life were then, for the most part, wholly unknown. The people were as kind as could be desired, but they could not give what they themselves did not possess. Outside of the little scattered villages, retirement could be found only in the woods. Either there or on horseback secret prayer must be offered, the Bible read, and sermons made. Streams were to be forded, a ride of four hundred miles to be performed every four weeks, and that, too, through swamps, over mountains, generally without roads, frequently destitute of food,

and always more or less exposed to beasts of prey. Though in going round his circuit he had to preach from thirty-five to forty times, this was regarded as mere pastime when compared with the severity of his other trials. It is not wonderful that such a year of labor and suffering should have told, as it did very materially, upon his bodily health in all after life.

CHAPTER VII.

ITINERANCY CONTINUED—ST. LAWRENCE CIRCUIT.

THE next session of the Genesee Conference was held at the old Westmoreland Meeting-house, near Hampton, Oneida County, N. Y., commencing July 9, 1813. The occasion was one of great spiritual interest, as indeed Conferences generally were in those early times. But to our subject it brought much anxiety; not exactly that sort of anxiety, however, which every itinerant is apt to feel when he is about to change his field of labor. The last chapter closed with an allusion to my brother's enfeebled health. Two successive attacks of disease, the latter pneumonia, had left his vocal organs, especially the lungs, in a precarious condition. Several physicians, some of them his personal friends, recommended a change of climate, advising him especially to go South. Influenced by this advice, he laid his case before Bishop Asbury, who presided at the Conference. The venerable old gentleman warmly interested himself in his favor, and told him if he would meet him at the Baltimore Conference the latter part of the following winter, he would give him an appointment suited to the state of his health. This the latter thought would be the best plan for him to adopt, and accordingly

made up his mind to spend the intermediate time at his father's house, so as to rest and prepare for his anticipated field of labor at the South. But the latter part of the plan he was soon persuaded to abandon. Instead of going home to rest, he consented to go to the St. Lawrence Circuit, there to labor till it should be time for him to go to Baltimore. This revision of plan was brought about by the persuasion of two warm personal friends, the Rev. William Case,* Presiding Elder on the district, and the Rev. Isaac Puffer,† who had himself been on the St. Lawrence Circuit the preceding year. These good brethren urged the pressing necessities of this new and important field of labor, and insisted that the labor there would be quite as friendly to his health as doing nothing at home probably would be, and thus led him to conclude that very possibly duty lay in that direction. At any rate, it was settled that he should go to the circuit in question, a distance, as the roads then ran, of over five hundred miles from the charge he had just left, and all of this on horseback. Verily, there was *itinerancy* in those times.

After a few days spent among his friends in Warren, he made his way as speedily as possible to his new field of labor, a three weeks' circuit. That it was not well suited to the condition of a valetudinarian will be readily perceived from a comprehensive description he gave of it in a communication to the

* See Appendix. † *Ibid.*

"Northern Christian Advocate," not long since:—"In 1813 my work lay on the St. Lawrence River, from Morristown to Massena, embracing all the inhabited towns back from the river, and requiring more than four hundred miles' travel in three weeks, in performing which I had to cross six or eight rivers, mostly without bridges. The territory on which I then labored, without a colleague, now makes the chief portion of the Ogdensburgh and Potsdam Districts, containing twenty-four or twenty-five distinct charges. The membership has been increased forty fold. O, what have I been spared to witness! The view makes my old heart young again. 'Praise God in the highest!'"

The review, to a heart as susceptible as his, could not be otherwise than joyous. He had not labored in vain, nor spent his strength for naught. Whatever suffering he had passed through, he now contemplates those early scenes and experiences with heartfelt satisfaction. Life's best enjoyments are always won in the same way. That which costs us nothing is generally worth nothing. At least, so far as *moral* enjoyment is concerned, this is the rule.

But let us return to my brother's labors in the St. Lawrence Circuit, touching which he himself must be the historian. He says: "My lungs were weak; otherwise I was strong and ready to sing, pray, and preach daily, when the rides were not too long. Some weeks I preached six or eight times. To compass my work I had to ride more than a

hundred miles each week, and to preach from fifteen to eighteen times. But I favored my lungs all I could, and, on the whole, found myself gradually improving. Before, however, the time arrived at which I was to leave for Baltimore, the Presiding Elder, Rev. William Case, came to me, and said: 'The people are of the opinion that you cannot and must not leave them *now*, and wish me to devise some plan by which to keep you here till Conference. I have thought of an expedient which will probably please you better, and be more conducive to health, than the one you have contemplated. You are a great admirer of Bishop M'Kendree, and I propose that you be his traveling companion till your health is restored. The Bishop himself is feeble, and, as you know, finds it needful to take with him some young minister to relieve him of his cares somewhat. He goes South in the winter and returns North in the summer—a change admirably suited to your debilitated state. Besides, his example as a Christian gentleman and Christian minister, and the instruction you can hardly fail to receive from his conversation, will be of priceless value to you in all after life. I will write to him in your behalf, and have no doubt of his consent.' Well, I yielded again, hoping for the better, and not the best. The latter I never expected or sought for, and hence have been less frequently and less painfully disappointed than some others.

"Pursuant to his promise, the presiding elder

wrote to Bishop M'Kendree, who directed his reply to me from Petersburgh, Va., saying it would please him, should Providence permit, to accept of my company, and also that he would, in good time, tell me when and where to meet him the next year. So I went on laboring for my Lord and Master, and was greatly blest. My feeble efforts were kindly accepted by the good people, and sanctioned by the great Head of the Church. Scores were brought to Christ and added to his Church, among whom was Captain William Perry and his wife, as also their daughters Sophronia and Lucretia, of whom I may have occasion to speak hereafter.*

"Though we had no Society in Potsdam, then an inconsiderable village, I was led to preach there in the following way: A gentleman from the East had commenced selling dry goods in the place. As he took so much pains to see me, and was otherwise so friendly, I judged he must be acquainted with our people, if, indeed, he were not a member of the Church. He invited me to preach at his store, and, as no other place was offered, I accepted the invitation. This seemed like a providential opening, and, though few had then settled in the place, I continued to preach in the store. Such was the beginning of Methodism in Potsdam.

"I also visited Madrid, the town west of Potsdam, and preached to a small company at the Falls. A Presbyterian brother, I was told, had preached in

* See page 153.

the place occasionally. It is now a separate and self-supporting charge in the Black River [now—1872—Northern New York] Conference; as is also Hamilton Village, a town on the St. Lawrence River, where I established a regular appointment. In the town of Lisbon, at a place then called Sucker Creek, I found a small settlement in which I preached, and had a fine, pious, growing Society.

The following scrap of history, connected with this place, is not only interesting, but has a good moral. One of the little company, Brother E. Scott, who had covenanted to serve God, had been induced in the spring of 1814 to join two of his neighbors—not professors of religion—in making maple sugar 'upon shares.' On Saturday there had been a great run of sap, and the other members of the company insisted that Mr. S. should aid on Sabbath morning in gathering it, as it would otherwise run away; or, in case he refused, and they did the work, he should have none of the avails of it. Being pressed, he yielded, and wrought an hour or two in the morning before meeting. But these conscientious partners in the crime forthwith accused him of Sabbath-breaking! Such were the circumstances that it was thought best formally to notice the accusation. The alleged offender was accordingly brought before the Society, when he made his statement. He had a large family to support, had no idea of breaking the Sabbath, and supposed that what he did was really a work of necessity. Though the Society doubted

the moral propriety of the part he had acted, yet, under the circumstances, they did not feel that they could, consistently with the law of love, condemn him. The case disposed of, a brother arose and wished to say a word. The preacher assented, and he proceeded as follows: 'When we came to this place a few years since, a few of us were professing Christians, and we soon made an agreement to hold a public prayer-meeting on each successive Sabbath, and the covenant was conscientiously kept. By some we were called hypocrites and fools, and by all were closely watched. But we clave unto the Lord, encouraged each other, and were thus divinely strengthened and supported.

"'One Sabbath morning, going out to get firewood, I partially opened my door, and saw a deer standing some eight or ten yards directly in front of me. I stepped back and took down my gun, but before I got to the door it occurred to me that it was the Sabbath, and that I must not, could not, kill the deer. Accordingly, I replaced my gun, and went out to get the fuel, leaving the deer to do as he pleased. In the course of the day it was whispered to me again and again, You might have had meat for your hungry family had you not had such a *tight* conscience. But I bore it all, believing the course I had taken would end for the best. I had always found that to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams, and I was determined still to trust the Lord. In family

worship the trials through which I had passed occurred to me, and I thanked God from the fullness of my heart that he had sustained me in the ordeal, and was really happy in the thought of so gracious a deliverance. Satan had suggested it was a god-send that I had declined to accept; but I said, No; God would have sent it on some other day. Now mark! the very next morning I started to go out for fuel as usual; and, partly opening my door, I saw a noble buck standing within convenient range. Again I took down my gun, and, putting the muzzle through so much of the door as stood open, I had no difficulty in making the prize my own.' In saying all this he steadily looked at me; but he now turned to those who were present, and said, 'Brethren, the God-send was, I verily believe, worth twice as much as the devil-send; thus confirming the truth of the apostolic declaration, that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. O let us trust in God, always keeping his commands; and then we may rest assured that our highest good will be the unfailing issue.'

"While in this field of labor I visited a new settlement called Rossie. Here there were a large foundry, and several other manufactories, all of which were owned by Messrs. David and Isaac Parish, who had been bankers in Holland. Hearing of the approach of Napoleon Bonaparte, they left for this country with the funds of the bank. Of course

they were understood to be very rich, which, indeed, they must have been, if, as was reported, they had lent to the United States Government seven millions of dollars. After visiting the place a few times, I was called upon by Messieurs—and true gentlemen they were—Bembow, overseer of the factories, and Howard, the cashier of the Parishes, who requested me to remain in the place permanently as a sort of chaplain to the whole concern. They were authorized, they said, to offer me four hundred dollars a year—a pretty large salary for those times. I thanked them for the generous offer, but told them that, though I could not expect more than one fourth of that sum from the people I was serving, I thought I must continue with them. My object was to do good, and, so far as I could then see, there was a fairer prospect of accomplishing that object by cultivating the larger field that had providentially been committed to my care, than there would be by confining myself to their neighborhood, pleasant as the latter certainly would be. They appreciated my motive, and dropped the subject. I visited them occasionally, as I went round my circuit, but they never sent me away empty."

Ogdensburgh, the seat of justice for St. Lawrence County, was regularly visited by my brother. At that time there had been no stated preaching in the place, so that his official attentions were well received. He occupied the Court-house, and found the people, generally, ready to come and hear. But,

though so far from the scenes of his labors the preceding year, he was still where the evils of war were felt to be a present reality. In one instance, not long after he had left the Court-house, a large cannon ball, sent from Prescott, on the Canadian side of the river, passed quite through the building. Fortunately, however, no further damage was done.

Since writing the preceding, I have found on a detached paper the following summary review of my brother's labors on the St. Lawrence Circuit. He says: "I had to ride about four hundred miles in four weeks, pass through dismal swamps, over pole and log bridges, had to cross six or eight streams, some of them twice, and, when these could not be forded, went over in a log canoe, my horse swimming by my side, and the like. At that time there were but two or three ministers of the Gospel in all that vast region. I was alone, only that my good Presiding Elder, the Rev. William Case, visited me once or twice. But, during my whole public life, I have seldom enjoyed myself better than I did in these labors and privations. I was employed as I always wished to be—instrumentally bringing souls to Christ, and building them up in the faith of the Gospel."

CHAPTER VIII.

ITINERANCY—WYOMING CIRCUIT IN 1814.

OUR subject having closed his labors on the St. Lawrence Charge, made his way directly to the Conference, which was held that year (1814) at Genoa, Cayuga County, commencing on the 14th of July. Of the doings there he makes no special record, and it is presumed that little occurred other than usual conference business. Why the plan of companionship in travel with Bishop M'Kendree was given up is not stated, but the probability is that my brother's health had so much improved that it was not deemed strictly necessary. Besides, there was a very great want of laborers in the Conference, and to give him an appointment in the southernmost part of it would be about as well for his health as any thing else that could be done. Accordingly, he was assigned to the Wyoming Circuit, embracing the beautiful valley of that name and a few adjacent neighborhoods. We copy now, with slight verbal emendations, from his own manuscript:—

"I had not wholly recovered from the inflammatory attack upon my lungs, experienced when on the Chautauqua Circuit two years previously, and

which skillful physicians said rendered a change of climate prudent, if not absolutely necessary. Hence my appointment here, where the atmospheric temperature seemed to be mild and healthful, and where the amount of labor to be performed was much less than on any charge I had previously served, was felt to be a special favor. I found the people, generally, courteous and kind, and the Societies devoted and prosperous. In Wilkesbarre especially there were both refinement and piety, and here, as well as at Kingston, Forty Fort, and Plymouth, I felt myself much at home. Any other charge of equal excellence, taken all in all, I have seldom, if ever, had. Even at this distant day, the memory of it is pleasant and inspiring, Though we had no general revival, there was a gradual increase in the membership, and matters generally were left on a footing favorable to the future growth of the Church. And all that was then anticipated has since been more than realized. Wyoming Valley is still not only physically, but morally and religiously, one of the loveliest spots in the nation.

"In the spring of 1815, being so near the seat of the Philadelphia Conference, I indulged what I thought an innocent inclination to be present at its session, and I found the visit both pleasant and profitable. Here I saw, for the last time, my very dear friend and first Presiding Elder, the Rev. Peter Vannest. When I was introduced to the Conference he came forward and embraced me with most

affectionate cordiality. The sight of him revived very tender and grateful recollections. It was he who not only gave me the most effective encouragement when, in great weakness, I was making my first essays at public speaking, but was the chief agent in my induction to the itinerancy.

"Here, too, I saw for the last time the patriarch of American Methodism, the venerable Bishop Asbury. Being in very feeble health, he spent a large portion of his time in a retired part of the city; and not being a member of that Conference myself, I was at liberty to be with him. The hours spent in his society I then felt to be the most precious of my whole life; nor have the many years I have lived since in the least changed my estimate of them. His words have been treasured up as if they were the utterances of inspiration itself. He seemed to feel that his work was about done, as indeed it was, for he went home to the heavenly Zion the very next year. I let him know that from the time of my accession to the family of Christ I had always felt a strong inclination to devote myself to the foreign missionary work. I may have told him this before: indeed, I think I did when I saw him at the house of Elijah Davis, at Sauquoit, in 1811. And it has sometimes occurred to me that this may possibly have been one reason why he had, pretty uniformly, assigned me to the very outposts of the work in the Genesee Conference. But now the topic was revived with fresh interest. The mere

allusion to it seemed to fire the heart of this apostolic man anew. Lifting his hands, he exclaimed, 'O, if I were young again, kingdoms and empires could not contain me!' To those who have the least idea of the extent of his travels and the amount of his labors since he came to the 'new world,' such an exclamation, so far from seeming extravagant, would look like one of the most natural things for him to say. He always acted as if he felt, with Wesley, that the world was his parish. In Asbury I have found my ideal of an apostolic bishop practically realized. When I saw him for the last time, I said in my heart, 'I ne'er shall see his like again.' Such is my opinion of him still. We have had other great and good men in the Episcopacy, but we have had but one Francis Asbury.

"When I was about to leave Philadelphia the Bishop sent for me, and gave me a book as a 'memento.' Thus he denominated it when he handed it to me. For such an end, however, I needed it not, as I already had an imperishable remembrancer of him in my heart. Not only to perpetuate the memory of him in my family, but with the hope that I might thereby give a sort of sacredness to the home circle, I called my second son Francis Asbury. That son has now gone to join him whose name he bore; for he, too, 'died in the faith.' The thought of meeting my father—for Asbury was all of that to me—and my son beyond the flood, never again to be separated, is inexpressibly precious.

"'These lively hopes I owe,
Lord, to thy dying love.'

"But I would say a word more about Asbury. Though he was a good divine, being well read in theology, and well acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, both in the original and in his mother tongue, his great strength lay in his extraordinary executive talent. He seemed to know men by a kind of intuition. Barely looking at a candidate for the itinerancy, or at a preacher already in the Conference as being suited to a particular appointment or otherwise, would seem to be sufficient to give him a pretty good practical view of the whole case. And, even in these off-hand estimates, he was seldom wide of the mark. As a presiding officer he was admirable. Though generally mild and obliging, yet, where great principles were involved, he was as unyielding as the truth itself. I have heard it said by some of the older preachers, that, when presiding in Conference, Dr. Coke, with all his learning, would sometimes get sadly confused as to the exact state of the question before the body, when he would say, 'Bishop Asbury, please take the chair and regulate the elements. I resign all into your hands for the present.'

"At the Philadelphia Conference I saw and heard several other distinguished ministers of our communion. Of this number was Robert R. Roberts, whose praise was even then in all the Churches, and who afterward became one of the Bishops of the

Methodist Episcopal Church. I had heard much of him when on the Chautauqua Circuit, particularly in the southern part of it, so that my expectations were elevated. Nor was I disappointed. He was so modest and unassuming in his bearing, so amiable and so good, that every body seemed to be on his side even before he opened his mouth; and when he did so, he poured forth such a volume of evangelical truth, accompanied by so much emotional power, that a congregation could hardly do otherwise than be pleased and profited.

"Here, too, I heard the soul-stirring Ezekiel Cooper, then our only Book Agent. Few among all our preachers, at that day, excelled him. I had, from an eye and ear witness, in Albany, N.Y., the following anecdote: Some of the officers of our Church in that place had invited Mr. Cooper to come up and preach to them. The Dutch Reformed Church was nearly opposite to that of the Methodist Episcopal, the Rev. Dr. Bradford (Broadhead?) being pastor of the former. Hearing that a New York preacher—the Rev. Mr. Cooper—was to occupy the Methodist Episcopal pulpit in the evening, the doctor not only proposed to attend himself, but invited some of his leading men to go with him. They did so, and listened with great satisfaction. At the close of the service, when they had reached the vestibule of the church, the Doctor said to his friends, with much apparent feeling, 'Gentlemen,

if you would hear *preaching* don't go to my church, but come here, come here!'

"During the sixty-five years I have been connected with the Church, I have heard many great and good preachers. Some have excelled in one thing; and some in another. For breadth of thought and real Demosthenean eloquence, I have supposed Dr. Stephen Olin to have been without a compeer. But no other man I have ever heard would so melt my heart, and so put me into the dust, as did the holy, blessed Bishop Hamline. No other preacher I ever heard would take me so near the cross, and so near the gates of heaven. Nor did any other man, save only, perhaps, Bishop Asbury, so exemplify my ideal of a presiding officer in an ecclesiastical assembly as did this now sainted Bishop. Certainly, no other man ever so fixed my attention on the business of the Conference, and, at the same time, so led me upward toward the heavenly world."

CHAPTER IX.

ITINERANCY—STATIONED IN UTICA.

THOUGH my brother's health had been considerably improved during the year he was on the Wyoming Circuit, it was still feeble. Speaking of the year, he says: "It was a very pleasant one, save only that I had, almost constantly, a pain in my breast. Sometimes it was very severe, causing the loss of rest, and obliging me to sit up, more or less, either in my bed or upon a couch, during the night, in order to sleep or rest at all." Though he had a finely expanded chest, and though all other organic developments in his person were favorable to almost any amount of vital strength, yet the wound inflicted upon his vocal organs while upon the Chautauqua Circuit was scarcely healed during the immediately succeeding four years. No inconsiderable portion of the time he was obliged to wear a blister-plaster upon his chest, and sometimes, for weeks together, to abstain wholly from public speaking. His appointments must, therefore, be still governed, somewhat, at least, by the state of his health. The next Conference was held at that favorite and favored place, Lyons, commencing June 29, 1815. Down to this time, nothing like a station, as distinguished from a circuit, had existed in any part of the Con-

ference. But, at the present session, two such anomalies were created, namely, Utica and Paris. My brother was appointed to the former, and the Rev. Abner Chase to the latter. This venerable minister, now no more, in his "Recollections," a charming little volume published in 1846, makes a slight mistake, which, though of little consequence now, save only as a matter of Church history, it may be well enough to correct. He speaks of Paris —now called Sauquoit—as the first station ever recognized by the Genesee Conference. He would have been literally correct had he said, it was one of the first *two* ever created by that body. The mistake is easily accounted for. In 1814 he and the Rev. Zenas Jones were on the Utica *Circuit;* and thirty-two years afterward, when he wrote his book, he had forgotten that at the close of that year (1814) Utica was detached from that circuit, making a new charge, and that the rest was called Litchfield.

"When I was placed at Utica," writes our subject, "there were but nine members in that then inconsiderable village, and these belonged to the New Hartford Society. A few years previously, that Society had put up and inclosed a small "chapel"—so our houses of worship were mostly called at that day—about a mile north-east from New Hartford, directly on the turnpike toward Utica. As several of the most able members there had either died or moved away, and as their house remained unfinished, the few members left were willing to

have it sold, and the avails put into a new church edifice which it was proposed to build in Utica. Accordingly, all cordially joined the newly-appointed pastor in a petition to the legislature of the State for the enactment of a law, authorizing the sale of the property and the appropriation of the avails, as desired. The law was promptly passed, and duly authenticated, so that there were now no legal obstructions in our way. Utica now became the center of operations. A legal society having been formed, and a building committee appointed, we were prepared to strike for a new house. The aforesaid committee desired me to go forward as their principal agent. Under the circumstances, I could not well do otherwise than comply, that is, it I would see the work accomplished; though I accepted the fearful responsibility not only with great reluctance, but with the distinct understanding that my accounts should be audited and my doings overlooked, if possible, every week. The first thing I did was to sell the old house at New Hartford for seventy-five thousand good bricks; to which I added thirty thousand more by purchase, the numbers combined being judged sufficient for the walls of our projected tabernacle. I spent as much of the winter as I could in visiting the surrounding neighborhoods, preaching, and getting subscriptions. Some gave timber, some stone, and some lime: in a word, I accepted *any thing* I could make tributary to my heart-cherished object.

"Having obtained what subscriptions I could in Utica and its environs, I saw I must go abroad for help. The first place to which I went was Albany. Calling on the "Patroon," the great and good Stephen Van Rensselaer, he cheerfully handed me twenty dollars. Lieutenant-Governor Taylor also gave me five dollars, and smaller sums were received from sundry individuals. I next visited the city of New York, where I obtained, by dint of begging, I might almost say from door to door, the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars. But the object was precious, and I could scarcely regret the wearing out of a pair of fine shoes by my daily and extended walks upon the brick pavements of the city, and especially as I returned to my charge with almost four hundred dollars in cash! The reader need not smile; that was the day of small things; even the widow's mite made the heart of the Methodist preacher glad.

One contribution I received in Utica deserves special notice. I called upon John Devereux, Esq., a merchant, and the principal supporter of the Roman Catholic Church in the place, and stated to him the necessities of our condition. He received my application in the most courteous manner, and said in reply, 'You will want some glass for your windows; call upon me when you are ready for it, and I will give you a good article and all you need.' When obtained it was found to be crown glass, the best that could be found in the

country, and worth full fifty dollars. This was, so far as I know or believe, the largest sum contributed by any one person toward the erection and completion of our place of worship. At length, after prayers, and toils, and sufferings known only to Him who knows all things, the house was completed, and in July, 1816, was dedicated to the worship of God by the Rev. Daniel Hitt, our Book Agent in New York.

"It is due to myself that I should say a word about the location of the church, the wisdom of which has sometimes been called in question. It is admitted that the location was wrong, but then this was owing to causes which could not, at the time, be foreseen. The lot, which in itself was certainly a fine one, was purchased of Judge Morris S. Miller, who lived near the place, and who promised valuable material aid. Besides, it was then thought the town would extend rapidly in that direction, so that the church would then be in a central position. But the location of the Erie Canal, soon thereafter, changed the tendency of population in an opposite direction, so that the church was left sadly one side of the right place. It was, however, well sold, and the avails of it went into the Bleecker-street Church, which was completed and dedicated under my brother's pastorate, in 1826."

The house, for whose unfortunate location my brother apologizes, was by no means a loss either to the Church or to the cause of Christ. For a

period of ten years, as far one side as it was, it was the rallying-place of our people in Utica. Its pulpit was supplied, not only by my brother, but by such men as Revs. George Gary, William Barlow, Elias Bowen, Elijah King, George Peck, and George Harmon. In 1825 it was the spiritual birth-place of nearly two hundred souls, more than one hundred of whom became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Fruit was then gathered that remains to the present day, while large numbers who were won to Christ in that great revival have passed away to the inheritance of the saints in light. Though the little "brick chapel" in East Utica was long since converted into a book-bindery, "the Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this and that man were born there."

Speaking of his labors in the early autumn of 1815, my brother says: "One day as I was passing the residence of Rudolph Snyder, Esq., his wife, whose maiden name was Sterns, a sister of William Sterns, one of the early itinerants, beckoned me from her door into the house. I went in, but was scarcely seated when she said, 'You may take courage, for you are going to have a revival.' 'What makes you think so?' was my reply. 'I will tell you,' said she: 'I dreamed last night that I was walking in the border of our village, where I saw a finely-inclosed lot, as I supposed about three acres, all set out with the most beautiful fruit-trees I ever beheld; every thing presenting the most lovely and

attractive appearance that can be imagined. I said to one passing by, "Whose is this beautiful lot? I did not know there was any thing like it in town." "Why," said he, "it is strange you did not know it: this is your young minister's." ' 'This,' continued Mrs. Snyder—Aunt Rachel, as she was familiarly called—'was my night-vision, and my construction of it you already have.'

"As a general fact, it may be true that—

> "'Dreams are but interludes that fancy makes:
> When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.'

Still, I am a good deal in sympathy with Dr. Edward Young, where he says—*vide* 'Night Thoughts'—

> "'For human weal Heaven husbands all events;
> Dull sleep instructs, nor sport dull dreams in vain.'

Whether this good woman's vision had much effect upon me, I can hardly say at this distance of time. If it had any, it doubtless strengthened my purpose to labor for souls; a purpose that was already much like an abiding passion. It was not long after this that 'refreshing showers of grace Divine' began to fall upon that portion of the Master's vineyard committed to my care, so that the plants of righteousness sprang up and began to grow most promisingly. The 'beautiful inclosure' of Mrs. Snyder's night-vision was happily realized; for before the first of January thirty persons at least, mostly young people, were made partakers of the grace of life. Our

only place for public worship was a small school-house, which was soon too strait for the thronging multitude. The room was generally completely filled by females, while the men stood without, hearing and joining in worship as they could, through the door and open windows. When the weather became cold, however, this order was necessarily modified; few coming save those who were asking the way to Zion, and for these we continued to find room within. This state of things helped on the project of a new place of worship materially. Several were brought in who became pillars in the Church, and some were called to the ministry. During my two years in Utica (1815 and 1816) the Society was not only more than quadrupled, but consolidated upon a foundation that promised future growth—a promise that has since been abundantly realized."

When my brother closed his labors in Utica, he reported one hundred and twenty members in the charge; not all in the town, however, there being several small classes in surrounding neighborhoods. Among old documents left by him, I find two class-papers for the Society in the village. Whether these give all the names of those then in Society there, I am unable to say. Probably, however, they do not. They are severally made of a demi-sheet, foolscap folded; much in the style of class-papers of that day, generally. To the modern pastor, such an article would probably be a real curiosity. For this reason, as well as to perpetuate the memory

of some whose names should never be forgotten, I am inclined to transcribe both of these papers. Preliminary to the names in one class, we have the following words: —

"Class-Book for the Female Class in Utica. B. G. Paddock, Preacher, for 1816. Jacob Snyder, and Justin Cooley, Jun., Leaders. 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' N. B. The Friday immediately preceding each quarterly meeting is to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer." Then follow the members' names: Penelope Cooley, Fanny Snyder, Rachel Snyder, Peggy Evans, Susanna Gazette, Sally Evans, Lois White, Olive White, Asenath Barnum, Mary Ellis, Hannah Flandreaux, Betsey Flandreaux, Peggy Latimore, Susan White, Abigail Sales, Hetty Vandervoort, Catherine Rykeman, Orra Delong, Nancy Heacock, Nancy George, Dolly Abbott, Harriet Whipple, Susan Cronk, Anna Babcock, Susan Rowley, Betsey Felton, Lydia Wicker, Martha Pelton.

The other paper is entitled, "First Class in Utica," with the same prefatory words as the preceding. The names composing the class were: Robert M'Bride, Justin Cooley, Jun., Jacob Snyder, Rudolph Snyder, Horace Rockwell, Jacob Cronck, Turner Ellis, Peter Jones, Jun., Rachel Cooley, Joel Wicker, Eliza Jones, Peggy Jones, Micajah Pinkney, Jesse Hooker, Samuel Shaw, Susan Puffer, Cephas Hurlburt, Mary Hurlburt, James Battle

Ruhama Battle, Thomas Richardson, Thomas Latimore, Joseph Abbott, Henry Giles, Anthony Bratt and Wife, J. Wesley Higgins, Benjamin Wilsey, Mary Wilsey.

These papers were very accurately ruled with transversed lines: the horizontal spaces containing the names of the members simply; the perpendicular ones indicating, under appropriate heading, who were married and who single, who were believers and who seekers, and, very especially, who attended class, and how frequently. For the latter, there were spaces enough to indicate the attendance through a whole year.

When the writer was stationed in Utica, in 1825–6, many of the persons whose names are given above were still worthy members of the Church. Since then nearly all of them have entered into heavenly rest; but they cannot be forgotten whether in heaven or upon earth. While yet here, some of them acquired not a little distinction. A single instance will, we are sure, please the reader: The Rev. Henry Pope, President of the Eastern British Wesleyan Conference, was a delegate from that body to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met at Brooklyn in May last, (1872.) On being introduced he made an eloquent and striking address, from which is taken the following extract: "And now, Mr. President, may I for a moment be indulged to make a rather personal acknowledgment? Fifty-three years ago my vener-

able father, at that time a Methodist missionary in Canada, contracted a large debt in the State of New York. The facts are these. There was at that time a worthy yeoman residing in [the neighborhood of] Utica, the father of a numerous family, the eldest of whom was a daughter, a young lady of more than ordinary personal attractions, combined with many excellences of mind and heart. Of that lady my father heard. He came, he saw, he conquered; and thus obtaining one of the best of wives, laid himself under an irredeemable debt of obligation to this country. Mr. Jones' house was a home for the Methodist preachers of those days, and I have heard my sainted mother often speak with veneration and affection of Elder Case* and others, to whose ministry it had been her privilege to listen. Through the instrumentality of Methodism both Mr. Jones and his daughter were converted to God, and all that my dear mother was to her husband and to her children—in respect to those virtues and graces which should adorn the relations of wife and mother—may be put down to the credit of her Methodist training. Her last communication with earthly friends was made when, being in the very suburbs of heaven, and unable to articulate a single syllable, she wrote with slate and pencil her dying testimony for the Saviour, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

* See Appendix.

Such was the life this good woman lived, and such the death she died. In the class-paper her name is written "Eliza," though at the date of that record she was more commonly called "Elizabeth," or "Betsey." The writer hereof remembers well her personal appearance, and, were he a limner, would experience little difficulty in transferring it to the canvas. When pastors and leaders are training the young, how little do they imagine what a great work they may be doing for the Church and the world! Eliza Jones, "being dead, yet speaketh."

In the autumn of my brother's second year (1816) in Utica, he consummated a contract (October 28) which had, in some sense, been pending from the time he was on the St. Lawrence Circuit. It will be recollected he speaks of the conversion, in Canton, of Capt. William Perry, his wife, and two daughters, Sophronia and Lucretia, at the time he was laboring in the circuit just named. A mutual attachment sprang up between him and the elder daughter, which culminated in a happy matrimonial union. Of the character of the amiable and excellent woman, whom he was permitted to call wife, I shall find a more fitting occasion to speak hereafter.* It will be sufficient now to say, that she proved to be "a help meet for him," indeed. On occasion of his marriage he received a congratulatory letter from his life-long friend the Rev. Jonathan Huestis, then Presiding Elder on the Genesee

* See chapter xiv.

District, from which the reader may not be displeased to see the following extract:—

"EAST BLOOMFIELD, *Feb.* 27, 1817.

"DEAR BROTHER PADDOCK: I called at the Post-office this evening, and was very much obliged in finding yours of the 20th ultimo. And, though I have nothing new or of special moment to communicate, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of presenting to you, through this medium, my best wishes. Yes, dear brother, believe me when I say, I wish you much joy in the possession of your dearest friend—YOUR WIFE. When I last wrote, my information on the subject was so superficial and uncertain that I did not believe it true: but I now rejoice to have my doubts removed. May this relation, 'this tie more stubborn far than nature's bands,' be softer than the softest silken osier—sweeter than the fragrance of the rose—and yet stronger than the ligaments of life itself.' 'THESE TWAIN SHALL BE ONE FLESH:' one in affection, one in sentiment, one in practice; but all 'in the Lord.' The price of such a wife is far above rubies. My experience demonstrates to me, as I pray yours may to you, the truth of this position."

CHAPTER X.

ITINERANCY—STATIONED AT CANANDAIGUA.

THE Societies in Canada not only still belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, but were still all included in the Genesee Conference. Hence the annual sessions of this body were, several times, held on the Canada side of the national boundary. It will be recollected that the session for 1812 had been appointed on that side, but that, in consequence of the war then pending between England and the United States, it could not be held there. Peace was soon restored, and the session for 1817 was appointed to be held, and was held, at Elizabethtown, U. C., beginning June 21. Whether our subject was personally present is a question that we cannot, from any information now at hand, positively decide. But however this may have been, it is certain he was appointed from that Conference to the Canandaigua station. The preceding year this place was included in the Ontario Circuit, which circuit was served by William Barlow and John Byem. At the previous Conference the latter was received on trial, but, as his name did not again appear in the Minutes, the inference is that he was discontinued. The former was a brilliant young man, and a very fascinating preacher. At

Canandaigua, especially, he was received with great favor. Though the Society was small, all classes flocked to hear him. So promising did every thing appear, that it was determined not only to build a new church, but to ask for a separate charge. The request was granted, and my brother selected for the place, doubtless with special reference to the new church; his success at Utica procuring him no little reputation in regard to such an enterprise.

At that early day, as, indeed, for many years afterward, a station in the Genesee Conference was really a small circuit; taking in, besides the place that gave name to it, and where most of the Sabbath labors were performed, as much of the surrounding country as could be conveniently reached; thus engrossing many, if not most, of the week-day evenings. Such was the fact at Canandaigua. The village was the center of a circle whose periphery was distant from four to six miles, possibly more.

The paucity of tenements now, and especially as there are so many parsonages, is scarcely felt by the itinerant. He is pretty sure to find a comfortable habitation somewhere within his charge. It was quite otherwise at that time, though even then a great improvement had been experienced as compared with a still earlier date. Such men as Bishop Roberts and Jas. B. Finley had lived in log-cabins of their own construction, and so with multitudes of the early itinerants. Even in Canandaigua no suitable residence could be found for the newly-

appointed preacher. The best he could do was to share with Father Spencer—a blessed old gentleman—a part of his farm-house at "Number Nine"—so denominated from its numerical position on a local map of the townships in the county—full two miles from the village. What would now, very possibly, be thought to be a degradation, was then accepted as a favor. My brother thought himself pretty well off in his new home, and with good heart set himself about his great work. In some sense, the new church was the concentrated point of action. Every thing was made to converge toward it. Wherever he went, next to the salvation of souls, this was "in his preach and in his song." He not only preached and formed classes outside of the village, but persuaded every body to do something for the projected sanctuary. Thus intent upon this special work, it is not wonderful that he succeeded. The house was, substantially, completed under his administration, though not formally dedicated until after the Annual Conference, when he had gone to another charge. He was succeeded at Canandaigua by the Rev. Israel Chamberlayne, now Dr. Chamberlayne, for he still lives an honor and a blessing to the Church.

The dedicatory services were performed by the Rev. William Barlow, then stationed at Utica, probably on the last Sabbath in July, 1818. The occasion was one of much interest, not only to our people in the place, but to the public generally.

The "Ontario Repository," then a leading secular paper in that part of the country, thus spoke of it: "The Methodist Chapel"—so our places of worship were then pretty generally called—"that elegant superstructure, was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Sabbath last, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of people. An interesting discourse was delivered by that excellent young man and able minister of the Gospel, the Rev. William Barlow. At the close of the sermon, a liberal contribution was made by the congregation toward paying the indebtedness on the church, amounting to some fifty-three dollars, when the exercises were closed by singing a beautiful ode composed for the occasion by a member of the Society." The writer of the ode was Mrs. Caroline Matilda Thayer, afterward considerably distinguished both as an author and a teacher. A few weeks after this dedication she addressed a letter to my brother and his wife, which, it is thought, may even now be read with both pleasure and profit. It will, at least, enable the reader to compare somewhat the past with the present, so that he may see what progress has been made.

"CANANDAIGUA, *Aug.* 23, 1818.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I have seated myself to write you a long letter, under the persuasion that you will be no less gratified to hear from us, than I am to convey to you some token of remembrance and affection.

"The same day you left Canandaigua I commenced my school on the lake shore. The place and people you are sufficiently acquainted with not to need any particular description. My heart was pained to see so many who had once bid fair for heaven, now 'turned like the dog to his vomit again,' thus verifying this Scripture, 'the last end of that man shall be worse than the beginning.' The children were almost as ignorant as heathen, and exhibited the melancholy prospect of growing up utterly destitute of the knowledge of their Creator. I found my heart strangely drawn out in prayer to God for them, and resolved through grace to spare no efforts for their improvement. I introduced our little Catechism, encouraged them by rewards to learn it, daily instructed them in the principles of Christianity, and prayed *with them* as well as for them. I also established a gratuitous school on the Sabbath, for the purpose of religious instruction, and went into the village and begged about four dollars' worth of tracts and sermons to distribute among them; and God has blessed my humble exertions, so that a very pleasing reformation of manners is visible. Brother Spencer's, Brother Root's, and Sister Moore's daughters attend my school daily and on the Sabbath, and I have now forty-eight Sabbath-scholars who learn the Catechism and select chapters from the Bible. Last Sabbath Dolly Spencer recited thirty-three answers in the Catechism, and the whole of the fifth of Matthew, all learned in

one week. The progress of many others is equally good, and the school increases every week. So many people convene that we are obliged to adjourn to Dr. Parshall's new barn, and we close with a prayer-meeting.

"Dear Brother and Sister, how I regret that I have not your advice and assistance in this arduous and, I trust, profitable work. Do strengthen my hands by your prayers, for I feel the importance of my station. It would have been very pleasing to have your company and aid had you remained on this station, but I hope you are doing good, and will join with me in saying, 'The will of the Lord be done.' I find my situation more favorable to the growth of piety than it was in the village. I am constantly employed for God, and I have long since discovered that to be happy I must be active.

"It is with sensations of the highest pleasure I can assure you the work of God does prosper in my own soul, and I have for some weeks enjoyed an uninterrupted sense of the presence of God. O, brother, if you have not found Jesus to be a whole Saviour, be encouraged to look by faith for full redemption; and I beg you to enforce upon believers the blessed doctrine of sanctification. How little it is preached, how little it is sought for, at the present day! Often have I longed, when my soul was seeking this blessing, to hear it explained and inculcated from the pulpit, but very seldom have heard

it discussed at all. I fear the reason why so many backslide is, they are not pressing forward for holiness of heart.

"My faith has several times taken hold of this blessing, but I have never enjoyed so clear a witness as at present. You will recollect, I presume, some conversations we have had on this subject, and will be glad to be informed when and how this great work was accomplished. As to time, it was at the camp-meeting in July last; as to the *manner*, it was by a simple act of faith in Christ. The Lord was with us of a truth at that camp-meeting, and I became almost a convert to noisy meetings, and was a little noisy myself.

"On the twenty-sixth ultimo our new chapel was consecrated, and literally crowded. Alas! I did not see Brother Paddock there. The singing was excellent, and Brother B.'s sermon very good, and the congregation, with a single exception, still. One good old brother in the gallery cried out for "power," but his example was not followed. People were much pleased with the order and propriety of the exercises. I would not be thought to deprecate all noise in the chapel, but on that occasion I was gratified that the services were conducted with so much decorum.

"Dear Brother and Sister, I trust we shall meet again even in this world; but if we never do, I feel assured we shall unite our friendly voices to praise redeeming grace where partings shall be no more.

I hope you will both remember your promise to write to me, though my increasing attachment to you would not permit me to wait until I received the promised letter. We shall all be gratified to hear of your prosperity and happiness. I hope dear Brother Paddock is with a people who will be more grateful for his exertions than we have been, and also that he may see much fruit of his labor.

"May the Lord bless you both, and give you increase of grace in your own hearts, and favor with the people of your charge, and may the work of God prosper in your hands! I do hope to see a revival of religion on the shore of this lake before I leave the place, and have no doubt but you will unite with me in prayer for so desirable an event. The people come out to the Sabbath-school, and who can tell but God may touch their hearts and I be permitted to rejoice in the prosperity of Zion in this backslidden neighborhood. I think it probable I shall continue here next winter, and I pray God I may be useful.

"I believe this letter is very incorrectly written, for my warm feelings overleap all rules of composition, and in addressing my dear brother and sister, I write without order or system. It is the language of the heart, and I doubt not will be read with candor. My paper is filled, and I am constrained to bid you adieu. The Lord bless you and

"Your affectionate sister,

"CAROLINE M. THAYER."

In his memorandum of 1817, from which quotations have already been somewhat largely made, speaking of the Canandaigua charge, my brother says: "Here I had a very pleasant year, though no marked revival. Having engaged a school for my young brother (Zechariah) in an adjoining neighborhood, we were permitted to enjoy much pleasant intercourse; and especially as in his school and district most precious Divine outpourings were experienced. Some twenty persons, old and young, were brought to the knowledge of the truth and formed into a class, thus extending my pastoral care.* While in this charge, on the 15th of November, our first-

* An incident connected with this revival is worthy of special record: we refer to the conversion of Augustus Eddy, father of the Rev. Dr. Eddy, the latter now one of our Missionary Secretaries. At the time, if recollection be correct, he had just about reached his majority. Living in a neighboring town, he came and sought connection with our school, for the expressed reason that he wanted instruction in certain branches of study he could not obtain in his own place. It soon appeared, however, that the instruction he really sought respected the salvation of his soul. He was a young man of fine mind, had literary tastes, and was habitually thoughtful. What he had read awakened him to a sense of his sinfulness and danger; and, hearing that the youth of this school were turning their feet to the Divine testimonies, he concluded it would be just the place for him. Though he engaged in his special studies, it was easy to see his mind was on something else. Indeed, he lost little time in letting his youthful teacher know that his chief solicitude was to find the path of life. Teacher and pupil were soon deep in each other's sympathies. Though the event referred to was in the winter of 1817–18, the recollection of it awakens emotions that may not be described. The writer seems to witness the whole scene over again. As far back as that period, the woods seemed to the Methodists to be God's special earthly temple. Their greatest

born, William H., was given to us. We thanked the adorable Giver, and gave back in holy baptism what had been given to us; satisfied the child would never be more innocent or better prepared for the solemn rite. Blessed be our heavenly Father that he has been spared to us and to the world for so many years! Though possessed of but a feeble constitution, he could never be satisfied till he had secured a good collegiate training. After teaching a few years, he was admitted to the Christian ministry, and has done what he could to extend the triumphs of Emanuel's reign. Amid all his labors, however, his personal sufferings have been great; scarcely knowing, from experience, what the word 'health' means. Now he can do little more than

revival triumphs were achieved in the grove. It is not wonderful, then, that two youths, little read in theology, should have gotten the impression that could they find the proper place, away from the ordinary haunts of men, *there* the seeker might find Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. It was winter; but this did not hinder them from walking, during the hour of noon recess, half a mile across an open field to a leafless grove, that the requisite seclusion might be found. Here the snow, nearly knee deep, was kicked away from the side of a log, and the Jacobian struggle commenced. As at Peniel, the human wrestler prevailed. The parties came back to the school-room triumphant. To them, just then, "December was as pleasant as May." The teacher took a circuit the next spring, and the pupil went West, where he distinguished himself as a preacher, filling not only important stations, but the office of Presiding Elder for many years. Only a short time since he entered into rest. Thanks to God that he has left behind him so able a representative! My youthful associate, we shall soon meet again!*

* While these sheets were going through the press, the eloquent T. M. Eddy, D.D., was suddenly called from earth to heaven.—ED.

await the coming of the Master. May the good and gracious God support him in his great weakness, and permit him and his aged sire to meet, not only each other, but the much-loved ones who have gone before, in the world of health, and purity, and unending bliss."

The heart that dictated these tender words ceased to beat in less than a year after they were written, and very soon thereafter the subject of them "was not, for the Lord took him." The last ministerial work he performed was as United States Chaplain at Fort Delaware. But when compelled by constantly-increasing debility to cease from the labors of the pulpit, he felt that he must still do something to bless the world. Urged on by this feeling, weak as he was, he commenced a "Philological and Exegetical Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles," with special reference to students in Divinity. Upon this he was engaged at the time of his death, and would doubtless have finished it, had he been spared a few months longer. Judging from a specimen pamphlet now before the writer hereof, the encomiums bestowed upon it by several of our most distinguished biblical critics do not in the least exceed the genuine merits of the work. Whether it is to be completed by another hand has not, as yet, been announced. When too weak even to sit up in bed, or to hold the Greek Testament longer in his trembling hand, he said to his brother, Dr. Wilbur F. Paddock, of St. Andrew's Church,

Philadelphia, "I am hungry, *so* hungry!" Thinking it was food he wanted, his brother replied, "What do you wish? What can you eat?" His large eyes were raised to the speaker in seeming surprise that he should be so misunderstood, and, in a faint, distressed voice, he answered, "No, no; not that! *I am hungry for Christ*" His soul seemed, in a measure, shut off from the Saviour when not permitted to commune with him through the study of his word. He repeatedly said to the same brother, "How imperfect! If I could live my life over, I would preach Christ more—Christ, only Christ!" "Tell them," said he one day as he laid on his bed, "tell them [meaning his brethren in the ministry] to preach Christ. O tha *I* could tell them! There is nothing else to preach; there is nothing else to live for." Breathing such a spirit, his end must have been peace. It could not be otherwise. And what a greeting it must have been when he hailed his father and mother, together with three brothers who had gone before him, amid the glories of the throne!

CHAPTER XI.

ITINERANCY—OTSEGO CIRCUIT—COOPERSTOWN—LOCATION—RESUMES ITINERANCY—UTICA—AUBURN—WATERTOWN—BLACK RIVER CIRCUIT.

THE next session of the Genesee Conference was held in Lansing, Cayuga County, N. Y., commencing July 16, 1818. At the close of it my brother received his appointment to the Otsego Circuit, in company with the Rev. John Hamilton. Of this brother we have been able to learn but little beyond the simple fact, that he was received on trial in 1813, and located in 1820. My brother always spoke of him in terms of respect and affection, and the presumption is, that he is now with "the ransomed of the Lord," either on earth or in heaven.

They had been preceded in the charge by the Rev. Abner Chase, one of the best men and one of the most successful preachers that ever lived. But, as a more extended notice of him is contemplated in a future chapter,* he is mentioned here simply to say, that, under his labors, a general revival had been experienced in the Otsego Circuit; so that the incumbents for 1818 found every thing in a thriving and promising state. They found in the Societies,

* See Appendix.

including probationers, five hundred and fifty-one; and, if not particularly successful in winning souls to Christ, the work of God seems not to have suffered in their hands, as there was a small increase in the membership. Indeed, considering how many fresh recruits had been brought into the ranks of Zion the preceding year, who, as a matter of course, would need much spiritual training, and from whom some falling away might have been expected, the showing at the end of the year was at least respectable.

The family residence of the senior preacher was at Cooperstown, where a place of worship had been commenced, and where the prospect of a revival was thought to be very decided. Such were the circumstances that it was deemed wise to make Cooperstown a separate charge. Accordingly, at the Conference which commenced at Vienna, Ontario County, July 1, 1819, Bishop Roberts presiding, my brother was appointed to that place, though as a supernumerary. His early exposures and labors had so told upon his general health, that it was thought hardly safe for him to attempt what was then regarded as effective service. As matters issued, however, there was little chance for diminished effort. Though within a narrower circle than during the preceding year, his toils were equally, if not even more, onerous than they then were. Not only had he the "chapel" to finish—for in those times ministers were obliged to *lead* in all such

matters—but one of the most glorious revivals ever known in those parts to toil in and promote. The people of God had, for some time, been praying for it, laboring for it, and looking for it; but when *this* time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord actually came, their highest expectations were so much exceeded that they could not do otherwise than wonder and adore. The fountains of the great deep of God's mercy seemed to be broken up, and the waters of salvation to deluge the community. Old and young felt its sweeping power. For weeks, if not months, the people could do little else than attend meeting, and otherwise look after the interests of their own immortality. Dr. Horace Lathrop, my brother's son-in-law, and a resident of Cooperstown, writes me, under date of November 28, 1872:—"It is certain he was a principal actor and promoter in the revival of 1819 and 1820. Rev. John Smith, father of Prof. John Finley Smith, of Hamilton College, who preceded Prof. Edw. North in the chair of ancient languages in that institution, was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church here; and he and Father Paddock were the instruments in God's hands of working a great change in this vicinity for the better. I am informed on the authority of an aged and very intelligent gentleman, who was himself awakened under father's preaching at that time, and who loves his memory as that of his own father, that from June 1, 1819, to March 1, 1820, one hundred and one members were added

to the Presbyterian Church alone; but how many joined the Methodist Church he could not tell. This revival was followed by others, "almost yearly, for a period of nine or ten years," says the same authority; "and all of this apparently as the result, under God, of the labors of those two men."

As the number of communicants in the Cooperstown Station, at the time my brother was appointed to it, is reported in connection with the Otsego Circuit, it is impossible to say just how large the membership then was. At the end of the year, however, the number is given as one hundred and fifty-five. It would seem probable, then, that the Methodist Episcopal Church shared in the fruits of the revival just about equally with the Presbyterian. If not a very strong station, Cooperstown has ever since been regarded as very pleasant and desirable.

My brother had now been eleven years in the itinerancy, and was led to regard himself as so physically disabled that duty to himself and family required his retirement, at least for a season, from the pastoral work. What his reasons were for *locating*, rather than asking for a superannuated relation, we cannot, at this distance of time, positively determine. The presumption, however, is, that he supposed the course he took best adapted to secure that perfect freedom from Church care he deemed essential to the restoration of health. As his boyhood had been devoted to agricultural pursuits, he

probably thought that again to cultivate the soil would be more likely than any thing else to restore his early vigor. That he might make a fair experiment, he not only located, but purchased a small farm in the town of Columbia, Herkimer County, and there went to work with all the strength and skill he could command. The experiment was successful. His health so improved, that before the year was out he was again employed—without, however, moving his family from Columbia—at Cooperstown, in place of Rev. Elias Bowen, who had been called to Utica, that charge having been left vacant by the retirement from it of the Rev. John King.

Ere the ecclesiastical calendar was completed, our subject made up his mind that, as he was now able to do so, it was his duty to return to the itinerant ranks. Accordingly at the next Conference, which met at Paris, (Sauquoit,) July 19, 1821, like the Isthmian athlete, he reported himself at the head of the stadium, ready to resume the race. He was re-admitted; and, after an absence of four years from Utica, was again appointed to that charge. This was to him and his flock mutually satisfactory. To him, certainly, nothing could have been more so. Though the year may not have been distinguished by any extraordinary effusion of the Divine Spirit, it must have been one of considerable success; for the membership increased from one hundred and sixteen to one hundred and seventy-one.

The next Conference was held at a rather favorite place—Vienna, (Phelps,) Ontario County. It was presided over by Bishop Roberts, and commenced on the 24th of July, 1822. Were it germane to the present memoir, many incidents connected with the session, more or less interesting, might be given to the reader. Here, however, it need only be said, that, at the close of it, my brother's name was announced in connection with the Auburn Station. The State-prison at that place had been opened but a short time previously, and the necessity of religious instruction for the convicts soon became very apparent to those who had charge of it. A request was accordingly made that my brother might be so stationed as to render it possible for him to be a sort of chaplain to the prison. It should be recollected that at that time the whole prison system was in a very imperfect state, and that the *stately* office of chaplain, as it now exists, was perhaps no more than barely thought of as a future possible issue, for which legislative provision *might* be made. It was probably the request referred to above that led to my brother's "translation" from Utica—where he had been only one year—to Auburn. At any rate, his appointment by the Bishop to the latter place was with the distinct understanding that he should perform the requested service.

His labors other than those of a Chaplain were divinely blessed. He found a Society of only forty-six members, and left it at the end of the year numbering

one hundred and forty seven. His social relations, too, were very pleasant. "Here," says he, "I became acquainted with the Rev. D. C. Lansing, D.D., with whom, and the officers of whose Church, I enjoyed the most agreeable and profitable intercourse. Professor Mills, of the Theological Seminary, a gentleman of extensive and various learning, honored me with his friendship and kindly attentions. I also made the acquaintance of those excellent gentlemen, Gov. Throop and his brother, the Senator, whose countenance gave me access to a portion of the community I might not otherwise have reached. On the whole, my recollections of Auburn and its population, even at this distance of time, are grateful and tender."

The Conference for 1823 was held at the old Westmoreland Meeting-house, a place endeared by the most hallowed recollections and associations. Here, not only Asbury and M'Kendree had proclaimed the word of life, but Giles, and Chase, and Puffer, and Mattison, and Gary, and Kelsey, and many others whose names can never be forgotten. It was built by the Presbyterians, but, at an early day, sold to our people. In architecture it was sadly out of proportion, but was large, and well suited for the mammoth quarterly meetings of those early times. More glorious love-feasts were perhaps never held. The hosts of our Israel came together from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, in all directions, thus creating a social interest which

it would be difficult for people of the present day to imagine. The powerful eloquence of the pulpit, the swelling songs of Zion, the impassioned testimonies from the old-fashioned pews, the cries of the penitents, and the shouts of triumph from the household of faith, taken together, gave a sort of pentecostal character to the occasion. No one that ever attended one of these quarterly meetings can ever forget it while he remembers aught of earth. But then it was "*only* a country meeting-house;" and village churches and village stations, which now surround it on all sides, have superseded it; so that "the house in which our fathers worshiped" is given up to secular uses—possibly, indeed, by this time, even to demolition itself.

The Rev. Abner Chase, whose name has already been mentioned, referring, in his "Recollections of the Past"—an exceedingly interesting little volume—to a visit he made in Westmoreland some twenty-five years since, says: "I obtained the key to the old church, and opened the door and entered alone the sacred place; and, locking the door behind me, proceeded to the altar, and called to mind Tompkins, and Hannah, and many others with whom I used to worship there, who were now numbered with the dead; and, falling on my knees before the altar, I prayed and wept until I could weep no more." Such emotions, by such a man, in such a place, would be one of the most natural things in the world.

Well, here the Conference in question was held. Presided over by the good Bishop Roberts, and its business conducted by such men as then composed it, it could not be otherwise than an occasion of much interest. The place itself gave a sort of sanctity to it. It was the last Conference ever held in it, but left a spiritual savor in the neighborhood that sweetened the moral atmosphere for years afterward. Two years subsequently the writer was appointed to the Westmoreland Circuit, and the Conference was then spoken of as if it had just closed its session. In the appointments for the then following year, my brother's name stands connected with Watertown, Jefferson County. He stood well at Auburn, and might consistently have remained there another year. But he was wanted at Watertown, and the fact that the place was comparatively near the home of his wife's relatives, may have rendered the change desirable. Be this, however, as it may, he remained in that station only one year; and, during the two following years, was in charge of the Black River Circuit: the first of the two (1824) in company with the Rev. Nathaniel Salsbury, and the next (1825) in company with the Rev. Squire Chase. The former still lives; chiefly, however, to exemplify the passive virtues, for his infirmities are so absolute that he is utterly incapable of any thing like effective service. But his career has been alike creditable to himself and profitable to the Church. The other (Chase) developed

into a manhood of more than ordinary strength and prominence. He was not only a good preacher, but a very respectable writer. Volunteering for the Liberia Mission, while yet a young man, he spent several years in that inhospitable clime — indeed, finally fell a victim to it; for though he died while on a visit home, it was, beyond all question, in consequence of African toils and exposures. The malaria of the Liberian coast has been found unendurable by white men.

CHAPTER XII.

ITINERANCY CONTINUED—PALMYRA CONFERENCE —APPOINTED TO POTSDAM CIRCUIT—A SECOND YEAR THERE—MADE PRESIDING ELDER.

THE Genesee Conference for 1826 was held at Palmyra, Wayne County, N. Y., commencing on the 7th of June, Bishop Hedding presiding. On several accounts it was a rather remarkable session. The venerable Bishop M'Kendree then visited us for the last time. He was too feeble to preside, and occupied the chair only once or twice, and then only for a few minutes at a time. Still, however, at the urgent request of Bishop Hedding and leading members of the Conference, he signed the Journals at the close of the session as one of its presiding officers. Brethren were anxious to secure at least his signature as a memorial of his visit. He had been familiar with the entire history of the Conference, and stated with tearful emotion that he still had great affection for its members, and that to take his final leave of them, so far, at least, as earth was concerned, was the special object of his visit. His whole bearing was at once so lovely, so dignified, and so impressive, that all were melted, and, in a pleasant sense, awed in his presence. Dr. Nathan Bangs was his traveling companion, having come on

with him from New York, and watched over him with the greatest tenderness and care. Their respectful, nay, even deferential, treatment of each other was a most lovely sight. The Bishop always spoke of his companion as "*the* Doctor," and addressed him as if he were a man of superior rank; while the doctor's reciprocal bearing was still more reverential and promptly obedient. But then neither bishops nor doctors of divinity were quite as numerous at that early day as they now are; and for this reason, perhaps, as well as others, they were possibly both more noticed and more revered.

I have ever regarded it as one of the most memorable privileges of my early ministry that I was allowed to journey with these now sainted men from Palmyra to Utica, at which latter place I had just been stationed for the second year. The Conference adjourned on Wednesday, and Dr. Bangs agreed to preach for me on the following Sabbath. Finding the captain of a canal boat, who said he would see us into Utica by Saturday afternoon or evening, we concluded to take passage with him. That was before the day of canal packets, so that a small cabin and slow progress were necessarily incidental to our homeward journey. The stage-coach would have given us a speedier transit, but would have been far less friendly to the good Bishop's age and feebleness. It will be readily admitted, that the difference between such a conveyance and Pullman's railroad palace-car is considerable. But forty-six years since

even the cabin of a freight-boat was quite a luxury; while now to put a bishop into such a place would seem much like sending him "to prison and to death." Our momentum was much less than had been promised, so that we were very late in reaching Utica. But, with such company, the considerable number of junior preachers on board could hardly complain that time hung heavy on their hands. Brief lectures from the Bishop and Dr. Bangs, with spiritual songs and prayers by the younger brotherhood, made our mimic cabin a little Bethel. The school was a rare one; and, homesick as the students were, they could hardly have complained had the journey been still more protracted.

But to return to the Conference. On another account the session was remarkable. A great camp-meeting was held in connection with it. The ground was only about a mile from the village, so that members of the Conference not immediately and specially employed could take part in its services. At that early day, and previously, meetings of the kind were not unfrequently held in the neighborhood of our Annual Conferences; but the present one was exceptionally large. There were more than one hundred tents on the ground, and these were occupied by our people from almost all parts of the country, many of them coming from a distance of one hundred miles or more. The spirit of the meeting was admirable. Conversions were numerous and powerful; while ministers and people seemed to vie

with each other in their efforts to promote the work of God. But the Sabbath was the great day of the feast. Beginning in the morning at eight o'clock, *five* sermons were preached before the services closed in the evening. Bishop Hedding and Dr. Bangs took the two appointments nearest the meridian of the day, and preached with even more than their ordinary freedom and power. At about five in the afternoon the stand was assigned to the Rev. Glezen Fillmore, then in the vigor of mature manhood, now—for he still lives, a blessing to the Church and the world—trembling on the extreme verge of time. The sermon was in his best style—more carefully prepared and more effectively delivered than were his discourses generally. The latter part of it contemplated the whole process of personal salvation, from its incipiency to its consummation in the world of light. Having traced the track of the believer, all along from the dawn of spiritual life till he had entered the land of Beulah, and was about to plume himself for his flight to the celestial city, the speaker paused as if struggling with irrepressible emotion, and, looking upward, exclaimed, "O God, hold thy servant together while for a moment he looks through the gates ajar into the New Jerusalem!" To describe the effect would be quite impossible. A tide of emotion swept over the congregation that seemed to carry all before it. I was seated near Bishop Hedding, who, from fatigue, was reclining upon a bed under and a little

in the rear of the stand. It had been noticed before that he was much affected by the sermon; but when the sentence given above was uttered, the tears almost literally spurted from his eyes, and his noble form shook as if under the resistless control of a galvanic battery. The Rev. Goodwin Stoddard exhorted, and invited seekers within the circle of prayer in front of the stand. Hundreds came forward; some said nearly every unconverted person on the ground. In the spring of 1828, when I was pastor in Rochester, delegates from New England, on their way to the General Conference in Pittsburgh, called and spent the Sabbath with me. Almost the first thing they said after we met was, "Where is that brother that wanted God to hold him together while he looked into heaven a moment?" It seems that the good Bishop had reported the sermon in more circles than one, for others from the east made a similar inquiry.

But though a volume might be written about that Conference, it seems proper now simply to add, that, at the close of it, B. G. Paddock and Hiram May were appointed to the Potsdam Circuit, in St. Lawrence County. The charge was a very large one, including not only the town that gave name to it, but Stockholm, Parishville, Pierrepont, Canton, Russell, Edwards, Fowler, Rossie, Gouverneur, and De Kalb. The territory was so ample, and my brother's health so much broken, that it was thought best to divide the work between the two

preachers. Accordingly, having the consent of all concerned, he took Potsdam and the four townships lying nearest to it; and the rest of the circuit, embracing six townships, was placed under the care of his excellent colleague. Let the reader imagine the state of things as it existed in that section of country fifty years since, and he will readily conclude that there was plenty of work for two men. My brother had traveled over most of the same territory some twelve or thirteen years previously, so that he entered upon his work with some special advantages. The cordiality with which he was received was a source of much comfort to him, and really seemed to lighten his toil. The Rev. Hiram May, in a letter to me dated October, 1872, says, "Your brother was not only a dear, good colleague, but was very popular among the people."

Both divisions of the circuit were greatly prospered. It was, indeed, a year of jubilee. Revivals swept over the entire field, bearing down all opposition. Such a season of holy triumph had never before been witnessed in the northern wing of the State. Not far from five hundred communicants were admitted to the Church; so that it was found at the end of the year that the membership had increased from three hundred and eighty-nine to eight hundred and nine, and this notwithstanding a considerable number had removed or withdrawn, or had been excluded, dropped, or set aside. The circuit remained intact, however, save only in so

far as finances and pastoral care were concerned. Hence, at quarterly meetings, all came together; thus giving the greatest imaginable interest to those occasions. Speaking of them in the letter before referred to, brother May says, "O they were blessed meetings! God gave efficiency to his word, and great was the preachers' crowd." Those, and those only, who have attended these great country quarterly meetings can have any adequate conception of the spirit that animated them, or the good that followed them. They were, indeed, especially in olden times, a power in the Church.

I think it proper to say a word further respecting the venerable man from whose letter quotations have just been made. The writer first became acquainted with him in 1817. He had then just commenced the Christian life, was a lovely young man, full of zeal to do good, possessed a remarkably fine tenor voice, and, every way, promised much usefulness to the Church and the world. Five years thereafter he was received on trial in the Genesee Conference, and for forty years has performed effective service as a member of that body. He has always aimed at the salvation of souls, and has every-where been recognized as a good revivalist. Though he is now on the superannuated list, he seems still to burn with zeal both to be and to do good. The closing part of his letter is so characteristic and so excellent, that the transcription of it will, doubtless, both please and profit the reader. Referring to my

brother, he says: "We labored together in love, and parted in peace, and now, while 'he sleeps his last sleep,' having 'fought his last battle,' I, a poor creature, as I always have been, am still living, and trying, as when you first knew me, to 'sound the alarm in God's holy mountain,' to 'blow the trumpet in Tekoa,' and especially to pray, as did David, 'Now also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.'"

The next Conference was held in Wilkesbarre, Penn., commencing June 14, 1837, and was presided over by Bishop George. Though in many respects a very important session, details in regard to it would seem hardly in place. Distance and domestic considerations kept my brother from attending it, but not from being returned to the same charge, in company with Benjamin Dighton and Godfrey W. Barney. The work had so extended and increased, during the preceding year, that it was judged that not less than three men could properly perform it. My brother's labors were, however, this second year, confined almost wholly to Potsdam. Great as had already been the revival in the circuit, it went on still, though not with equal power. The year commenced with eight hundred and nine communicants, and ended with nine hundred and twenty-one; so mightily had the work of God, during the two preceding years, spread and prevailed. Numerically,

no other charge in the whole Conference, with a single exception, (Lyons,) was any thing like equal to it. Judging from results, my brother's colleagues must have been good men and true. Benjamin Dighton was admitted on trial in 1821, and located in 1840. During much of the time he belonged to Conference he was on the superannuated list, from which it is inferred that he was, constitutionally, a feeble man. Godfrey W. Barney was received on trial the same year he was appointed to the charge in question; but, though admitted to full membership two years thereafter, went upon the superannuated list in 1837, where he remained for several years; when he again took an effective relation, since rendering valuable service to the Church.*

The following Conference, which was held at Ithaca, Tompkins County, commencing on the 24th of July, 1838, was rendered memorable by the division of a body that had been long and most tenderly united. Numerically, the Genesee Conference was not larger than the majority of Conferences at the present day, but it covered a vast extent of territory. To attend its annual sessions, as all of its members were expected to, involved not only long rides, but absence, sometimes for weeks, from charges that suffered greatly for the want of pastoral attention. Besides, it was not always easy in those early days, when the population was scarcely a third as large as it now is, to find a community that could

* He died in May, 1863.

conveniently provide for so many ministers for eight or ten days together. In view of this state of things, the propriety of a division had been discussed for several years. The sober judgment of all was in favor of it; but the *feelings* of all were strongly against it. Matters had, however, gone so far that a *provisional* order had been obtained from the preceding General Conference for such a division. If a majority of the body interested should, at the next session, or any other session within the quadrennium, vote for a division, and the presiding bishop should concur, then and in that case the division should be officially recognized as an established fact. The Ithaca Conference voted for it, and the presiding bishop sanctioned it; thus consummating the measure. We were not then as used to such divisions as we have been since, and consequently the separation was doubly painful to the brotherhood. Still, a solemn conviction that the best interests of Zion were promoted thereby, enabled all cheerfully to bear the cross. Nor was there any factious demurring afterward.

At this Conference the Black River District was also divided; the one-half retaining the primitive name, and the other taking that of Potsdam. To the latter my brother was appointed as Presiding Elder. This office, though he had been eighteen years in the itinerancy, he had never before held. His appointment to it was evidently a matter in respect to which he was somewhat sensitive. This

is inferred from the pains he took to commit the history of it to writing. As a simple act of justice to him, therefore, it is thought this history should have a place in the present memoir.

He says: "About 1820 the Rev. Gideon Draper, who had been my Presiding Elder in preceding years, and who was a warm personal friend, came to me and said, 'The Bishop wishes me to ask you whether you will consent to take a district?' 'That,' I replied, 'is not for me to say; but, if it be left to my choice, I do most respectfully and yet most earnestly decline.' Seeing how much I felt on the subject, and being personally inclined to favor me, he dissuaded the Bishop, as I have reason to presume, from making the appointment. Again, at my house in Booneville, in 1823, Bishop George told me he wished me to so arrange matters that at the next Conference I could take the Erie District in the western end of the State. I begged him to excuse me, as my wife had been some time afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism; so much so, that to make her a party to such a removal seemed utterly out of the question. It struck me, at the time, that the good man did not seem to appreciate my objection; and, fearing he might still be planning for me to take the district in question, I wrote him some time before the Conference, entreating him to have pity on me, and spare me the painful alternative of locating; thus intimating I might think it justifiable to do so rather than take my feeble companion to a

distant and sickly part of the State. When our Conference met, at Lansing, I sought an interview with Bishop Hedding, and inquired if he knew whether Bishop George—who had gone to preside at another Conference—had received a letter from me? He replied, smiling, 'You didn't want to take charge of the Erie District?' Seeing he understood the matter, I felt at liberty to be a little more specific with him. In the course of the conversation the Bishop proposed to me the Ontario District. I told him there were older and more deserving men in the district, and I was fearful a consciousness of that fact would so embarrass me that I could not succeed in the office, and begged him in strong terms to release me. 'Well,' said he, 'we will see what can be done.' It is almost needless to add, I was excused.

"But when, in 1828, Bishop Roberts desired me to take the Potsdam District, I dared not refuse. To accept of the appointment involved no painful domestic removal, and put me in charge of a field with which I was well acquainted. I had formed several of the Societies fifteen years previously, and had labored in nearly every charge included in the new district during the great revival of the two preceding years, while most of the preachers then in the territory had been brought into the Church under my ministry. Besides, two charges were left to be supplied by the Presiding Elder, a thing I thought I could do, acquainted as I was

with both preachers and people, quite as well as any one else. In one of the supplies I was singularly fortunate; for Providence sent to my district the Rev. John Seys, who came direct from one of the West India Islands, where he had been converted and called to the ministry under the influence of the Wesleyan missionary in the island of his nativity. His pious and amiable family added very considerably to our social influence. Though my toil was hard on this district, there is no portion of my public life upon which I reflect with greater satisfaction than the years between 1826 and 1831; first, as pastor in Potsdam, and then as presiding elder on the district."

The Rev. John Seys, of whom my brother speaks, was, indeed, a valuable acquisition to our American itinerancy. He was born in one of the West India Islands, near the close of the last century; it is thought, either in Tortola or St. Thomas; had a good academic education, and moved in the best society of the Islands. For some time he was Governmental Secretary of St. Thomas, and was regarded as a capable and trustworthy functionary. But the word of truth, as proclaimed by a Wesleyan missionary in his island, found way to his heart; and, proud and fashionable as he was, he was humbled at the foot of the cross, and there found pardon and peace. Joining himself at once to the people who had been instrumental in making him acquainted with the way of life, he soon after began

to speak in public, and for some time supplied the place of the missionary in the island—until, indeed, he was relieved by the coming of another from England. Feeling that he was divinely called to the work of the ministry, and learning that there was an increasing call for laborers in the itinerancy of this country, he determined, after advisement with his heroic wife, to come and see. On reaching New York he was told that the greatest probable lack was, just then, in the Oneida Conference. As our Conference had just been held in Cazenovia, and as that place was near the center of our territory, he was advised to come directly there. He brought with him from his own country the most satisfactory credentials, and from New York commendatory papers, which, with his own gentlemanly and truly Christian bearing, secured for him the most favorable consideration. Judging that there could be no reasonable doubt in regard to his fitness for our work, the Rev. George Gary, then resident in Cazenovia, and one of the leading members of the Oneida Conference, joined with the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that place in advising Mr. Seys to return home immediately and bring on his family, so that the best possible arrangements might be made for a winter the like to which *he* and *they* had never seen. Meantime, a place was to be found for him somewhere, probably in the Potsdam District. It was now early in the month of August, 1829; and, in less than three

months, though steam navigation was then unknown, he was back with his family in our country. On reaching Utica he was met by a letter from my brother, inviting him to come and take charge of the Ogdensburgh station, which had just been left vacant by the expulsion from the ministry of Philo Barbery for heresy. The whole, thus far, certainly looks much like a concatenation of special providences.

Though Mr. Seys served both the Ogdensburgh and Canton charges with very general acceptance, each two years, he still had a decided preference for missionary work proper, a special taste for which had been imbibed in the West India Islands. This led to his appointment, in 1838, to the Oneida Indian Mission, where, however, he remained less than a full ecclesiastical year. It having been practically settled that white men, going from this country, could not live in the Liberia Mission, the question became a serious one with him whether he ought not to offer himself for that field of labor. His climatic habits, from his very infancy till he came to this country, were so exactly similar to what would probably be required in Western Africa, and his acquaintance with the negro character had been so intimate, that, after much deliberation, advisement, and prayer, he came to the conscientious conclusion that he *must* go to that mission, if those who had charge of it desired him to do so. They did so desire, and he accordingly went. Though his

anticipations in regard to health were not fully answered, his five years' residence in this country having somewhat changed his physical habits, still the acclimating process for himself and family was comparatively easy, while his success in the mission was equal to the highest expectations of the Church.

With a few brief respites, Mr. Seys spent his life in the Liberia Mission. Though he and his family mostly escaped the African fever, the enervating influence of the climate so affected them that they were obliged, once or twice, to return for recuperation to the United States. In one instance he took pastoral oversight of a church in New York, and, in another, spent some time as a missionary to the colored people in Nashville, Tenn. The chief portion of the time he was in the Liberia Mission, he represented the Government of the United States as Consul for the Northern Coast of Africa. Some two or three years since, he left both the mission and the consulate, and, returning to this country, settled in Ohio. But his stay on earth was brief. Not long after his old Presiding Elder on the Potsdam District went to "the land of uprightness," he followed to the same blissful world.* Nothing less for this good man could be said by him who first received him when he came to this country, more than forty years since, and who has ever cherished for him something like a special friendship.

* He died at Springfield, Ohio, February 9, 1872.

CHAPTER XIII.

ITINERANCY CONTINUED—POTSDAM DISTRICT—JOSIAH KEYES—LUTHER LEE—SQUIRE CHASE—JOHN LOVEYS.

MY brother was Presiding Elder on the Potsdam District in 1828, 1829, and 1830. Of his labors and experiences during his presiding eldership he has left no specific memorandum. Incidental allusions to it were, however, often made in his private letters as well as in his personal intercourse with his brethren and friends, thus supplying satisfactory proof that he was happy in the office. That he was reasonably successful, and generally well thought of in all that country—the northern wing of the State—has the concurrent testimony of those who followed him as well as of those who labored with him. The Rev. Dr. Bingham, of Watertown, says, in a letter dated January 3, 1873: "The memory of B. G. Paddock is very precious all over this country, though the generation that knew him are now nearly all gone. But their children have risen up to call him blessed." The testimony of the Rev. Ebenezer Arnold, of Syracuse, is equally explicit. Under date of December 29, 1872, he writes: "When I was laboring in Northern New York, in 1845–9, I heard frequent allusions to the useful labors of B. G. Pad-

dock, several years before, all over the counties of Franklin and St. Lawrence. His name was everywhere associated with one of the greatest and most glorious revivals that that part of the country had ever experienced. Many of our best members dated their conversion from that 'great reformation,' and showed by their fidelity that their enlistment was in true faith, and the work in their hearts genuine.

"The influence of such a sweeping revival upon the subsequent prosperity of the Church is incalculable. It runs all along the ages in every artery of Zion, molding and blessing even after the honored instruments of it are forgotten by all save their own spiritual children. Nay, it runs on far beyond the record of memory itself, though not beyond *that* 'record on high' which assures us that such as turn many to righteousness 'shall shine as the stars forever and forever.'

"As the division of the Conference in 1836 left that portion of the Church in the Black River Conference, and your dear brother in the Oneida, I had not then seen him. But from the interest awakened in my heart by association with his 'living epistles,' I greatly desired to see him, that I might, if possible, gain some clew to the mysterious power of his influence in winning souls to Christ. Though my desire has been only partially gratified, never having seen him more, perhaps, than a half dozen times, I am convinced that the magic power he wielded was largely attributable to his kind, loving

spirit. A generous sympathy made him wise to win souls."

Several of the preachers who were in the Potsdam District at the time my brother was Presiding Elder of it have since attained to eminence. We may instance Josiah Keyes, now and for many years with those who minister before the throne. Though he was born in Canajoharie, he spent most of his early days in Otsego County, where, at the age of twelve years, he was converted and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Speaking of his labors in the Otsego Circuit, in 1817, the Rev. Abner Chase, in his "Recollections of the Past," says, "Upon this circuit I found Josiah Keyes, then a mere lad, and gave him license to exhort." Precisely when he was licensed to preach is not known, though he was admitted on trial in the "Old Genesee," in 1820. His first appointment was to the St. Lawrence Circuit, at the extreme north-east corner of the Conference, and his third one to French Creek, Crawford County, Penn., in the extreme south-west corner of it, a distance of not less than five hundred miles from the former. In 1828 he was sent back again to St. Lawrence County, and stationed at Potsdam, in my brother's district. The other charges he had served up to this time were, Le Roy, Aurora, Lake, and Owego. After this he spent two years in the Potsdam Station, one on the Black River Circuit, four on the Black River District, as Presiding Elder, and about three fourths of a year

on the Cayuga District, when he left the scenes of earth.

This summary statement sufficiently indicates what was implied in the itinerancy of those days. To look over the several fields of labor occupied by him while he remained with us, and especially to do so with any thing like an adequate knowledge of the character of those fields, is abundantly sufficient to satisfy any one that the heroism of the early Methodist ministry is far enough from being a fable. Indeed, there is no extravagance in saying, that the men of this generation can have no just idea of what was then endured.

Is it wonderful, then, that this gifted young man should so soon have exhausted the forces of life? Dying in 1836, he toiled in the itinerancy only about sixteen years. But, after all, it may be doubted whether his extraordinary mental labors were not almost as much concerned in bringing him to an untimely grave as were his physical toils and sufferings. He was, emphatically, a student. Starting with little scholarship, he set his heart on acquiring useful knowledge, and the ardor, the zeal, the indomitable perseverance with which he prosecuted his object can hardly be overstated. It would seem as if nothing could separate him from his books. Wherever he was, or however employed, his studies went on. In this way the accumulations of his short life might be said to be wonderful. He translated Latin, Greek, and Hebrew with facility; we say *translated*,

for, as these languages were studied without a teacher, his pronunciation of either may not have been very accurate. He was not only a respectable biblical critic, but a sound theologian. For so young a man, his comprehension of the whole Christian system was remarkable. In the pulpit, though somewhat ungainly in manner, he was always edifying, and often powerful. His style, whether in the desk or on paper, made no pretension to elegance. Indeed, it was not only inornate, but sometimes really awkward. At the last interview the writer ever had with him, which was only a few weeks before he went hence, and when the disease of which he died (the jaundice) was visibly upon him, he said, "I have erred in bestowing so much time upon the study of the dead languages: had I paid more attention to the English classics, and less to them, I think it would have been far better for me."

Taken all in all, Keyes was a remarkable young man. Though so far as personal religion was concerned, he was quiet and unpretending, he was really a very devout Christian. His character was spotless. He died without the smallest stain upon it. That he should have fallen so soon after entering upon a life that promised so much, is a mystery. But we are not at liberty to speculate upon the laws of the invisible world, and "where we can't unriddle, we must learn to trust." Some of the last words of this young apostle were those of St. Paul, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Another of our subject's "helpers" in the Potsdam District, who has since risen to distinction, was Luther Lee. As to his nativity, or the events of his early history, we have no specific information. He was received on trial in the Oneida Conference in 1827, and in due course admitted to full membership, as well as to deacons' and elders' orders. His personal appearance at that early day was not remarkably promising, though, judging from likenesses of him we have since seen, his aspect in middle and later manhood must have materially changed for the better. But mere physical appearances are not, by any means, always a true index to a man's intellectual character. That St. Paul's "bodily presence was weak" was doubtless the judgment of prejudiced parties; and yet there may have been—doubtless was—some ground for the allegation. But who can doubt the potency of *his* mind? Luther Lee has demonstrated that he belongs to the same class. A more logical intellect than his is, perhaps, only now and then a human endowment. The times were rife with controversy; and it was soon seen that he had extraordinary talent for polemical discussions, and that in that line he was equal to almost any emergency. Calm, clear, consecutive, he was seldom thrown from his mental balance. His controversy with Mr. Morse, a Universalist minister widely known in the northern part of the State, not only procured him gratifying applause, but led to a much higher appreciation of his talents.

His argument was subsequently embodied in a book, and widely circulated. Another oral debate, to which Mr. Lee and the Rev. Samuel May, Unitarian, of Syracuse, were antagonistic parties, attracted much attention. The doctrine of the Trinity, involving the essential divinity of Christ, was, of course, the question. Here, again, Mr. Lee was very generally adjudged to be the victor.

Some thirty years since Mr. Lee became deeply interested in the abolition controversy, and especially as that controversy affected the Methodist Episcopal Church. Feeling that the Communion did not act promptly enough in respect to the duty of emancipation, and fearing he might be morally compromised in "the great evil of slavery" by remaining longer in the Church, he withdrew and joined himself to "The True Wesleyans." If his motives were ever suspected, he has effectually vindicated himself by returning to the people he had left just so soon as they ceased to have any connection with the evil in question.

For several years past Dr. Lee—for such is now his title—has resided West, probably mostly in Michigan, where he has been highly esteemed both as a preacher and an author. While all of his productions are decidedly readable, some of them are of so permanent a value that they will doubtless continue to enlighten and profit the world for years to come.

Scarcely less distinguished than either of the

brethren just mentioned as being in the Potsdam District, at the time my brother took charge of it, was Squire Chase. In 1819 the writer was appointed to the Clarence Circuit, in the western end of the State, which, like most of the circuits at the time, was a very large one, covering more territory, indeed, than is now embraced in a good-sized district. It extended into Orangeville, Genesee County, where the preachers found a family by the name of Chase, of which the subject of this notice was a member. Though only some sixteen or seventeen years old, he was tall and slim, with a remarkably bland and taking face. It was soon seen that he was not only pious but talented and promising. Not content to attend the meetings in his father's neighborhood merely, he was always ready to go, when he could, with the preachers to their appointments, miles distant, even though he had to walk. Intent on getting knowledge, he not only read books, but sought the company of those he found able and willing to teach him. Though too diffident to say much about it, he evidently thought himself divinely called to the work of the ministry.

Only a year or two after this he was licensed, first as an exhorter and then as a local preacher, and then recommended to the Genesee Conference as a suitable person for the itinerancy. He was received on trial by that body in 1822; admitted to full membership and ordained deacon in 1824; and,

in due course, admitted to elders' orders. Wherever he was placed he acquitted himself with so much ability, and was so much devoted to the duties of the pastoral office, that, in 1831, he was appointed Presiding Elder on the Potsdam District. Here, as elsewhere, he showed himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

But though his body had developed into noble proportions, his health so gave way under his onerous labors that, in 1836, he was obliged to go upon the superannuated list. As the Liberia Mission was just then calling loudly for reinforcement, and thinking it possible that the African climate, however trying it had been found to be to white men, might be beneficial to him, and especially as he felt he *must* work somewhere in the Great Master's vineyard, he offered himself to and was accepted by the Mission Board for that distant field of labor. Accordingly, leaving his family at home, he went and toiled there for two years, with much success. Though he passed through the inevitable acclimating process, and consequently suffered much, yet, when he returned, in 1838, he found himself so much improved in health that he again took work in the Black River Conference, of which he was still a member.

In 1842 Mr. Seys, Superintendent of the Liberia Mission, wishing to return to the United States for recuperation, Mr. Chase was requested to take his place there, and for that purpose was formally trans-

ferred to the Liberia Mission Conference. Never after this did his name appear in the Minutes of our home Conferences. In 1843 Mr. Seys, having accomplished the object he had in view in returning to this country, again went to his place as Superintendent in Liberia, when Brother Chase again came home. In July of that year the Black River Conference met in Syracuse, N. Y., which was attended by our present subject, whether with the hope of being able to resume his labors in connection with that body we are not advised. But whatever may have been his hopes, his plans or his purposes all ended there. He was taken suddenly and violently ill, and before Conference closed was with the pious dead. The presumption is, that his physical functions had been so enfeebled by repeated attacks of African fever that no great amount of suffering was needful to terminate his connection with earth.

Squire Chase was not only a good man, but decidedly talented. Though not learned, as that word is commonly used, he had accumulated considerable stores of knowledge. He was a good preacher, bringing out of the Gospel treasure "things new and old." Sinners were saved and the Church built up under his ministry. He wrote respectably well. The pamphlets he published, and the reports he sent home from Liberia, may be referred to in confirmation of this. Such was his capacity and such his mental habits, that, had he lived, his influence

must have been felt over an extended circle. But the loss of the Church was his infinite gain. God knows in which world his servants are most needed, and the issue of all his dispensations will doubtless be found in perfect harmony with the greatest good of the universe.

While my brother was on the Potsdam District he was pleasantly associated with several other brethren of distinguished merit, of whom he always spoke in terms of commendation and affection. But, as most of them still live, the time to speak of them is in the indefinite future. Of those who are dead we can now speak of only one more. John Loveys, an excellent young man, was then just coming into prominent notice. Some ten years previously he came a local preacher from his native land to America, on purpose to devote himself to the itinerant ministry. On reaching New York he heard of the Cazenovia Seminary, and came directly to that place, with a view to prepare for the great work to which he felt himself divinely called. The writer was then (1829) pastor in that place, and was soon satisfied that in the young Englishman the American Church had found a valuable accession. True, his acquaintance with letters was quite limited, but, in a short time, it was evident he had in him the elements of true greatness. In the seminary he was not ashamed to "begin at the beginning," and yet was soon alongside of those who had materially the start of him. So great

was his success in every branch of study he took in hand, that, in 1830, it was deemed safe for him to take the field as an itinerant; and he was accordingly received on trial by the Black River Conference. Thenceforward for nearly twenty years he labored in connection with that body, often occupying first-class charges, and always giving great satisfaction. As is reported, Dr. Beatty said of Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, one of Mr. Wesley's early clerical friends, "Others *may* do good, but Father G. *must;* for he don't try to do any thing else"—so, perhaps with equal emphasis, it might be said of John Loveys. His death was sudden, being caused by typhoid fever, which led to congestion of the brain. But he was not unprepared. Such a life as he lived must be followed by a safe transit to a world of purity and love. Thus much, at least, is due to one of the best and most useful of men; and it seems eminently proper that he who first received him when he came a stranger to Central New York should place on record this brief testimonial.

CHAPTER XIV.

ITINERANCY—REMOVAL TO CAZENOVIA—DEATH OF HIS WIFE—SECOND MARRIAGE—REMOVAL TO CLINTON—SUPERANNUATION.

THOUGH my brother had been only three years on the Potsdam District, he judged it his duty to ask to be released from the presiding eldership. His reasons for this chiefly respected his family. Not only had his wife become so feeble that it seemed improper for him to be so long from home as he necessarily must be on that district, but his older children were now getting so large that he felt he must supply them with facilities for a better education than could be commanded in the country where he was. He had taken a deep interest in the establishment and maintenance of the (then) Oneida Conference Seminary, and, in fulfillment of a purpose which had been some time maturing, he now determined to remove his family to Cazenovia, the seat of that institution. The Bishop presiding at the Conference of 1831 accommodated his purpose, and appointed him, in company with Wesley Batchellor, to the Madison Circuit, in the immediate neighborhood of Cazenovia. The removal of so large a family was, under the circumstances, tedious and exhausting; but was, nevertheless, safely

effected. What great results not unfrequently follow events of seemingly small import! So far as the removal of my brother's family was concerned, great good was, of course, expected as a probable issue; and yet the presumption is, that expectation was much more than realized. To the effect of this removal upon *his* family, however, we do not now particularly refer; but to a mere incident, as it was then doubtless thought to be, but which has already widely affected the interests of our Zion.

In one of the rural neighborhoods of St. Lawrence County a boy, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, was converted and brought into the Methodist Episcopal Church through my brother's instrumentality. To the family of which he was a member this was far enough from being a pleasant occurrence. They were glad to have him religious, but, as was quite natural, wished him to become a member of *their* Church. But this he felt he could not do. The people who had been instrumental in bringing him to the knowledge of the truth were *his* people, and from them he could not be separated. This blighted his hopes of home help in procuring an education, for which he was all athirst. His Church relations had informed him of the Cazenovia Seminary; but how to get there, or how to support himself could he get there, were questions he could not answer. But difficulties only increased his ardency of desire. An education he must have; and, trusting in the Saviour, he was all the time looking for Providence

to open the way for him. At length, just a little light stimulated his hope. He had learned that his spiritual father, the presiding elder, was about to remove his family to Cazenovia, so that his children might attend the school there; why might he not go with them? The query was soon solved affirmatively. His patron wanted to help him, and, at the same time, wanted his help in getting his family and effects to the coveted seat of learning. His cows were too precious and too essential to domestic comfort to be left behind, and the boy could aid in driving them. Accordingly the arrangements were soon completed, and the journey of one hundred and fifty miles commenced. Though sad on account of leaving home, the long walk could scarcely be thought of by the youth who now felt himself so near the consummation of his hopes. On reaching Cazenovia he was regarded and treated as, at least, a semi-member of my brother's family; though the ambitious youth wanted no other charity than simply a chance to work his way. Facilities were afforded him, and he had little difficulty either in earning his living or in keeping abreast in his studies with the best students in the seminary. In due time he went to the Wesleyan University; there graduated with honor; was soon after elected Professor of Languages in the Cazenovia Seminary, and then made its principal. As student, as professor, and as principal, he was ever true to his principles; commanding respect and confidence from all quar-

ters. The writer need scarcely say that the individual of whom he speaks is the Rev. Henry Bannister, D. D., now a distinguished professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill. Those who had any hand in helping the St. Lawrence youth forward could have had little idea of what was to be the ultimate issue. Surely, in the intellectual and moral world, perhaps scarcely less than in the physical, little causes do sometimes produce great effects. How Dr. Bannister appreciates the part acted by my brother in connection with his early history will be seen from his beautiful letter, which will be found in a future chapter.*

* At the time of writing the above, I had overlooked an earlier communication from Prof. Bannister, addressed to my brother himself, which I think too valuable to be withheld from the reader. It is as follows:—

"EVANSTON, *Dec.* 14, 1870.

"REV. B. G. PADDOCK:

"MY GOOD FATHER IN CHRIST:—When a small boy, and recently moved into the neighborhood of Mr. Barber, in Canton, N. Y., the 'Life of Benjamin Abbott' was lent me by Mrs. Barber, and under the influence of the reading of it my imagination was so excited that when I first heard you preach out in Jerusalem, I seized hold of the back desks lest I should lose my strength and fall, as they did under Abbott. This, of course, was not a saving fear of God, yet was it such a fear as did not cease to affect me till a year or two later, when, under the direct teachings of a pious school-master, the good Ira French, I was soundly converted to God. If the evidence of my conversion was more or less dim at the first, it became bright and powerful on the day in which you baptized me, in the old Bush Chapel, at South Canton, in 1828. I thought to-day, on reading your note in the 'Christian Advocate,' I would record this precious reminiscence, with which you were connected, and send it to you.

During the nine or ten years my brother was domiciled in Cazenovia, his fields of labor were assigned him as near that place as they well could be. It has already been stated that in 1831 he was on the Madison Circuit in company with Wesley Batchellor. In 1832 he was in Lenox, with John Watson; in 1833, on Hamilton Circuit, with David Davis and Leonard Bowdish; in 1834, alone in Pompey; in 1835, on Lenox Circuit with James Atwell; in 1836, alone in the same charge; in 1837, again on Pompey Circuit, with L. K. Reddington and I. Hutchinson.

During this last year he passed through one of the greatest trials of his whole previous life. He was called to bury his excellent wife, with whom he had most happily lived for more than twenty years. It seems to the writer that nothing could be more in harmony with the objects of this memoir than some further account of this superior woman.

"It rejoices me exceedingly to see the occasional articles from your hand, which show you as going to your reward shouting all the way on this side 'the river.' It is just the kind of old age I covet and hope to have, if God keeps me here so many years as you number—*a rejoicing old age*: a glory of spirit that comes from having Christ as a full and complete Saviour. May the power of Divine grace be felt in still larger measure by you as you approach that full heaven of glory on the other side! Your short testimonies in the 'Advocate' are so cheering that I hope you will continue them as long as your pen can do its work.

"I know not with whom you are living, but if with any of your children, I wish a most cordial remembrance to them. Do you ever go over to New York? If so, may I not hope to see you at the Book Room, when I am on duty there, from 12th of January on?

"Affectionately yours,

"HENRY BANNISTER."

Her maiden name was Sophronia Perry. She was born near the city of Boston, Mass., April 20, 1794. At an early age she emigrated with her parents, William and Mary Perry, to Barre, Vt., and from thence to Canton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. It does not appear that she was the subject of any permanent religious impressions till she had reached the years of womanhood. Among her papers has been found the following brief memorandum:—

"I became acquainted with the Methodist doctrines in 1813, and was awakened to a sense of my lost condition under the preaching of the Rev. Isaac Puffer, on the 28th of June. Soon after this Mr. Puffer left the circuit, and was succeeded by the Rev. B. G. Paddock. In the year 1814, on the 21st of May, I trust I experienced a change of heart; and in the afternoon of that day was greatly refreshed and strengthened under a sermon preached by the Rev. Joseph Hickcox.* The Sunday follow-

* Joseph Hickcox was admitted on trial in the Genesee Conference in 1811, and in due course received into full membership in that body and ordained deacon and elder. In 1817 he was in charge of the Litchfield Circuit, when the writer, who was then teaching in the village of Columbia, became well acquainted with him. His first license to exhort was signed by Joseph Hickcox. Mr. H. spoke with great ease, had a singularly mellifluous voice, and, consequently, was popular. The Minutes show that his appointments were, from year to year, very distant from each other; a circumstance which may, very possibly, have hastened his location; an event which occurred in 1820. His last appointment was "Thames, Upper Canada District." Locating, he went to Michigan, and settled somewhere in the neighborhood of Detroit. That he sustained a good char-

ing I attended quarterly meeting, where I found it good to wait upon the Lord. On the 20th of June following I joined Society, at the age of twenty; and on the 20th of August received baptism, administered by the Rev. Israel Chamberlayne. God grant that the ordinance may be rendered a lasting blessing to my soul! My prayer is, that I may be made a pattern of piety; for to be a humble follower of the Saviour is all the riches and all the honor I desire."

That this petition was the deliberate language of her heart, is evident from all her subsequent conduct. The pageantry of fashion was immediately exchanged for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and the company of the thoughtless and vain for the society of the followers of the Saviour. Thenceforward to the close of life she was always, and every-where, on the Lord's side.

On the 28th of October, 1816, she was united in Christian wedlock to the subject of this memoir. This event, in an emphatic sense, formed an epoch in her earthly history. She was now fairly committed to the privations and toils of the itinerancy. Of these it is scarcely possible, at this distance of time, to form an adequate idea. Even in the present greatly improved state of things, the trials and inconveniences of the itinerant's family are often

acter, both as a citizen and a local preacher, will be inferred from the fact that when Gen. Cass was governor of Michigan, he was a member of his official "council." The papers announced his death a few years since.

great and appalling. But then there were no parsonages; the circuits were large and far apart; the Societies were small, and the provision made for the preacher and those dependent on him barely sufficient to meet the simplest demands of animal life. For even these, indeed, there was then no guarantee, nor could there be. But then these embarrassments were all before her, and her acceptance of the married state was in full view of them. Nor did she, during the whole of her subsequent pilgrimage, shrink from the duties and responsibilities, cares and perplexities, trials and hardships, growing out of her conjugal and ecclesiastical relations. Wherever God and his Church called, there she was ready to go. Her practical motto was, DUTY first, *convenience* afterward. She was an invaluable help-meet; ever ready to take part in her husband's sorrows and labors; sustaining, under all circumstances, the character of a dignified Christian lady. Long, indeed, will she be remembered in all those places where, as the wife of a Methodist preacher, her lot was cast.

Her prudence was remarkable. Whatever difficulties might occur in the Church with which she was connected, she was sure to have no part in them, save only in the character of a peacemaker. To gossip and tale-bearing she was, in principle and habit, an uncompromising enemy. If at any time obliged to listen to the tongue of detraction, the evil report was sure to travel no further in that direction.

As a friend, she was constant and unsuspecting; as a neighbor, kind and obliging; as a mother, tender and faithful; as a wife, all that could be desired. But it was her religion that threw a glory over her whole character, personal, social, and domestic. For *her* religion was not a mere notion, a mode of faith, a quiescent sentimentalism; but a living, acting, operative principle. While it sanctified the heart, it spread itself over her whole theater of action. Seldom, indeed, have all those virtues that adorn the true Christian character been exemplified in such fair and faultless proportions. Faults she unquestionably had, for she was a human being; but the writer, though more or less acquainted with her during nearly the whole of her married life, never saw any thing in her which he thought morally wrong. This, he is aware, is saying much; but it is saying no more than truth constrains him to say.

During the last four years of her life, her health, under the influence of an unyielding pulmonary affection, gradually declined; and, for eighteen months, she was constantly confined to her bed. But amid all and through all, she invariably manifested the patience and resignation of a true disciple. When interrogated respecting her health, her uniform answer was, "The Lord deals with me in great kindness: he is letting me down to the grave with a very gentle hand." She was in the habit of referring to her death with the utmost

calmness and composure; always evincing a readiness, and sometimes even an anxiety, to depart and be with Christ. But though Mrs. Paddock always sustained an elevated Christian character, during the last few weeks of her life her faith and her comfort appeared in higher perfection, and shone out with more than earthly radiance. She had a strong presentiment that her end was near. This was the more remarkable as she appeared to be in no more immediate danger than many times before, when she had no such impression. But now she said her time had come. To be fully prepared for her exit was, therefore, her one great concern. She wanted, in the highest sense of the phrase, "the assurance of faith;" and while a few Christian friends were engaged in prayer for her, God gave her all she desired. Just before, her whole nervous system had been so exceedingly irritable that the slightest noise gave her exquisite pain; but now all was ease and tranquillity. While her soul was thus "unutterably full of glory and of God," the shattered tenement itself seemed, for the moment, to be renovated.

She continued in transports of joy till the evening before her death, when the enemy was permitted to make a last desperate assault. Prayer, earnest and united, was offered for her, and holy comfort was again restored. And now heaven on earth was begun. Adequately to describe the scene would be impossible. Though the process of dissolution

had actually commenced, faith was still triumphant. At about two o'clock in the morning her family were called to receive her last blessing, and a few relatives summoned to witness the closing scene. The manner in which she took leave of her husband and children was appropriate and affecting almost beyond example. She addressed a few words of advice to each, and exhorted all to meet her in heaven. This done, she had nothing to do till her change should come. She had her reason, and was able to adjust her clothes and to dispose of her person, up to near the last moment. The writer had the privilege of being present, and a privilege, indeed, he felt it to be. Again and again did that expressive line in the "Night Thoughts" occur to his mind:—

"Virtue alone has majesty in death."

Not satisfied in praising God herself, she called on all present to magnify the riches of his grace. In the most expressive way she was continually saying, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." Her husband said:—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are:"

when, with her pale and quivering lips, she instantly responded:—

"While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my soul out sweetly there."

Being told by a brother, who had his finger on her pulse, that she probably would not live sixty minutes

longer, she raised her hands in holy triumph, and said, "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" The prayer was heard, the struggle ended, and she entered into rest. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The death of his wife not only occasioned my brother very great sorrow of heart, but devolved upon him an amount of domestic care for which he felt himself wholly incompetent. He had nine children, six sons and three daughters; the youngest child being only some three or four years old, and the oldest too young to aid him materially in taking care of the family. Hence, though he continued to take an appointment as a member of the Conference, he was obliged to be so much at home that he could not with propriety take charge of a circuit. This will account for his name standing in the Conference Minutes a year or two as junior preacher in connection with brethren much younger and with less experience than himself. After the lapse of a couple of years he judged himself at liberty, if not in duty bound, to avail himself of conjugal aid in administering the affairs of his household. He had known Sophia Scott, of Utica, N. Y., for many years, and believing her to be the right person to supply the desideratum in his family, he did not hesitate, after advisement and prayerful reflection, to offer her his hand. No one, so far as is now known, ever questioned the propriety of the step; and the history of their married life, extending

through almost thirty years, demonstrates the suitableness of the alliance. The new consort at once took the place of mother, and looked after the interests of the family with a tenderness and fidelity that commanded universal admiration.

But life is, at best, a checkered scene. It is full of changes, as well sad as pleasant. Only a few months of domestic tranquillity and comfort had passed, after the event narrated above, before the family was again clothed in sackcloth. Scarlet fever was sweeping through the community, entered my brother's dwelling, and bore from it two lovely sons, aged severally nine and four years. Their deaths were sudden and unexpected, being preceded by only a few hours of sickness. Both were laid in one grave, alongside that of their sainted mother, in the Cazenovia Cemetery. None in the family seemed to feel the loss more keenly than did the newly-installed stepmother.

To give his children a good education had ever been a prime object with my brother. It was this that induced his domestic removal to Cazenovia; and the same motive led him to move again in 1840 to Clinton, Oneida County, the seat of Hamilton College. He had not the means to educate his children abroad, but by boarding them at home the coveted end might be secured. Here, therefore, he kept his family while he continued to labor, so long as he deemed himself well enough to do so, on the surrounding charges. But thirty-five years'

incessant toil in the itinerancy began to tell very sensibly upon his bodily vigor. Rheumatism and a sort of chronic erysipelas had, for some time, rendered ministerial effort a painful task, so that he began to query whether he might not be occupying the place of another and more effective laborer. Finally, judging it safest to give the Church the benefit of the doubt, he concluded to ask his Conference for a superannuated relation. The request was granted in 1843, and thenceforth to the close of life he remained in that relation.

But it was not in his nature to be idle. While he had strength to move he *must* do something. He had been accustomed, in early life, to agricultural and mechanical pursuits, and deemed it no humiliation to turn his hand to any honorable employment that promised him the means of support for himself and family. And then to pursue some branch of remunerative business was now an imperative necessity; for, as a Conference claimant, his annuity was at no time scarcely sufficient to meet a fourth part of his family expenses. Of his business avocations, however, there is no occasion further to speak.

It should not be inferred that our superannuate now ceased to preach. Upon almost every successive Sabbath, through the whole calendar, he might be found in the pulpit somewhere. Indeed, during much of the time he remained in Clinton after his superannuation, he was employed by the presiding

elder as a supply at Clayville and on the Litchfield Circuit. Whenever he had health, the Macedonian call was never addressed to him in vain, for he had an ever-burning zeal to save souls and build up the Church. To have held him in check here would have been to infuse one of the bitterest ingredients into the cup of life itself.

But my brother had been too long unused to temporal business to succeed well in it. He was alert, and tried hard, in various ways, to "provide things honest in the sight of all men;" but, in spite of all his efforts, found himself running astern. He had a large family to support, and, of course, multitudinous outgoes; so that even to hold his own was quite out of his power. But he had now accomplished the chief object he had in view in coming first to Cazenovia and then to Clinton; he had secured to his sons and daughters the advantages to be found in good schools; most of them had been eligibly settled in the world; and he judged it wise radically to change his temporal policy. First of all, he determined to balance accounts with all toward whom he held business relations; and, in order to do this, he found it needful to part not only with his real estate, but with some other things that would not be wanted in the mode of life contemplated for the future. This accomplished, he felt himself prepared to act a part more in harmony with his spiritual aspirations.

CHAPTER XV.

SUPERANNUATION: REMOVAL TO GOUVERNEUR—DEATH OF HIS SECOND WIFE—REMOVAL TO ROME—TO METUCHEN.

NOT only had my brother found his first, his now sainted, wife in the northern wing of the State, but there had he achieved his greatest evangelical triumphs. In no other part of the Church had he been instrumental in leading so many souls to the Saviour. All over St. Lawrence County he was known as having been immediately connected with one of the most extensive and most glorious revivals of modern times. There, too, he stood well in public estimation. It is not wonderful, then, that he should now think of returning there to spend the evening of his life. The particular place that struck him, all things considered, as being the most eligible, was Gouverneur, where was a flourishing seminary of learning, and where he would have easy access to those parts of the surrounding country in which he might hope to be useful. Hence, aided by his generous sons, who had been wonderfully prospered in their temporal pursuits, he purchased a comfortable residence in that quiet village, and moved there from Clinton in 1853. It is hardly necessary to say that he received in all that country a most cordial welcome, and at once felt himself quite at home.

In coming to this place it was no part of his object to seek any change in his Conference relation. Had he deemed such a change desirable he would not have removed north, for he was still a member of the Oneida Conference, and, if made effective, must receive an appointment within its bounds. Wherever he was, he expected to be employed, if employed at all, simply as a supply during such times as he might feel able to labor. He was too much disabled to be depended upon for effective service, so that a superannuated relation was the only safe one for either himself or the Church. He supposed that what he could do could be done most advantageously in that portion of country where he sought a family residence; and subsequent facts seem to harmonize with the supposition. During the eleven years he remained in Gouverneur, he ever found work to do when he was in circumstances to do it. One entire year he served the Cape Vincent charge, and was, from time to time, employed by the presiding elder somewhere in the surrounding neighborhoods. Afterward, particularly on special occasions, he was in frequent demand, and was ever ready to respond to calls for ministerial help. The recollection of revival scenes, as witnessed in former days among the same people, or, at least, in the same portions of country, operated like a charm upon his feelings. He seemed rejuvenated by the retrospect, and, at times, preached and sung much as he did in his palmy days.

My brother was an ardent Methodist. It was under Methodistic influences that he was brought to the Saviour, and it was by the aid of Methodistic means and agencies that he had been built up in the faith of the Gospel. Besides, to the Methodist Episcopal Church he was indebted for any useful distinction he had acquired in the world, and to her, therefore, he felt that primary allegiance was always due. But he was no bigot. In truth, a more liberal-minded man scarcely ever lived. He who held the Catholic faith, in the evangelical sense of that word, and was honestly trying to lead a Christian life, to whatever denomination he might belong, might calculate on his fellowship with absolute certainty. It should not seem strange, then, that for nearly two years he served the Congregational Church in Gouverneur as "stated supply;" this, however, with the distinct understanding that he was to preach the doctrines of his own Church at discretion. But it is safe to assume that nothing accounted controversial, as between the two communions, was at any time introduced into the pulpit.*

* About this time my brother received the following letter from Bishop Waugh. Nothing coming from such a source can be without interest, and especially now that the writer has entered into rest.

"BALTIMORE, *Aug.* 23, 1856.

"REV. B. G. PADDOCK:

"DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter of July 28 has been in my possession for some weeks, but having to leave home soon after its arrival, and being but just returned, and expecting to start in the course of two or three days for the West, I have not had sufficient leisure to answer it before; and even now I must be very brief, for my time

Very possibly he might not have thought it quite proper to trammel himself in the way he did, only that there was no other work near him that he could do, while the condition of his family was such that he could not consistently leave home. The subject of chronic rheumatism in its most distressing form, his wife was so nearly helpless as to be able to do scarcely the least thing for herself. Under such circumstances her husband felt that he ought to remain with her, and yet was quite willing to do the work to which he seemed providentially called in his own village. It is understood that his relations with the Congregational Church were pleasant and mutually satisfactory, so long as they were continued. But my brother had now become too old and feeble to be depended on for any thing beyond an occasional sermon; and, for months together,

is short and engrossed with many things. I am pleased to learn from you that matters are likely to move on satisfactorily and smoothly. Having heard nothing further from any of the brethren concerned, I take it as a confirmation of your expectation that all will be well. May it be so!

"My health is now about at its usual point, much in advance of what it was when I attended the Black River Conference. I have attended two camp-meetings this month, and was able to preach twice at each and to exhort often. Thank God for health to enable me to work, and for a disposition to work! May his blessing crown all with success, without which it is nothing. Time, my dear Brother Paddock, has shaken both you and I by the hand. Whatsoever our hands find to do, let us do it with our might. You have labored long and usefully. Your reward is sure. Yet a little more labor and then cometh rest—sweet, uninterrupted rest in glory.

"Farewell till we meet above. My love to your wife and family.

"Yours, affectionately, B. WAUGH."

not even that. The illness of his wife, too, was not only continued, but greatly increased.

Under these circumstances, another change of residence seemed not only desirable, but, in a sense, unavoidable. His sons, upon whom it was now foreseen he must be almost wholly dependent, lived and did business in the city of New York; a distance so great from Gouverneur, that they could not, with the then existing means of transit, whatever might be the emergency, pay that immediate personal attention to their father and his invalid family that appeared to them to be absolutely necessary. The expedient adopted was, to find a residence for him in some pleasant and healthful place, and among old friends, where he could be easily reached, and where he might be made comfortable during so much of life as might remain to him on earth. Casting about, the city of Rome, N.Y., was fixed upon as the spot most likely to afford the coveted advantages.

To Rome, therefore, he removed in 1864. Here he had commenced his ministry fifty-five years previously, and was now known to many, if not most, of the good people resident in the place, who welcomed him to their midst with a cordiality most grateful to his feelings. A change of scenes and associations again seemed to act most genially upon both his body and mind; so that he felt himself able and willing to accept repeated invitations to occupy most of the pulpits in the place, as well as

occasionally to go elsewhere with the messages of salvation. The pastor of the Baptist Church in Rome dying suddenly of heart-disease, he supplied their pulpit for about a quarter, when they found another pastor of their own faith and order. Thus, unrestrained by sectarian partiality, he ever held himself ready to serve any people who, in an emergency, wanted ministerial help.

It was while resident in Rome that he was called to bury his second wife. For many years she had been a very great sufferer. Rheumatism had not only drawn her from an erect posture, but had so distorted the whole physical system that she was unable even to feed herself. A more helpless human being can hardly be imagined. But she was ever patient and uncomplaining. Trusting with an implicit faith in the virtues of the great atonement, and recognizing in all her sufferings the hand of One "too wise to err and too good to be unkind," she was generally buoyant and happy. Of her it might be said, as it is of the great Master, though in a different sense, she "was made perfect through suffering;" exhibiting those higher traits of Christian character that belong to such as are made perfect in love; and thus anxiously, yet patiently, waiting for the heavenly Bridegroom. Of course, when he came she was fully ready to enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb. In all the relations of life, her character was spotless. She was not only an affectionate wife, but, by her tenderness and fidelity,

vindicated the character of stepmother from the odium often, perhaps in most cases very unjustly, cast upon it. The whole family honor her memory. Nor was she less beloved either as a neighbor or as a member of the Church of God. Thus much, at least, is due to the memory of this good woman.

After the death of my brother's wife, his health again somewhat rapidly declined. A complication of diseases, some of them rather new to him, assailed his already shattered frame, causing him a very great amount of suffering. For weeks and months he was not only incapable of locomotion, but even of dressing and undressing himself. So great and so numerous were his bodily infirmities, indeed, that a personal male attendant was found to be indispensable. Under these circumstances, it was deemed inadvisable for him to try any longer to keep up a separate family establishment, and especially as his youngest daughter, now the only surviving member of it, was almost as much an invalid as himself. After deliberation and advisement, the plan fixed upon was, for him and his daughter to accept a home with his son-in-law, the Rev. T. T. Bradford, who would make all requisite preparation for their accommodation. Mr. B. was, at the time, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Waterford, in Western Pennsylvania. For that place, therefore, late in the season of 1869, they took the cars, so as to find winter-quarters with those whose tenderness and fidelity could not be questioned.

But even here they did not escape affliction. Pneumonia, induced by a severe cold, held the father's life in jeopardy for some time, and entailed upon him a cough from which he scarcely recovered during the rest of his days.

By the return of warm weather, however, his health was so far restored that he was able to remove with his children to Metuchen, in New Jersey. Here, not only the Rev. Mr. Bradford, but his own son, Benjamin C. Paddock, a merchant in the city of New York, had prepared a country residence, and here, surrounded by his children, he expected to end his pilgrimage—an expectation that was most gratefully realized. On his way from Waterford to his new home he called on, and spent a few memorable days with, his brother in Binghamton, and then took the cars for Syracuse, where the Oneida Conference, of which he was a member, was then in session. It was, as he supposed it would be, the last time he ever met with that body. Though he belonged to a former generation, and had long ceased to be an active participant in the business transactions of the Conference, he had been by no means forgotten by his brethren. His patriarchal presence was greeted with every expression of respect and veneration; thus giving him, as he looked back to the occasion, great satisfaction and comfort to the end of his days. It was with him the theme of frequent and grateful remark. Few men ever lived who had a higher appreciation

of the society of good people, and especially that of Christian ministers.

A few weeks after this he found himself at his new home in Metuchen. In the midst of those who revered and loved him, and in a beautiful section of country, he felt that he was just in the right place, and was accordingly contented and happy. The few letters he wrote from this place, and the brief communications he made to the Church periodicals, all breathed a sweet and choice spirit. He read the "Guide to Holiness" with very great interest, and, every now and then, wrote short articles for its pages, even after he was an octogenarian. These articles generally relate to the higher attainments and walks of the Christian life, and show a heart supremely fixed on things above. Prefatory to some papers from his pen, which were published in the "Guide," the editors say; "Our beloved veteran friend, Rev. B. G. Paddock—long known and honored as an eminently devoted servant of the Church—though now between eighty and ninety years old, is still, in the meekness of wisdom and undiminished, burning zeal, endeavoring to win souls to the Saviour." They then subjoin the following note, which accompanied these papers, and which is quoted here as showing the mental frame in which he passed his last days: "I am anxious to *say*, *do*, or *write* something that the blessed Master may own to the good of some one when I am called away. If either of the inclosed shall meet the object of the

'Guide,' use them. I have many original manuscripts which are at your service."

Constantly impressed that he was rapidly approaching the period of his departure, the venerable old gentleman was, during his waking hours, almost constantly found with pen in hand. Even when his debility was so great that a recumbent posture seemed like an absolute necessity, he could not be persuaded to cease writing. If he could leave his couch for only a few minutes, he would hasten to his desk in order to record some thought he had been mentally elaborating. Of course, a large portion of what he wrote, when age and infirmity hung thus heavily upon him, was necessarily fragmentary and imperfect; and yet some of his brief papers contain what may be of permanent value. A selection from them will be found in a future chapter.

Here, too, old and infirm as he was, he took the pulpit again. He not only preached to those of his own faith and order, but, with characteristic catholicity, was just as ready to proclaim the great salvation to those of other communions. The Presbyterian congregation in Metuchen seems to have been especially pleased with and profited by his ministrations. Evidence of this is supplied both by their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Plumley, an able minister and a lovely Christian gentleman, and Dr. E. M. Hunt, a member of that congregation and distinguished as an author, whose estimate of my brother will form an interesting part of another chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

THE long life of our subject was now rapidly drawing to a close. For years he had been the victim of chronic diarrhœa, the violence of which had now so greatly increased that his friends were led to apprehend a speedy and fatal issue. Every thing was done that skill and the tenderest affection could do to arrest the progress of disease, but all in vain. Age and infirmity had so impaired the essential functions of life, that medicine and the most careful nursing were alike unavailing.

He suffered little pain, but said his work was done, and the Master would soon take him. During these long years of failing health and various fortune his buoyancy and cheerfulness had never forsaken him. Abraham-like, he was ever strong in faith, giving glory to God. His sensibilities were easily touched, and when sickness and death entered his family, he felt as deeply as can be easily imagined; but then his trust and hope in God kept him in a state of tranquillity and comfort. Not a murmur escaped his lips. His submission was complete, and his peace undisturbed. This was especially true during the last few months of his pilgrimage. If he had been confiding and happy

before, his Christian graces now appeared in higher perfection, and shone with more than usual radiance. He was evidently taken up to an altitude he had never before reached. His path was, indeed, that of the just, that shineth more and more until it culminates in the perfect day.

Many people, possibly indeed most, suppose that old men are necessarily peevish, sour, sorrowful, melancholy, or the like. That many old men are so, cannot be denied. The tide of unchanged, unsanctified human nature is doubtless in that direction. And hence the palpable fact that there are aged people who feel nothing but darkness and gloom within themselves, and *see* nothing but darkness and gloom in all that surrounds them. The sources of sensual enjoyment now all dried up, they see no other sources open to them. The retrospect of the past, the facts of the present, and the anticipations of the future are alike unsatisfactory; so that the spontaneous inquiry is, "Who will show us any good?"—a query not to be solved by any light at their command. No wonder, then, that they are wretched. It would be wonderful were it otherwise. Such, however, is not the destiny of those who live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again; who have dedicated themselves to God and to humanity; in a word, have practically regarded it as the chief end of their being to glorify God on earth, as well as to enjoy him forever in heaven.

Thus it was with the good man of whose last days we are now speaking. Though conscious of many short-comings, and deeply sorrowful that he had done so little for God and for the salvation of his fellow-men, yet feeling that he had *aimed* at doing his whole duty, and exercising an implicit faith in the great atonement, he not only rejoiced in hope of the glory of God, but had a smile and a friendly hand for every human being. Nor did the progress of disease much abate his cheerfulness. His flesh and his heart might fail, but God was the strength of his heart, and his portion forever. Down to the last moment God was his light and his salvation. The dark valley had no terrors for him. He felt assured that the heavenly Shepherd would not only attend him through it, but lead him to living fountains of water beyond it. He was going home, and rejoiced at the prospect.

He had expressed solicitude to see his brother before he went hence, and especially as he wished to leave in his hands papers he had been writing. That brother, being informed of the critical state of his health and of his earnest desire to see him, hastened to Metuchen. When he reached his bedside, the dying patriarch stretched out his hand and grasping his, said, a smile playing on his cheek and joy sparkling in his eye, "*Zechariah, I shall beat you, after all;*—referring, doubtless, to a supposed prospect that had for a time previously existed, that his brother might precede him in the final journey.

Nothing could have been either more characteristic, or more affecting to those who stood about the bed. The brother replied: "It looks so now; but I want to say to you, in language I used to hear you sing a long time since,

> "'If you get there before I do,
> Look out for me, I'm coming, too:
> Glory, halleluia!'"

It would be difficult to describe the effect which this quotation had upon the dying patriarch. While it transported him back to other days and other scenes, it seemed, at the same time, to open to his view the glories of the celestial city. As if borne onward and upward by a tide of irrepressible emotion, he broke out in transports of joy, almost literally saying with the dying Fletcher, "O for a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth!" The scene suggested to one present Rev. xix, 6, which was quoted as being appropriate to the feelings of a good man when he contemplates the government of God—even though he should be passing through the Jordan of death. He seized upon the words, "Halleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and repeated them again and again with an emphasis and a power that might not inaptly be characterized as unearthly. An hour or two later in the evening, being left alone with his son-in-law, Dr. Lathrop, of Cooperstown, N. Y., he said to him, "I know you do not sing; but when you shall see the struggle is over, and I am gone, I want you and

all present to say, "Halleluia; the Lord God omnipotent reigneth;" as if, at that solemn moment, he would have the chorus of earth mingle with the chorus of heaven. This was on Tuesday evening, the second day of October. He lingered in the same heavenly frame till the following Saturday evening, when he entered into rest. About noon of that day he evidently thought himself dying; and, turning himself slightly in bed, said, very distinctly, though in a whisper, "Farewell; halleluia; all is well!" These were the last words he ever uttered. Whether conscious or not, he made no further effort to be understood, but quietly breathed on till about nine o'clock, when

"The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

At the moment this occurred, not only the family, but many others were present; all of whom joined in the Apocalyptic "Halleluia" with unutterable emotions.

The funeral, which took place on the following Tuesday, was in keeping with the closing scene. It was solemn, tender, triumphant. The whole community seemed to be present, and the pastors of the several Churches performed the office of pall-bearers, as well as took part in the pulpit services. A sermon on the occasion, remarkable for its pathos and appropriateness, was delivered by the Rev. J. B. Foote, of the Central New York Conference, and a warm friend of the family. All the services—at the private dwelling, at the church, and in the grave-

yard—were beautifully simple, just such as the subject of them would probably have dictated had he been present to govern. At the special request of the family, the Rev. Brother Foote has kindly furnished a copy of his excellent discourse, with which we close the present chapter. The text was—

These all died in faith.—HEB. xi, 13.

We observe a proclivity in the human mind to unbelief. What can be reasoned out, traced by some logical process, or carried through a mathematical demonstration, is promptly credited; but what is impalpable to the senses, or undiscoverable by the mind, or incomprehensible to human reason, is set aside. Such a course is not always honorable to the mind itself. Faith is as legitimate and honorable as reason; they should go hand in hand, and supplement each other. "Faith is the right, and reason the left, wing of the soul, as she goes flying through the universe to find her father." Let the right wing be crippled and she veers around and falls upon the frozen waste of rationalism. Let the left be broken and she plunges into the fiery floods of superstition. But let each pinion be strong and fleet, and she lifts herself sublimely from earth, shuns the realms of ice and of fire, on either hand, and soars home to her father's bosom.

To die seems terrible, but to die in faith is glorious! To see one die is agonizing, but what faith then sees so changes the scene that we exclaim,—

"'Tis not the Christian, but Death itself that dies!"

Our precious friends who once knelt with us at the communion rail, sang with us the sweet songs of Zion, and to whom we have been united by a thousand endearing ties—where are they? Alas! how many lie beneath the willow or the cypress! The prophets—Isaiah, Daniel, Malachi; the apostles—Paul and John and Thomas; the martyrs—Stephen, Ignatius, Polycarp; the reformers and fathers—Luther, Wesley, Asbury, Hedding, Gary, Puffer, Ninde, and a host of dear and honored ones—where are they? Departed, gone, dead! These have "all died." But what an important modification of the thought is given by the completed sentence, "These all died in faith!"

Let us specify two or three of the numerous points which might be made:—

1. They died *in the faith of a living God, of a personal, Divine Christ, and of a holy and all-sufficient Sanctifier.*

A faith this, which, beginning in God, sweeps through the vast realms of his providence; starting from the present, penetrates eternity; finding the soul polluted in sin, purifies it in the cleansing blood of a Saviour, and, from the mouth of hell, lifts it to the portals of heaven; a faith for the life that now is, and for that which is to come.

Christian faith, in its central element and saving quality, is faith in Jesus, recognizing, taking, him as the one Divine and perfect Saviour; as the proper and sufficient ground of our confidence, object of our

love, center of our hope, source and substance of our joy here and hereafter. This is the root of the Christian life. This is the principle which vitally allies the soul to God, gives it to partake of the Divine nature. This gives the Christian now, in this life, a positive and abiding sympathy with those eternal realms of purity and bliss which Christ creates and fills with his own presence. This is the principle of victory and power. It conquers sin, gives vigor to effort, scales the heights of difficulty, removes mountains, endures afflictions, scatters the fears of death, and opens the eye upon enrapturing visions of celestial glory. In such a faith the saints of all the ages lived and triumphed. And they all died in this faith.

2. They died *in the faith of a future, conscious, and joyous life.*

Every man reflects with anxious inquiry upon his future destiny. Whether our experience is limited by the bounds of this life, and, if not, by the thought, what shall be the character of that existence, is a question which stirs the depths of every human soul. When my body is pulseless and cold; when my friends gather around to take a last look at my lifeless form; when they place me in the dark and silent grave, and leave me there to molder; and when they are visiting occasionally the cypress shade, to drop at my tomb the tear of sad bereavement—shall *I* be anywhere? Shall I stop thinking and feeling when my body shall cease breathing?

If not, *what* shall I be thinking? what the character of my feelings? I have an inexpressible anxiety to know these things. As I bend over the graves of my loved ones—as I gaze down the dark, mysterious labyrinth of the unexplored future—my solicitude to know something about death and its sequences is absolutely irrepressible.

The Bible alone furnishes the key which can unlock the problem of the soul's immortality. But once revealed, we not only find nothing opposed to it in nature or reason, but much to corroborate it. Yes, reason joins with revelation to proclaim,

> "Beyond the flight of time,
> Beyond the vale of death,
> There surely is some blessed clime
> Where life is not a breath."

The philosophical argument drawn from the innate longing after continuance of being; from the distinctive character of the soul's existence in its essential attributes and functions; from the consciousness of personal identity; from the disparity often seen between our bodily powers and mental achievements; from the universal notion of a future life; from the incongruities and absurdities of nature on any other hypothesis; and from other considerations—goes far, if not to suggest a future state, yet certainly to corroborate the Scripture statement.

But we enjoy the higher privilege of standing within the Bible temple, and where voices of clear, well-demonstrated, divinely-attested truth are sound-

ing all about us. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." We cannot take time to extend quotations or remarks, but how inspiring to feel

> "Here is firm footing, here is solid rock."

> "The stars may fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

3. They died *in the faith of a glorious resurrection.* Human nature asks not only after the departing spirit, but the dear forms we loved so well. Shall we ever see *them* again? We place them in a beautiful casket; we adorn the spot where we lay them; we erect the enduring monumental marble, and plant the rose and myrtle, but—shall we ever see *them* again? To this irrepressible question, revelation alone gives a clear answer. Yet nature furnishes interesting and corroborative analogies, to some of which the apostle alludes in his masterly argument in his first Epistle to the Corinthians. We deposit the seed; it dies, but soon reappears in real life. Our flesh is sown—sown a natural body; and it is raised again—raised a spiritual body; sown a corruptible body, raised in incorruption. The sun goes down, and darkness comes on; but wait!

the brightness of a new day triumphs over the night. After the night of the grave, shall not the morning dawn? After winter—the cold, the night—the death of winter comes—the spring. It visits the same fields, and summer clothes the same valley with robes of beauty. Will not spring visit the moldering urn? What a striking emblem is the chrysalis! The worm envelopes "itself in a case, and remains dormant for awhile; then, bursting its covering, comes forth a beautiful winged creature, to soar above the earth with freedom. Will not the dead burst from their case, and walk forth in robes of beauty? Will not the fairest of earthly forms outrival the groveling worm?

But ask the inspired teachers, and we get not inferential, but authoritative statements. Question Enoch. His translation is the world's first picture of its last and greatest triumph; at once a picture and a prophecy. Inquire of Job. I see the venerable patriarch, with his long, white, but now disheveled locks, clad in a coarse cloth, sitting in silence. Property gone in a day; children swept off at a stroke; wife turned against him; malignant, loathsome disease upon him; his neighbors, under the guise of friendship, using hard, reproving words. But I see him rising from the ashes. He brushes back his hoary locks. Hark! I hear him speak: "O that my words were written in a book; that they were graven with an iron pen in the rock forever!" What words, dear, sad, but triumphant old man? "I

know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another." Ask David. "My flesh also shall rest in hope." How speaks Isaiah? "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they rise; awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead." As the dewdrop moistens the bud on the plant, opens it, and sends forth the beautiful flower, so the dew on thy dust shall bring forth from the opening bud the resurrection flower to bloom above forever. Inquire of Daniel. "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake. Some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." O may you and I be there to shine—to shine as the stars for ever and ever! And let us listen to the words of Jesus: "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth." When Martha suggested in reference to her brother, "I know he shall rise again at the last day," she gave the Jewish faith in the doctrine: Jesus confirmed it, and added to it by saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." "Marvel not, for the hour is coming

when all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Paul repeats it: "There shall be a resurrection," and argues it at length; and John's Apocalyptic visions of "the dead, small and great, standing before God," presented in the final book of Revelation, give us the climax of the argument, and leave nothing necessary to confirm us in this most inspiring faith of a prospective and glorious resurrection.

How sublime those views suggested by our text—"These all died in faith." How rich the spiritual realizations! What sublimity of hope! How inspiring to the soul! Such a faith uplifts a man, is soul-girding, ennobling, unites to God, and opens heaven. By this we rise superior to foe, or fear, or death. Let consumption quaff my life's blood, let fever scorch and burn my brain, or the pestilence sweep by like a fierce sirocco, yet I shall live! Let fire burn my house, I have a better! Let floods of water destroy, or property all take wings, I have unfailing treasures! How consoling when we bury Christian friends, as we often must, for

> "Friend after friend departs—
> Who has not lost a friend:"

to realize that they are not lost; we know where they are, and how to find them! They are only gone in advance of us, and when the Master bids, we shall be permitted to join them.

With such and kindred views and hopes, I came at the bidding of this family, whose precious and venerable father sleeps now so quiet and placid in the casket before us; and I am only too glad to bring my little chaplet to wreathe the brow of this honored and lovely man of God, and to nestle in among these sorrow-stricken yet rejoicing ones; to weep awhile with their tears, and join also in their joys and praises.

This beloved and beautiful man, it has often occurred to me, embodied and presented more of the angelic than any man I ever knew. His personal appearance had a sort of angel charm. I remember well the first time I ever saw him. It was at the session of the Black River Conference, in Ogdensburgh, now twenty years ago, the first one after I had joined it. In the middle of the forenoon of one of the days, I observed a gentleman, evidently a minister, walking up the middle aisle directly toward Bishop Morris, who sat just within the chancel. His beautiful, shining face—fine classic forehead, from which the long silver locks were so smoothly brushed back—his gracefully hanging mantle—and withal his light, elastic step, not only arrested my eye, but even thrilled my heart. And as he stepped with, I might say, childlike blithesomeness, a little shrinkingly, yet right forward, and grasped the good Bishop's hand as he rose to greet him, and printed an audible kiss on the Bishop's cheek, though I knew not who it was, the tear of veneration and affection came

instantly to my eye. The Bishop said, "Brethren, Brother Paddock," when we all rose with spontaneous affection, and as he turned, his face coming to full view, it seemed to shine "as it were the face of an angel." Tears were in the eyes of many. It seemed as though an angel had come to greet us. And never has a word or look of his for these last twenty years, in which I have been some of the time very intimate with him, marred those first impressions.

His most prominent characteristic was beautifulness. His person was beautiful, his eye and brow, his fine silver locks and easy smile, were charming. But greater was the charm of his character. Always even and gentle in temper, buoyant in spirit, affectionate to all, full of loving words and good cheer to all he met, especially to children, and always ardent to win souls and honor to the Master, his character never failed to impress the beholder as one beautiful and Christlike.

He was eminently evangelical and spiritual, devotedly attached to the principles and usages of his own Church, yet of large Catholic soul, wholly free from bigotry, mingling with all the Churches freely, often filling pulpits of other denominations, and always rejoicing in whatever would promote Christ's kingdom. He was possessed with a ready sympathy, a man of ardent friendships, while his heart yearned to be in friendship with every body. In these last few months of his life that he mingled with this community, the presence of all these pastors and members

of all the Churches here, of this large congregation, and the numerous expressions of admiration and affection which I have heard among you this morning, evince what I could have surely foretold, that he has effectually won his way to the hearts of all.

And his dying was as beautiful as his living. The same childlikeness, sweetness, and peaceful triumph seen so uniformly in him, characterized the closing scene. When his brother arrived a few days since, their meeting was very affecting. With almost playful familiarity, his face full of smiles, and joy in his eye, he said, "Zechariah, I shall beat you after all," alluding to the probability which had once existed that his brother would reach heaven first. And when the doctor replied, "Yes, so it seems now; but as you used to sing,

> "'If you get there before I do,
> Look out for me, I'm coming too,
> Glory, halleluia.'"

The dear happy saint was lifted into raptures, which are indescribable. His last words were, "Halleluia, all is well!"

Our departed brother began his ministerial career in 1809, with that race of Methodist preachers which has been denominated *Legio Fulminea*. But he himself had more of the lightning than the thunder, and more of sunshine and more of the shower, the warm, refreshing shower, than either. And by whatever name they may have been called, none, I think, can fail to feel a profound veneration for those

heroic fathers of the Church. When I see Asbury traversing the continent again and again; presiding in two hundred and twenty-four Conferences, and administering over four thousand ordinations; and Jesse Lee pushing up through New England, heroically breaking through the crusted and petrified formalism, and preaching a free and living Gospel under the old elm on Boston Common; and such men as Bangs, and Young, and Case in the west, and Gary, and Puffer, and Dempster, and this honored man, true yoke-fellow of them *all*, pressing by the woodman's trail through the primeval forests, and upon the hardy tracks of the huntsman and the bushman, all over the lake shores and river sides, and prairies of this broad territory, laying the religious foundations of an empire, I experience emotions excited by no other contemplations. Nobly have they done this work. Posterity shall speak their praise. I feel happy to bring my little garland, bright with the dew of fresh tears of grateful affection, and lay it at their feet.

What a legacy have they left the children of this generation! treasures innumerable and priceless—treasures of gold and silver, of schools and colleges, of wisdom and knowledge, of Church polities and rules, of systems and plans for aggressive operations in missionary, tract, and Sunday-school institutions, of far-reaching and wide-extending evangelistic enterprises; and above all, treasures of unadulterated doctrines of a full, present, and free salvation!—for

such treasures, how infinite the debt we owe! But God ordains that debts due our ancestors are payable to posterity. The finger of Providence turns from the fresh graves of our fathers to the rising and spreading generations around us. This goodly heritage, our heroic, self-sacrificing, spiritual progenitors toiled to leave us! Shall we squander it? Shall we simply enjoy it? Shall we sit at ease, reposing on the laurels others won, resting in ceiled houses others built, and reveling in luxuries provided by worthier hands? No! a thousand times no! God has given us these treasures, through the channel of our predecessors, that we might send them down along the stream of coming generations.

But these fathers have ascended. A few still survive. Cartwright* in the west, Boehm in the east, and Harmon in the center. While Asbury, Hedding, M'Kendree, Fisk, and Olin, with Gary the heavenly, and Dempster the indefatigable, and Chase of the African Mission, and Ninde the eloquent, and numerous other persons with whom our brother enjoyed an intimate acquaintance, have heard the summons from the great Father above, and to-day stand amid the flashing light of the angel throng, and strike the lyre and wave the palm, and join in the song with David and Isaiah and Moses and John and saints of all the ages, like Elisha, we have seen them go up in the chariot of Elijah into the cloud of glory above, and have exclaimed,

* Now dead.

as some of you did when your beloved father went up, "My father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" Like Elisha, too, may we catch their falling mantles of faith and devotion!

And now this venerable man has joined them. Full of years, full of good deeds, full of honors, he has quietly left the charmed circle in which he moved, and left the pleasant fragrance of choicest memories, and, though sad, you have all much to make you happy. I think we may, without impropriety, use these words:—

"I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital chord:
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

"He has gone to his God, he has gone to his home,
No more amid peril and error to roam;
His eyes are no longer dim,
His feet will no more falter;
No grief can follow him,
No pang his cheek can alter.

"There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below,
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow;
But the harps of heaven are ringing,
Good angels come to greet him;
And hymns of joy are singing,
While old friends press to meet him.

"O honored, beloved, to earth uncoffined,
Thou hast soared on high, thou hast left us below;
But our parting is not forever:
We will follow thee by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dissever
The souls whom God will unite."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OLD DISCIPLE WHEN MORE THAN EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE.*

ONE Sabbath morning, as I rose to conduct the usual service, I observed a very venerable gentleman with a benevolent face, long, snow-white hair, and a presence that combined dignity, mildness, and humility in each motion and gesture. He joined so heartily and with a sincerity so unaffected in every act of prayer and praise, and seemed to receive the sermon so tenderly, and as if he were indeed accepting it as a word from the mouth of the Lord, that he soon won my notice and regard, and, when the exercises were concluded, I walked down the aisle to overtake and to salute him.

Never shall I forget *his* salutation. It was the most unaffectedly gracious one that ever a young preacher received from an old disciple. He put his arm about me, reached toward me his open and smiling face, touched my cheek with his lips, and gave me the "kiss of charity," greeting me literally as the apostle recommends, "with a holy kiss."

That was my first interview with Father Paddock. It was one in a series of many precious and profit-

* By Rev. G. S. PLUMLEY, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Metuchen, New Jersey.

able interviews that were all memorable from the fullness of his reminiscences, the spirituality of his suggestions, and the deep sincerity of his prayers.

I soon called upon him at his new residence. After a long life of active services for Christ in labor, and weariness, and painfulness, he had come among us to commence, as it were, before his entrance upon the heavenly world, the enjoyment of a rest with God from all anxiety, and care, and wearing toil.

I found him a man, for his age, wonderfully free from the usual infirmities of fourscore years. His form was erect, his step firm, his voice clear, his eye piercing, his hand not tremulous. When I remarked these indications of a temperate and virtuous youth, he said to me in substance:—

> "In my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility.
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly."

He went back to his youngest days, and told me of his dear mother, whom he did not remember ever to have disobeyed; how she made him promise never to tell a lie, never to be dishonest, never to taste intoxicating drinks, never to swear, always to pray; and, said he, "I did try to keep these promises most sacredly, for I thought I had the best mother that ever lived." He reviewed his call to preach the Gospel while he was, as it were, but a

lad, his father's wonderful conversion, his itinerating services in wild regions that are now garden districts, with rich and goodly cities set among them like jewels in precious gold. He led me along the current of his eventful life, with its earlier struggles with poverty and trials, while amid them all, he pressed on to the culture and success of his beloved children. He pictured to me the affection of the dear and efficient wife of his youth, and showed how she bore the burden of his cares and solaced his daily lot; and then, with trembling voice, he graphically presented before me the scene of her triumphant death, and recited her latest testimonies to her faith in her reigning Saviour.

At every succeeding interview I was more and more impressed with his interest in every thing connected with the Redeemer's kingdom. He would review with thankfulness the progress of the missionary enterprises of the Church since his youthful days, listen with pleasure to accounts of special religious awakenings in various denominations of Christians, and dwell with confidence upon the prospect that, although God may remove from their field of usefulness his aged and no longer efficient servants, he will raise up others to enter into their labors, and to reap the future harvests.

One Sabbath morning, passing his dwelling to exchange with the pastor of a neighboring Baptist church, I stopped and asked him to accompany me. On arriving at the church he occupied the pulpit

with me, and after the sermon, he spoke a few words of exhortation to the people. Enforcing the truth which had been presented, he poured out his heart in describing the goodness of his beloved Saviour, assuring his hearers that, if they would only trust him fully and heartily, they would find him better than his best promises. Then, opening up some passages in his own experience, he wept, and the hearers wept with him. Leading us in prayer, he lifted up his hands and blessed us as Abraham, or Moses, or such a one as Paul the aged might have done. After service many took him by the hand and welcomed him among us as a neighbor whose coming to dwell near us was indeed a gift of God.

Among the many occasions when he assisted me in my own pulpit I recall two with especial pleasure. One was when he furnished the discoure at our regular Sabbath morning service. I had asked him to preach for me, because he had become an object of esteem and affection to many of the congregation, and he complied. Besides others of his family and friends two of his sons were providentially present on this occasion, one of them being the Rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia. His sermon was remarkable in many respects. It was, while *extempore* as to the choice of its language, evidently carefully thought out and elaborated. It had a definite beginning, middle, and end. It was founded upon the plan of Dr. Guthrie's

"three P's:"—Paint, Prove, Persuade. He painted before us the scene of Christ's death. Then he presented a close and most logical argument for justification by faith in his blood. This was to me the most interesting portion of his discourse, as I was amazed that one of fourscore years should be able to hold closely to the thread of demonstration that would have done honor to his best powers at a less advanced age. There was no wandering in thought, no hesitation for words, no failure in the quotation of the Scripture. His sentences were the marrow and fatness of evangelical truth. Then came his persuasive conclusion, with which he brought home to a practical result the doctrine, and kept his hearers enchained, as he fastened the obligations of faith and obedience upon their consciences and hearts. After the services were at an end I discovered that one of his sons had suffered no little anxiety while noting the length of the discourse. His filial solicitude lest his father should exceed his strength and peril his health from the fullness of the theme and of his interest in it, was the first intimation that I had that we had exceeded the limit of our usual services. The watch said so as I looked at it; but no one of us who heard the preacher knew in any other way that we had overstayed our ordinary time. He had held us spell-bound to the close.

The second occasion to which I refer was in connection with a Sabbath-school anniversary. While our children were assembling he came in, and we

assigned him a seat where he could see them, and also readily hear the address, which was delivered by a speaker from abroad. After this was concluded he was invited to speak to the Sabbath-schools. In response to this request he gave us a model speech. He told the children of the love of Jesus for each one of them. He recalled his own early years, and his youthful experience of this love of his Saviour. He led them along step by step through the different periods of his life, and with much simplicity and tenderness showed them what religion had done for him; and then he impressed upon them the thought that it was Christ and his salvation that made him so happy and hopeful when drawing near to the eternal world. Afterward, in words so easy, and in sentences so short that the smallest child could understand and follow him, he prayed for the dear children, and commended them to his precious Jesus, while many eyes were filled with tears, and many hearts were moved by his sincere petitions.

Frequently worshiping with our congregation, and in many ways showing his interest in our Church, of which one of his daughters was a member, he sent to the pastor a New-Year Hymn, to be printed with the "Annual Letter," which it is the custom to distribute in our pews on the first Sabbath of each year. It was cheerfully adopted, and it has now a special interest, since it is his latest composition of the kind. It was sung by our people on the Sabbath of the last new year that he was to spend with

us on earth. As some of his friends may be interested to see this hymn, it is here introduced.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By Rev. B. G. Paddock, aged 83 years.

"The Old Year now is gone,
With all its toils and cares;
For us a New Year's born,
And blessings with it bears;
O'er errors past we all should mourn,
And to our God repenting turn.

"O, in the coming year,
If life to us be given,
Lord, may we in thy fear,
Direct our course to heaven,
And serve the Lord, and to his praise
Devote our months, or weeks, or days.

"We join in covenant bands
For Jesus each to live;
To him the head, the hands,
The heart and soul to give:
In this New Year, since God is love,
May we prepare to meet above.

"May holy zeal inspire
Our hearts from day to day,
For the baptism of fire,
We now do humbly pray.
Show us thy mercy, cause thy face,
O God, to shine while thee we praise.

"Come, sacred One in Three,
Dwell in us to the end;
We yield ourselves to thee,
Father, Redeemer, Friend;
Make holy each desire and aim:
The glory be to thy blest name!"

Many pages might be filled with reminiscences of pleasant interviews with this already sainted pilgrim; but I hasten to those hallowed hours when he was drawing near to the end of his course.

In his final sickness the word of Christ dwelt in him richly. He had no fear in view of the cold waves of death. He looked forward with anticipation, and often said, "I am resigned, and willing to wait my Lord's time; but, O! how I shall rejoice when he speaks the word that will call me home!"

While thus looking and waiting for his Lord's coming, he yet keenly enjoyed the society of his friends, often spoke of the beauty of the fields and hills and greenwood near his residence; rejoiced in the sight of flowers and fruits, and seemed to regard all natural objects about him as evidences and types of our Divine Father's goodness, and of the splendor and glory of the better land—the heavenly Canaan.

How precious our last meeting and parting! He could no longer speak. Some of his friends thought that his hearing was also dulled; but when I repeated to him his favorite twenty-third Psalm, a cheerful smile lighted up all his features, and he grasped both my hands in his own. Then, as I prayed with him, commending him as one of his true flock to the blessed Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, though no sound came from his lips, they moved, and *formed* the Amen, that so often had been breathed forth from his very heart.

Farewell, happy spirit! "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" Borne upward to thy Saviour's home, the house of many mansions, thou couldst well echo the inspired and triumphant utterances: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MEMORIAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FROM REV. DR. BANNISTER AND E. M. HUNT, M.D.—LETTERS FROM BISHOPS M'ILVAINE, MORRIS, AND SCOTT.

"EVANSTON, *June* 15, 1873.

"REV. DR. PADDOCK:—

"VERY DEAR BROTHER—Your letter, received yesterday, revived dear remembrances both of yourself and of your brother, the Rev. B. G. Paddock, whose "Memoir," I am happy to learn, you are preparing.

"When I was a lad, not far from twelve years old, I first saw and heard your brother at one of his back-neighborhood appointments, on what was then called, perhaps, the St. Lawrence Circuit in northern New York. His name, with that of the late Rev. Isaac Puffer, was a household word with the older inhabitants, both being remembered with interest as pioneer preachers in that region when it was more sparsely settled.

"At the place of the preaching just mentioned there had recently been a considerable revival of religion, and the sermon was, perhaps, intended to be adapted to that state of things.

"To my young mind all was novel and thrillingly exciting. I had been trained to religious associa-

tions of quite another kind. Habitually thoughtful, my mind was on this occasion stirred to its depths by the text, which I remember well, (Psa. cv, 41,) and by the sermon, the substance of which I have carried to this day. The affectionate and earnest preacher won me at once; and his singing and hearty utterances during the conference or class-meeting, which followed the sermon, so affected me that I held strongly to the school desks lest I should fall from my seat. A year or two later I was soundly converted in connection with numerous schoolmates, all of whom, I think, have passed triumphantly to heaven.

"To myself, and more to my family, it became a great trial that the Methodists—more a despised people than now—seemed to be the class with which, from very principle, I *must* cast my lot. Principle prevailed, and the trial passed. When all struggle was over respecting the question of Church relation, the day of my baptism occurred, the impressive memory of which will be imperishable. Your brother baptized me at a quarterly meeting in the old "Brick Chapel" in South Canton. The external ordinance was sealed by a lasting spiritual baptism. His words of benediction at the close almost ring in my ears at this time. I can now see how crude my experience and ideas were, and had been, but my later larger experiences attest to the genuineness of the great work wrought in me in those feeble years. I think I owe to divinely-

directed influences through your brother on my early life, very much of what I now religiously, though most unworthily, possess.

"And I am much indebted to him in another respect. By becoming a Methodist I lost my opportunity of aid for an education—for which my aspiration was intense and exclusive. But he encouraged me much, and devised means for a start in school life. The means consisted not in money, but in ways of earning money. I was directed to the seminary at Cazenovia, one hundred and fifty miles away. He was transferred to that region in his ministerial work, and assisting him in removal, I passed the first pecuniary difficulty, and found myself registered in that school in the fall of 1831. While preparing for college there I boarded in his family, then residing in the village; and for that family I have always cherished very affectionate regards.

"The later years of Father Paddock I have watched with no small interest. I could never expect, of course, that so cheerful, so hopeful a Christian as he was during all his active career, would fail of a happy old age. His late letters in the "Christian Advocate," so full of Christian joy, have shown how triumphantly this good old man came to his closing days. I longed to see him before he departed, and started to do so on one of the occasions of my visits to New York, but was providentially intercepted. Before the time again fixed by

me to visit him, he was gone. There is left to his friends and spiritual children the legacy of an ever-buoyant, joyful trustfulness in the sinner's Saviour. May the light of his beautiful example in this regard never cease to shine upon us!

HENRY BANNISTER.

"METUCHEN, N. J., *June* 2, 1873.

"TO THE REV. Z. PADDOCK, D.D.:—

"MY DEAR SIR—It is to me a great pleasure to furnish a few lines to the biography of your excellent brother, not merely as one would pay a fond tribute to departed worth, but because I feel that such a life is to all that read of it a kind of spiritual enlightenment, and an example the very contact with which is an influence for good.

"When Father Paddock moved to this place he was far advanced in years; but he had so much of elasticity of spirit, and so much interest in all that related to the kingdom of Christ, and especially the young, that one could not but feel the glow of his ardor, and recognize that it was not mere animal spirits but a grace culture, a bearing of fruit in old age, as a direct result of life-long service for the Master.

"Both as his physician and friend I had good opportunity to see him as he was, and his spiritual as well as material life was to me a subject for careful

study. There was victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil; not such as comes by one conflict, but such as occurs from a long-sustained warfare in which the weapons had not been carnal but spiritual, and had been well handled.

"I could sit by his side and feel that I was learning faith by object teaching. And the fruit of the Spirit—how it clustered there!—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. And then, too, how he exemplified the unity of the faith. He had members of his family prominent both as ministers and laymen, in several denominations; and, although clear in his own predilection, he had the bond of charity in his heart and in his hand, and loved all those who had good hope through grace, or were seeking to attain. He made us all, in his presence and by his words, to feel that we are all one in Christ. Love added to faith was his perfectness; and yet, if one alluded to his amiability, he would ever claim that, by nature, passion with him was strong, and that all he had was of grace.

"In his last sickness he was among the first to recognize the probable result, and early sent for you and other friends in that pleasant way in which one seeks to say farewell to friends whom he would leave for awhile, expecting to meet again. We had often talked together of spiritual things, and in his last sickness his cheery words of faith and trust were in accord with the tenor of his life. No set phrases or

formulated talks, but great outgushings of soul, in short, sweet utterances. You well remember the words in which he welcomed you, and the smile with which he said, 'I shall beat you home, after all, dear brother.'. As he took my hand for the last time, recognizing his rapid decline with quiet submission, he said, 'The Lord reigns,' and soon passed into that dreamy state from which he awoke all renewed and clear in the brightness of the Father's glory. I deem it a spiritual favor that I witnessed such life and such death. May the blessed halo of his example ever tarry around those who enjoyed his acquaintance and fellowship!

"Very respectfully yours,

"EZRA M. HUNT."

From Bishop M'Ilvaïne, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to Rev. B. G. Paddock.

"CINCINNATI, *January* 15, 1868.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I received with much pleasure your letter written last month, and must thank you for the kind words toward myself. If we are laboring in different fields of the one great husbandry—all God's people are 'his husbandry'—we shall belong to the harvest of his salvation and glory on the great day. We live in very trying times of the visible Church and the surrounding world. What we have to do, above all things, is to keep the lamp of God's blessed Gospel shining in our hearts, and

on those around us, so that when the door is **shut** we may be shut *in*.

"The blessing of the Lord abide upon you.

"Your brother in Christ,

"CHARLES P. M'ILVAINE.

"REV. BENJ. G. PADDOCK."

From the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

"SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, *Aug.* 3, 1870.

"REV. B. G. PADDOCK:—

"DEAR BROTHER—Your kind, fraternal letter is received. I knew Peter Vannest, but never saw F. Asbury. I have Asbury's watch and spectacles in trust for my successor in office. But "our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" I was born April 28, 1794, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1813, and was licensed to preach 2d of April, 1814. After preaching over fifty years I broke down with paralysis, and can do nothing, but do not complain. I cheerfully give place to younger and better men, for I feel that with me "time is short," but all right; if I can reach heaven at last, I ask no more. Pray for me. Wishing you peace on earth, and everlasting life in heaven, I am, dear brother,

"Yours in Jesus,

"T. A. MORRIS."

Letter from Bishop Scott.

"ITINERANT'S LODGE, ODESSA, DEL., *Jan.* 9, 1872.

"REV. B. G. PADDOCK:—

"DEAR BROTHER—Your letter of October 23, 1873, with 'Retrospection' inclosed, came duly to hand. . . . The verses, I observe, were composed when you were about my present age—'near threescore and ten.' I entered my seventieth year October 11th last. The reflections are very natural, and they are very suggestive, 'how short life's day has been!' How well is one fitted in advanced years to appreciate the words of the apostle, 'What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' 'Yet a little while and he that shall come will come.' How soon, my brother, will he come to us! I am still in the field, and through preserving mercy I am still able to stand in my lot. I have not yet been compelled to ask any favor in the arrangement of our plans of visitation. But I am growing sensible of change. Preaching exhausts me much, and my memory is become extremely oblivious. But I trust God will hold me up till our mysteriously-reduced little Board can be strengthened. Four out of nine of our number called home within two years, and they the younger members of the Board! Bishop Morris is superannuated, not only for work, but to a large extent for counsel. I am next to him in age. I trust I am ready for the will of my heavenly Father, whatever it may be. Lord, help me!

"I leave, Providence favoring, on the 12th proximo to meet nine conferences in nine successive weeks—then run home, *perhaps*—then meet colleagues — then meet General Conference. This, perhaps, is quite enough for a feeble man near threescore years and ten. But we know not what even a day may bring forth. May we, my dear brother, be always ready!

"Affectionately yours,

"L. SCOTT."

From the date of this last letter it will be seen that it was written several weeks after the death of him to whom it was addressed. At first view, it might seem strange that the bishop should not have heard of an event that had been so widely published. It should be remembered, however, that Bishop Scott, like his episcopal colleagues, at a time when their number was so much reduced, was not only from home a large part of the time, but was necessarily so much engrossed with the accumulated duties of his office that there was little room for any thing else. But then, had the good bishop been advised of the death of my brother, this beautiful and edifying letter would not have been written, and the readers of this book would have lost thus much.

"For human weal Heaven husbands all events."

What a precious thought!

CHAPTER XIX.

COMPOSITIONS.

MANY MANSIONS—GOD IMMUTABLE—EXEGESIS—GOD OUR CREATOR AND REDEEMER—JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

MANY MANSIONS.

In my Father's house are many mansions: . . . I go to prepare a place for you.—JOHN xiv, 2.

A SICK, a homesick child, having been far away from his father's house—suffering, sorrowful, lonely—is now returning. All his thoughts are of home. Nothing but home has any charms for him. Talk to him of pleasant scenes and lovely landscapes by the way, and he has neither ears to hear nor eyes to see. Home fills the whole circle of his vision; it is the only thing that has power over his mind. The old homestead, far away though it be, rises up before him with all the freshness and inspiration of a present reality. Ample and well-furnished rooms await him. Father, mother, brothers, sisters—the whole family—are looking out for him. Nay, more. An elder brother comes to meet him on his homeward journey, and cheeringly says to him: "I have prepared a place for you; all things are now ready; take courage; feeble as you are, you will soon reach home; and, in the bosom of our father's family, you will almost forget the sorrows

and sufferings through which you have passed, now forever at an end!"

Such and far more soul-cheering are the words of the Divine Master. For the sick one away from an earthly home knows, that though he may be so fortunate as to reach it, and though he may find there all he expected, it is, after all, *only* an earthly home, and, as such, can be his for only a very limited and uncertain period. Even then there will be no immunity from the shafts of death, or from its precursors, "the ten thousand ills that flesh is heir to." But the heavenly "mansions" promise an exemption from all of these. In the "place" which the Saviour has gone to prepare for his people,

> "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and feared no more."

Besides, it is a permanent habitation, and not a mere tabernacle, soon to be taken down. In the strong language of inspiration, it is "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It is a habitation which all the force in the universe cannot move, and which the wasteless ages of eternity cannot destroy. The Master is there. And he does not rest in the mere declaration, "I go to prepare a place for you," but adds, "and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." To dwell where Christ is! To make one of his family! What finite mind can reach the sublime conception? "Beloved, now

are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

GOD IMMUTABLE.

Immutability! What an awe-inspiring thought to a reflecting mind, especially to one who, for more than three fourths of a century, has seen nothing, has realized nothing, in the world in which he lives, but change, change, change!—nothing permanent, nothing durable. The very word has a depth of meaning that the human intellect cannot hope to fathom. Familiar as we are only with the ever-fleeting shadows of earth, we are utterly disqualified, without light from above, to take in the idea of that which changeth not. But authority we may not question assures us that the adorable Author of our being is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"—that he "is from everlasting to everlasting"—that "he is in one mind, who can turn him?"—that "with him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." What he *was*, he *is*, and ever *will be*. When here upon earth in human form his benevolent ear never turned away from the voice of human misery. He wept with those that wept, banished the causes of their grief, and sent them away rejoicing. And though he is now glorified, having returned to that throne which he once vacated on an errand of mercy

to our guilty orb, he has lost none of his tenderness. He is still, and always will be till mortality is swallowed up of life, "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He still hears and answers prayer, forgives sin, receives the returning prodigal, comforts the sorrowing, heals the broken-hearted—in a word, does all a loving and unchanging God can do to make men happy on earth and prepare them for heaven. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not "one jot or tittle" of all that he has promised will ever fail of accomplishment. All that any true penitent can possibly desire will be found in him. Are we surrounded with difficulties, and need wisdom? He is "made unto us *wisdom*," as well as "righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Do we feel our weakness, our utter insufficiency to meet the ills and trials of life? "He is the *mighty God*," as well as the "everlasting Father, and the Prince of peace." Are we suffering, or called to perform painful duties? He has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Have we enemies, numerous and malignant? "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And all that we need will be given in answer to prayer; for the command and the promise are alike absolute: "*Ask*, and ye *shall* receive." To all such as walk uprightly, he "will give grace and glory;"—grace here, and glory hereafter. For he who hath promised, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

EXEGESIS.

"By whom we have now received the atonement."

The word *atonement*, according to Dr. N. Webster, means "expiation, satisfaction or reparation made by giving an equivalent for an injury, or by doing or suffering that which is received in satisfaction for an offense or injury." He adds, "In *theology*, the expiation of sin made by the obedience and personal sufferings of Christ." This definition is, doubtless, not only correct, but sufficiently ample to prepare the way for what follows. Man was created with powers and faculties that made him a fit subject of moral government: hence his obligation to obey such moral code as his Maker might see needful for the proper regulation of his moral conduct. To say that man could not keep or obey the law thus given him, would be to implicate the Divine character. It would be equivalent to saying, God is a hard master. It would represent him as requiring of man an obedience which he was made incapable of rendering. But "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Are not his ways always equal? "Man, being left to the freedom of his own will, fell." So says the Assembly's "Catechism." Dr. Isaac Watts, a reputed Calvinist, avers that "no man of brains" will deny the freedom of the human will. The conclusion, then, is, that God made man sufficient to stand, though free to fall. Abusing this freedom, he transgressed the Divine law, lost his

innocence, and thus involved himself and posterity in ruin. The great question, then, is, How and by whom is atonement to be made? In other words, in what way can the law be so satisfied as to harmonize with man's salvation? How can God be just, and yet the justifier of fallen man? If each human being could *now* "fulfill all righteousness," —could meet all the demands of the law,—even this would not atone for the first transgression.

But such faultless obedience is now quite out of the question. Man's moral powers are so deteriorated that he cannot render it. An atonement is, therefore, needful, not only to repair the breach which sin has made in the law of God, but to supply the grace needful in order to future obedience. The question, then, returns, By whom can the expiation, the needed atonement, be made? This is purely a matter of revelation. Human wisdom, even in its most perfect state, could never solve the problem. It is for God, the great source of all law, to say by whose agency, and in what way, satisfaction can be given, and the salvation of the transgressor made possible. Nor has he failed to speak out on the subject. Indeed, the whole process of human salvation is so clearly and so fully set forth, especially in the New Testament, that the sincere inquirer after the way of life can hardly fail to find it. Here we find such statements as the following: "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law."

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." Christ "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." "But now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

These are only a very small part of the passages that set forth the doctrine of atonement by Christ; but they are sufficient to indicate the drift of Scripture teaching. By the death of the only-begotten of the Father the salvation of the repenting and believing sinner is made consistent both with the justice and the veracity of the Supreme Creator. All of the terms employed in the statement of the doctrine most clearly show that the atonement, the "propitiation," is equal to all the moral necessities of fallen humanity. Hence the triumphant Redeemer says, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." All legal obstructions are so completely removed that if sinners are lost, it will be because they reject Christ, and thus seek death in the error of their ways. God has said, in the most solemn and explicit terms, that he has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." The bitterest ingredient in the cup of the sinner's

final doom will be the reflection, that he *might* have availed himself of the merits of the Saviour, and thus secured an inheritance with the saints in light. The fault of his ruin is all his own. On the other hand, he who avails himself of proffered mercy, and thus secures the salvation of his soul, will owe all to the great atonement. But for this he must have been lost forever. A consciousness of this truth will influence all his future being; so that when with the redeemed before the throne, he will join them in saying: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; . . . to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

GOD OUR CREATOR AND REDEEMER.

"*What is man?*" Who can satisfactorily answer this question? If we inquire in respect to either his origin, his nature, or his destiny, we meet, every now and then, with what looks like insolvable mysteries. No very profound knowledge of even our own physical natures is necessary to make us feel as did the inspired Psalmist, when he was led to exclaim, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" But common sense, as well as the profoundest philosophy, teaches that nonentity cannot put forth creative power; in other words, that nothing can ever produce something. But the universe exists, and man exists as a part of it. And yet nothing can exist without an adequate cause, while the cause must be superior to the effect. The vessel

must be larger than its contents, as the contents are necessarily less than that which contains them. Hence, man cannot comprehend himself, as the comprehended must be less than the comprehender; so that man, to comprehend himself, must be greater than himself, which is an absurdity, an impossibility. Now if man cannot comprehend his own existence, much less can he comprehend the Cause of that existence. From these considerations we may discover the absolute necessity of believing in a CAUSELESS CAUSE, that is, a self-existent being, a being who was, who is, and who is to be, unchangeably the same; a being with whom "there is no variableness nor shadow of turning."

And here we may note, that, so far as is satisfactorily known, no nation exists on earth some of whose inhabitants do not in some way manifest their conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being. In civilized countries this being is called *God*, *Jehovah*, the *Deity*, and by other names that indicate his absolute supremacy. The biographers of the first Napoleon tell us that when some of his infidel officers were scouting the idea of a Supreme Being in his presence one cloudless evening, he simply directed their attention to the starry canopy, and said, "Gentlemen, who made all of those worlds?" It is needless to add, that they were silent. The poet, referring to those same worlds, supposes them ever to sing—

"The hand that made us is Divine."

God was self-moved to create intelligent beings, not only in heaven above, but upon the earth beneath; preparing for the latter every thing that might minister to their happiness; furnishing them with senses as inlets to instruction and pleasure; adapted to apprehend, receive, and enjoy all that the multifarious works of God address to them; thus demonstrating to them not only his wisdom and power, but the infinite goodness of his very nature. Judging from these facts, how could right reason reach any other conclusion than that this glorious being could and would make a clear and satisfactory revelation of himself to beings so situated? With such a revelation we *are* favored in "the book divine." Evidences of this are too numerous and too conclusive to admit of a reasonable doubt.

Besides the absolute necessity of such a revelation, we are directed to the fulfillment of prophecy, the miracles wrought, the remarkable preservation of the sacred writings, their unity of design and correspondence of parts, and especially the elevating moral tendency of the whole, which, taken together, to say nothing of other sources of evidence, supply an argument that has never been answered, and, we may confidently say, without unseemly boasting, never will be. "Here is firm footing, here is solid rock." And all of this vast expenditure of means and of effort for the good of man! Can any thing be more wonderful? That, amid all the splendor and grandeur of his other works, God should select man

and fix on him his peculiar attention, is matter of admiration indeed! But the crowning act of all is the gift of his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. It is not marvelous that, in view of such astonishing displays of the Divine perfections, St. Paul should exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" His creating goodness, his preserving mercy, his redeeming love —in a word, all he has done and is still doing, both in providence and grace, should take us in adoring awe and absorbing gratitude to the foot of his throne.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

Biographical sketches, especially of eminent and distinguished characters, are, to most persons, more interesting than almost any other species of composition. Among such sketches, however, none are either so interesting in themselves, or so well adapted to promote the profit of the reader, as are those found in the sacred writings. Though laconic, they are not only graphic, but always truthful; presenting such aspects of character as can hardly fail to suggest useful lessons. I dare not aver that the one assigned me as a theme of thought and portrayal is more suggestive than many others that might be selected from the same precious repository; but it is still one of very great interest. The part acted by the virgin daughter of Jephthah, the

latter at the time generalissimo of the Israelitish army, certainly was not either trivial or unimportant. Honorable mention is made of it, not only by the eminent Jewish historian, Josephus, but by the great apostle to the Gentiles himself. Heb. xi, 32. Such a character must certainly be worthy of notice and commendation. Let us, then, contemplate it a little more specifically.

I. HER PATRIOTISM. The Amorites had arranged themselves in hostile attitude against the children of Israel, and, for a time, every thing in regard to the latter wore a dubious aspect. Distrust and anxiety overspread the whole community. But, under the wise generalship and heroic daring of Jephthah, the enemies of Israel had been discomfited and put to flight; and now the victorious commander, followed by his gallant forces, returns to assure his brethren of his triumph and their safety. The effect it may not be difficult to imagine. Congratulations and rejoicing were every-where heard. But among the thousands of Israel none appear to have entered more heartily into the spirit of the occasion than did the daughter of the conqueror. Hearing that her father was on his way back to Mizpeh, she went out to meet him "with timbrels and dances;" leading off in the strongest expressions of gratitude and patriotic joy in view of the great deliverance wrought for her people. As the renowned sister of Moses sang, after the destruction of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea, "the Lord hath overthrown the

horse and his rider," so now this lovely young woman seems to exclaim, as she approaches the conquering captain, "God has given us the victory. Proud foes rode up against his chosen tribes; but, blest of Him, my own dear father struck the blow, and they are fallen—fallen, I trust, to rise no more!" Who but an alien, an enemy, or a stoic could do otherwise than sympathize in this outburst of patriotic joy? The love of country is by no means confined to the male bosom. In thousands of instances this sterling virtue has been displayed, and is now being displayed, even under its purest and highest type, by those in whom we are accustomed to look only for the deepest pity and the tenderest affection. Nor is the sentiment incongruous in the female bosom. It becomes woman well. It was charming in the daughter of Jephthah. It added a special luster to her character.

II. HER FILIAL AFFECTION. It was her loved *father's* return that so gladdened her affectionate soul. During his protracted absence, many a sad thought had clouded her otherwise happy mind. Many an anxious hour had slowly passed away, attended with sighs and tears, lest he who fought in defense of his family and his country should fall in the bloody conflict. How like the shining forth of the morning's sun, then, from a clear, blue sky, after a dark and dreary night, must that hour have been ushered in, when the trumpet's blast and the army's shout proclaimed the safe return of the Israelitish champion

—the adored father of this affectionate daughter! Scarcely any thing else could be imagined more creditable to this lovely young woman than the transport of joy which the safe return of her honored sire occasioned her. Filial affection, even when the object of it is far less deserving than in the present instance, gives additional beauty to the female character. Without this quality the heroine of Mizpeh would have appeared in a far less amiable and attractive light.

III. THE SPIRIT OF PROMPT OBEDIENCE, so heroically displayed by this remarkable young woman, is also an admirable characteristic. No sooner is she informed of her father's vow, rash though it may have been, than she expressed her perfect willingness to submit to whatever deprivation it might occasion her. Its execution might involve her personal liberty and extinguish her prospect of most desirable domestic connections; but all this would be nothing to her when viewed in comparison with the dishonor which must attach to her father should he fail practically to carry out his vow. A life of virginity and religious seclusion might be tolerable to her, could she take with her the reflection that *she* had done nothing to hinder the execution of a vow so solemnly, nay, so religiously made. It is, indeed, wonderful to see how she comforted and encouraged her father when he was compelled to face the terrible crisis consequent upon his vow. As if almost fearful that parental affection would

get the better of him and cause him to recede from a purpose he had so solemnly formed and so specifically expressed, she said unto him, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth." As if she had said, My personal convenience must not, for a moment, weigh against a religious obligation. Be faithful to your God, whatever may become of me.

IV. HER PIETY IS HAPPILY DISPLAYED IN HER DISTINCT AND EMPHATIC RECOGNITION OF GOD'S SPECIAL PROVIDENCE IN THE DELIVERANCE WROUGHT FOR HER PEOPLE. She was proud of the part acted by her heroic father and his gallant army. They had acquitted themselves with distinguished ability, and peans might justly be sung to their praise. But back of all, and giving efficiency to all, she saw "the hand Divine." As a reason why her father's vow should be scrupulously executed, she said to him: "Forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon." Thus tacitly admitting that, but for the Divine agency, the whole expedition would have been an utter failure. We see, then, that religion supplied her with the one great controlling principle of life. It was this that shaped and governed all her movements. She could part with any thing, could cheerfully give up her most dearly cherished plans, but the Divine glory must be neither tarnished nor obscured. Here,

then, the young, especially young ladies, should see their model. Never lose sight of Him that sits upon the throne!

V. BUT WHAT WAS THE NATURE OF JEPHTHAH'S VOW, AND WHAT WAS ITS PRACTICAL EFFECT UPON HIS DAUGHTER? To answer this question at large would be inconsistent with the necessary limits of the present paper. A very few words will, however, be sufficient to set forth our general view of the subject. From what has already been said it will be seen that we can by no means sanction the idea that this lovely young woman was offered in bloody sacrifice to the Lord. Such sacrifices were ever an abomination to the God of Israel, and this was one of the chief reasons why he drove out the Canaanites from the Holy Land. They caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Moloch; thus exhibiting such unnatural cruelty as to render them utterly loathsome to the God of love. Any religion that goes against the uncorrupted instincts of humanity cannot be the religion of the Bible. Besides, the law of Moses expressly prohibits such sacrifices, of which Jephthah must have been aware, and, therefore, could not have contemplated such an offering as even a possible issue. His language was, "Whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." Judges xi, 31. Dr. Adam Clarke says

that the best Hebrew scholars translate the conjunction *vauv*, not always as a copulative, but often as a disjunctive; so that the reading should be, that "shall surely be the Lord's, *or*," (not *and*,) "I will offer it for a burnt offering." The evident meaning is, "If it be a thing fit for a burnt offering, it shall be made one; if fit otherwise for the service of the Lord, it shall be consecrated to him." That Jephthah's daughter was simply devoted to some special religious service that involved her perpetual, her life-long *virginity*, the whole history seems clearly to indicate. Had she been put to death, the sympathetic mourning of her associates for her virginity would have been simply absurd; as if that were a thing more dreadful than death itself.

CHAPTER XX.

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

SIMPLY as *poetry*, the following compositions may have no very great merit. But as they are of elevated religious tendency, and therefore, perhaps, adapted to do a little good; and as it is thought their publication here may please many of the author's old friends, they are inserted. It should be remembered, too, that they were mostly composed when the writer was "old and well stricken in years," and when he thus sought to beguile the occasional weariness incident to the infirmities of age.

CHRISTMAS GIFT OF A GRANDFATHER TO HIS GRANDCHILDREN.*

Hail! happy Christmas Day,
That we have lived to see!
In heart we join the lay,
To praise the Deity.
The Christmas gifts we all do love;
But Christ, God's gift, is from above.

God's gift unspeakable!
The gift of his loved Son:
Now pard'ning grace is full
To each believing one—
The gift of God to sinners given,
To lead them safe from earth to heaven.

* Written by a grandfather eighty years of age.

The prophets join their songs
In harmony of praise:
Our song to earth belongs—
The Christian's song we'll raise:
From other gifts we lift our eyes
To God's gift coming from the skies.

Come let us join and sing
The song which angel's sang:
Glory to God our King,
Who saves rebellious man!
Glory and peace, good-will divine—
The new-born Christ—the holy sign!

If angels round the throne
Commenced the Christmas song,
We now will join as one
And thus the song prolong,
And spread the sound from shore to shore,
Till time and earth shall be no more.

The angels came to earth
Tidings of joy to bring,
Proclaiming Jesus' birth,
The Prince of Peace, their King.
Good-will and love on earth do reign,
For Christ is born in Bethlehem!

RETROSPECTION.

My threescore years are more than gone;
They're fled away like early dawn;
Yea, threescore years and ten.
And like a *dream* the past seems now;
Time's marks are plain upon my brow;
How short life's day hath been!

My months are gone and fled away;
The flight of time makes no delay;
It waits at no man's call.
My years and months are all now fled,
Gray hairs are now upon my head;
Like autumn-leaves they fall.

My weeks are gone, ne'er to return,
As mists of night at opening morn:
O time, how swift it flies!
They soon passed off with lightning's flight,
And fled away as rays of light
When day expires and dies.

My days and hours are also gone,
In quick succession they have flown,
All numbered with the past.
The rolling globe and whirling spheres
Annihilate both days and years,
Swept off as with a blast.

My spring of life long since hath fled,
And summer, too, hath also sped,
And autumn died away:
Minutes are gone, all numbered, too;
My earthly race I have passed through;
How short and swift life's day!

My time is gone—my time of life;
Some spent in calm, and some in strife,
For good or ill 'twas spent.
For ill-spent time I fain would mourn;
Hence give my time to God alone;
Receive it but as lent.

Awake, my heart; arise, my soul;
Press forward to the heavenly goal,
And well life's remnant spend.
The means of grace, on earth below,
To serve my God, ah! well I know
All soon for me will end.

Thine aid, O God, I humbly crave;
Thy grace and Spirit to me give,
And guard me by thy love:
O leave me not, though youth is gone,
But gently hand me to the tomb,
Then take my soul above!

With the redeemed I fain would join
To sing the song of love Divine,
And chant my Saviour's praise:
I'd vie with those who're saved by grace,
And cast my crown before thy face,
O God, Ancient of days!

ON PRESENTING THE HOLY BIBLE TO MY DAUGHTER, M. L. PADDOCK.

This precious Book, the gift of God,
The revelation of his word,
The Book of books—the *best:*
This is the gift I offer thee,
True guide to an eternity
Of life, of love, of rest.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."

In youthful days, though full of glee,
No real peace I then could see,
Or satisfying rest:
The law condemned my guilty soul
In every act, sin had control,
And guilt lay on my breast.

Sin's path of promise led astray,
And, disappointed day by day,
No rest I here could find,
Till in our Jesus I did see
The way of life, divinely free
For every troubled mind.

He plead my cause, I plainly saw,
And justified the claims of law—
Just claims against my soul:
His precious life a ransom paid,
And all my sins were on him laid;
My foes he did control.

His precious life he freely gave
Our guilty race, that he might save
And cure the sin-sick soul.
So full and free I saw the plan:
He died for all—for every man—
To make the wounded whole.

O come, immortal soul, now come!
The Gospel cries, there still is room;
Next hour may be too late.
Thousands his power to save have proved,
Now you are called to taste his love;
Death soon may seal your fate!

Unnumbered years have fled their way;
Jesus remains the same to-day—
A Saviour and a God:
As, then, we find him still the same,
Salvation is in Jesus' name;
This is his changeless word.

Here safely we may ever trust;
Jesus the last—as truly first—
Immutable is he.
Sun, moon, and stars must soon retire;
All earthly things consume in fire;
But Christ the same will be.

All praise to God, the Holy One,
To Jesus Christ, his well-loved Son,
And to the Holy Ghost!
All heaven and earth in this unite,
To praise Jehovah day and night,
A vast, unnumbered host.

THE PILGRIM'S STRENGTH.

"Pray without ceasing," is the way;
And also "watch" as well as pray,
The Saviour says to all.
The path of life we must pursue;
Its living way will lead us through
Our conflicts, great or small.

Then, pilgrim, stand both firm and true,
In holiness your way pursue,
  Your eye of faith keep clear.
All worldly charms must be denied,
From every sin turn thou aside;
  Your foes you need not fear.

The Christian's Guide will lead you right,
And comfort you in each affright,
  And all your fears allay.
Cheer up, ye saints! on Christ depend,
He'll lead you safely to the end,
  And give you heaven's bright day.

Thousands have trod this heavenly road
That leads the soul to Christ's abode,
  And gained the world above:
Then, O my soul, dry up thy tears
And cast away all needless fears!
  With courage onward move!

The toils and ills of mortal life,
The disappointment and the strife,
  Will soon have fled away;
Our many conflicts here below,
Our earthly care and human woe,
  Be changed as night to day.

Then, O my soul, cast all thy care
Upon Christ's arm, all strong to bear
  And fear not—only trust.
For all who trust in Him alone
Will surely meet around his throne,
  And sing among the just.

GOSPEL INVITATION.

The Gospel calls to-day
  To all, both far and near;
It's of life's happy way
  That you are called to hear:
'Tis mercy's call, O heed it now,
And unto Jesus humbly bow.

The invitation's given,
And each may freely come;
It is the road to heaven,
And at this feast there's room:
Why tarry now? Come, speed your way,
Nor hesitate, nor stay away.

Jesus hath died for you,
"He tasted death for all,"
To give all life anew:
Come! it is mercy's call.
O! fellow-men, why will you stay?
This is the road to endless day.

And if you tarry long,
It soon may be too late;
And then you'll sadly mourn
Your folly and your fate.
The day of grace forever past!
O, seal not thus your doom at last!

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

Come, precious youth, please lend an ear;
It is the truth which you shall hear.
I once was young, as you are now,
Though lines of age are on my brow.

In early life God laid his claim
Upon my soul—made duty plain;
Led me to Christ to yield my heart,
And then I found—the better part.

Now wisdom's ways have pleasant been,
And happy days I've surely seen:
To this good way I all invite;
'Tis always safe and ever bright.

Now on the brink of life and death,
I feel prepared to yield my breath;
Through Christ alone I make my plea,
That he in glory I may see.

Now, precious youth, come *try* this way,
And you'll find true all that I say:
You'll ne'er repent if *now* you start;
In youthful days give CHRIST your heart.

"OUR FATHER."

Our Father who in heaven art,
Thee would we love with all our heart;
The Father of our mercies all,
Give us the grace on thee to call.

Thou art enthroned in heaven above,
Thy throne on earth, in man, is love;
O may thy name so hallowed be
That all on earth shall honor thee.

Thy kingdom come in every breast,
And reign in peace which giveth rest;
Thy glory thus be spread abroad,
Till all shall learn to know the Lord.

Thy will on earth shall then be done,
And saints and angels thus be one;
Obey God here, as those above,
Thy righteous reign—a reign of love.

Feed us, our Father, day by day,
Both soul and body—thus we pray—
Give us this day our daily bread;
By thee alone can we be fed.

A pard'ning spirit may we have,
The wrongs of others to forgive;
So pardon for our sins obtain,
And justified our souls remain.

And, as exposed we daily are
To Satan's ever-ready snare,
We humbly pray thee be our guide;
In safety's paths may we abide.

Save us, our Father, from each ill;
Help us to do thy holy will;
Thy kingdom, and the power Divine,
And glory, evermore be thine.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.*

When God was pleased all things to make,
He made all things for his own sake.
When he created man, he said
It would be best for man to wed.

In God's own words: "It is not good"
(E'en in Eden) "that the man should
Be alone." But what, or who the friend,
Angel, or man, will God now send?

Lo! when asleep, from Adam's side,
God took the means to make a *bride!*
Yea, for the joys and ills of life,
God gave him *Eve* to be his *wife.*

* * * * *

Things now are changed. To have a wife
Man now must woo with winsome strife.
He must not *sleep*, but stir abroad,
And pray for aid from heaven's Lord.

And when success doth him attend,
He should thank God for his new friend;
And strive to live a holy life,
And live in love with his dear wife.

* Suggested by the marriage of the author's son, Dr. Wilbur F. Paddock.

Z. Paddock.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING MORE EXTENDED SKETCHES OF REVS.
GEORGE GARY, ABNER CHASE, WILLIAM CASE,
SETH MATTISON, ISAAC PUFFER,
CHARLES GILES, AND OTHERS.

APPENDIX.

REV. GEORGE GARY.

THE Rev. GEORGE GARY was born in Middlefield, Otsego County, N. Y., on the 8th of December, 1793. The death of his mother, when he was about two years old, occasioned the removal of the family to Pomfret, Conn., from which place they had previously emigrated. Here he spent his childhood and early youth. Gravity and thoughtfulness, as compared with most persons of his age, seemed to make him, in a sense, one by himself. He was not only free from practical immorality, in all its forms, but evinced little relish for even the usual pleasures and frivolities of early life.

At the age of thirteen he began to lead a life of prayer; more, however, from a deep conviction that he *ought* to be religious than from any alarming sense of sin. In December, 1807, he listened to a sermon from the Rev. Elijah R. Sabin, which not only impressed him with a sense of his lost condition, but so clearly opened to him the way of salvation, that he at once fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before him. Heavenly peace flowed into his soul, and he now began in good earnest to lead a new life. This blessed change occurred on the evening of the day before he was fourteen years old.

His promising gift in prayer and exhortation was soon recognized. Young as he was, he was encouraged to

take part in social meetings, and occasionally to give a more formal word of exhortation. Exercising himself in this way, he soon began to query whether it might not be his duty to devote himself to the Christian ministry. In the winter of 1808, he had frequent interviews with his spiritual father, the Rev. Mr. Sabin, who not only encouraged him to continue his public efforts, but gave him such advice as seemed appropriate to one who was entering upon a work of most fearful responsibilities. The following spring his special patron took him with him to various places on his district, at which he sometimes exhorted, and at others attempted to preach. These efforts were so satisfactory that, at a Quarterly Conference for the Pomfret Circuit, held in May, 1809, he was licensed to preach, and recommended to the New England Conference as a suitable person to be received on trial in the itinerancy. Thus, when he was only about fifteen and a half years old, his name was formally entered on the roll of the Conference, being, probably, the youngest minister ever admitted to the traveling connection in any part of the Church.

Gary's first appointment was in Vermont, some two hundred miles from home. When he was about starting, his uncle, who was not only a Methodist, but a man of much shrewdness, said to him, "George, never pretend that you know much, or the people will soon find that you are sadly mistaken; neither tell them how little you know, for this they will find out soon enough." This quaint advice was not only frequently adverted to in after life, but, judging from his habits, was really adopted as a sort of practical motto.

The first Conference Mr. Gary attended in person was in 1810, where he attracted great attention as being the youngest preacher any of its members had ever seen.

Meeting him, Bishop Asbury—not in the way of ordination—laid his hands on his head, and blessed him in the name of the Lord. "We cannot," said he, "promise you ease, or honor, or money, but work enough while you live, and the crown of life when you die." He remained in the New England Conference four years, being admitted to full membership in that body, ordained both deacon and elder, and doing the work of an evangelist to the great satisfaction of all concerned. One incident in his personal history, while laboring in connection with that Conference, is too significant to be passed in silence. He often adverted to it in after years, but never without irrepressible emotion. The following is substantially his account of it: "After evening service in a sparsely settled neighborhood, an elderly gentleman invited me to take lodgings at his house that night. I accepted the invitation, and accompanied him home, where I found he had no family but his aged wife. After supper and family worship they asked me to occupy the bed in the room where we were sitting. I did so with embarrassment, supposing that they themselves would be obliged to sleep in the chamber. But what was my surprise, on awakening toward morning, to find them both by the fire in their chairs, which they had silently occupied through the night. Delicately alluding to it in the morning, they both assured me they were amply repaid for sitting up during the night, by the honor of entertaining one of Christ's servants. Never," he was accustomed to say, "did a sense of personal unworthiness more overwhelm me." This act of affection and respect, on the part of this venerable pair, will be seen in a strong light when it is recollected that the object of it had not as yet reached the years of legal manhood. It was simply his

Christian and ministerial character that gave him so high a place in their affectionate regards. Thus it will be seen that, though the itinerant of that day was treated by one class as "the filth of the world, and the offscouring of all things," he was by another regarded almost as an angel of God.

As Mr. Gary's father and other kindred resided in Central New York, in 1813 he sought and obtained a transfer to the Genesee Conference, and was appointed to the Herkimer Circuit. A mere catalogue of the several charges he served while he remained on the effective list could, however, have little practical value here, and especially as such a catalogue may be easily found elsewhere. It will be sufficient to say, that he generally occupied positions which, in point of importance, were second to none in this part of the Church. He was pastor on our best circuits and stations; he was many years presiding elder; he pretty uniformly represented the body of which he was a member in the General Conference; and, in one instance, he received a respectable number of votes for the office of Bishop. Those who knew him best had great confidence, not only in the soundness of his judgment, but also and especially in his unyielding integrity. When, in 1843, matters in the Oregon Mission were supposed to require special examination and adjustment, Bishop Hedding recommended Elder Gary to the Mission Board in New York as an eminently suitable person to be sent upon that delicate mission. He was accordingly appointed, and every thing satisfactorily arranged during the four years he stayed in that distant land.

But, though supported by the presence and efficient aid of his excellent wife, his toils and exposures materially affected his health. Indeed, it is doubted whether

he ever fully recovered—so recovered as to be as wel as he was before. To go to Oregon thirty years since was a very different thing from what it is now. No Pacific railroad had then been even thought of. Few others than vigorous men attempted the overland route, and to perform the journey in that way required tedious months. Mr. Gary judged it wise to take the water route, "doubling Cape Horn," both going and coming. To accomplish the voyage took about five months each way. During the homeward journey Mr. Gary was very sick; so sick that, at times, it looked much as if the ocean must be his grave. Home and rest, however, acted genially upon him, and, after a few months, he resumed his place as an effective itinerant in the Black River Conference. But as early as 1854, only five years after his return, he found himself too much under the influence of disease to continue his labors, and accordingly took a superannuated relation. The precise nature of his complaint it was difficult to determine. The most careful diagnosis resulted in no satisfactory conclusion, and, of course, no successful remedy was, or could be, applied.* Still, no apprehensions of a fatal issue were felt until within a few weeks of the time of his death. But then the foundations of life seemed to give way rapidly. Paroxysms of dreadful suffering supervened, with more or less frequency, as if Providence intended to make him a glorious example of faith and patience. If such were the object, it was abundantly accomplished.

* A *post mortem* examination was made, when it was found that two abscesses had formed in and discharged from the right lobe of the liver, and that a third had formed and progressed to an advanced stage in the left. As would be naturally expected, a corresponding derangement in the gall and stomach was also found.

A more happy termination of life can hardly be imagined. Throughout Mr. Gary's whole sickness he exhibited, not only submission, patience, and perfect peace, but especially, toward the last, triumph and holy joy. Those who had long known him, who were familiar with his mental habits and religious exercises, anticipated for him no such excellent end. However impassioned in the pulpit, in speaking of his own religious state he had always been singularly modest and reserved. He scarcely ever expressed any thing like emotion. That he had found pardon and acceptance with God, and was trying to lead the life of the righteous, might be said to comprehend the substance of his communications, even in the most animated social meetings. But now the whole scene was changed. He had reached the land of Beulah, and light from above made all within and about him glorious. He was lifted out of himself; he was no longer George Gary, but a seraph. He not only seemed to breathe the spirit, but to speak the language, of the heavenly world.

His only daughter, wife of Dr. H. R. Clarke, now of the Wyoming Conference, took notes of his more remarkable sayings, from the 14th of March to the time of his death, which occurred on the 25th *idem*. The daughter states that she reports his exact words, without any attempt to either embellish or modify them. As specimens we give the following: "I have great comfort; the Lord deals very graciously with me." Being asked by the Rev. Lewis Stanley how the work of the ministry now seemed to him, he replied, "It is the noblest work of earth; nay, it is not of earth." Again, he was asked how he viewed the sacrifices he had made in that work? His answer was: "I have made none; I can only hide behind the cross." At a time

of great distress, he said, "The harbor is in view; though the winds and waves may keep me out, it is desirable to enter and be at rest. But he that has given me grace will not forsake me in this hour." At another time of great suffering he said, "Thanks to my Saviour, release *has* come!

> "'When I begin thy praise,
> Where will the growing numbers end—
> The numbers of thy grace?'

I, even I, shall see him! Thank the Lord!"

To console one just come to see him, he said, "How much better this than it might be! What reason for thankfulness! We shall all pass along soon! When Providence calls, rejoice. The Lord's time is the best time." On Sabbath morning, the 11th, he said, "This would be a good morning to pass away. I want to know exactly how my case is viewed." Being told that it was thought the last night, that death would come before morning, and that it seemed probable that to-day his sufferings would end, he replied, "My sufferings have been great, but my consolations have been greater. I do not wish to be gone to escape suffering; that would be a wrong motive. I have thought, perhaps, when greatly reduced in body, the enemy might come upon me with temptations. But the Lord has kept me. Thank the Lord! When once safely landed, forever safe."

In the afternoon of the same day he was thought to be dying. He asked if it were not so; and being told that it seemed as if all would soon be over with him, he said, "I thought so." Soon reviving a little, he added, with mingled earnestness and composure, "The Saviour rules; the reins of government are in his hands; but his ways are not our ways, nor his

thoughts our thoughts: as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways and thoughts above ours. He does every thing right—grandly, grandly, (a favorite expression with him.) It is all for the best. I have no fearful apprehensions for the future. He makes this bed of suffering a downy bed—yes, an easy, downy bed. O, it is worth a life of sacrifice and toil to enjoy this hour so well! Here let me pause a few minutes. Perhaps others, gone before me, are waiting for my poor arrival. What an eternity of bliss! Eternity of bliss! God be praised!"

To friends who called the next morning Mr. Gary said, "I am still here. My confidence is in God. I wait patiently all the days of my appointed time." To another, "I am passing through pretty easily. I do not know what the last struggle will be, nor how hard; but the Lord will provide." The following morning he said, "I have had two days of great enjoyment. I do not wish to die to avoid suffering—none which the Lord may see fit to send upon me. I have never before felt so resigned to suffering as now." The next Saturday evening he said, "My decline is as gentle as the summer's setting sun. O, how I lean, as on the bosom of a friend." Asking his physician, "What is the prospect?" and being told that it was but a faint flutter of the pulse, and that, from appearances, he could not last two hours, he expressed a desire to be raised up, when he kissed each member of his family, and with great sweetness said, "It is all right; it is all right."

Contrary to expectation, he again revived, but continued in the same tranquil and happy frame. On Wednesday, the 21st, he said, "I am clear in mind, and feel so calm. My confidence is unalterably and immovably fixed on God. I see such a provision for all

my follies, my failures, and my sins, in the atonement, that I hide myself in Christ, who died the just for the unjust; and he will bring me to God." On the following Friday he again seemed to be dying, when he said, "If I am gone, it is all right." Pausing a little, and looking up, he said, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." An hour after he inquired, "Shall I have many more conflicts with the wind and storm before reaching the blessed port?" On Saturday he said, "I am exceedingly happy," and continued in the same blissful frame till the next day, March 25, 1855, when he passed to the world of light.*

From the preceding account the reader will probably agree with the writer, that a more desirable death has seldom been recorded in the annals of the Church. The inference is, that Gary was an eminently devoted

* Having completed this account of Gary's last hours, I took it with me when I went to visit a dying young man in my neighborhood, Charles R. Brown, son of the late sheriff of Broome County, N. Y. The reading of it to him had a most happy effect. Young as he was—being only about nineteen—his experiences were strikingly similar to those of this good man. He had been supposed to be within an hour or two of death for more than two weeks, so that it seemed as if the ligaments of life could scarcely be severed. But, like Gary, he was all patience and submission. The testimony he bore, as well practically as verbally, to the power of an evangelical faith, was enough to put infidelity to the blush. "Did you ever think," said he to a friend who called to see him, "that it was so sweet, so joyful, to die?" If to suffer on would be of any use to the world he was in no hurry to go; but if his work were done, he would like to depart and be with Christ. In just this frame he lingered along for full three weeks, experiencing the most terrible bodily sufferings, and then entered into rest. The boasted genius of human philosophy never yet conducted any one of her blinded votaries with a thousandth part of the same care down to and through the dark valley and shadow of death. If "that life is long that answers life's great end," this young man lived longer than most who see their threescore years and ten.

Christian—a conclusion that harmonizes with his whole personal history. He may have erred in being so slow to speak of his own religious experience. Probably he did err. Had he been more ready to let his light shine, in this respect, it is quite possible he might have exerted a wider and more salutary influence. The tired and hesitating, among very good people, might have been encouraged and strengthened by his example. But then it should not be forgotten, that unbecoming forwardness has been productive of consequences vastly more malign. Hasty, ill-timed, pompous professions have inflicted an amount of injury upon the cause of religion which it would be difficult to estimate. Aware of this, our subject may have run into the opposite extreme. It should be added, however, that he was just as inapt to speak of himself in reference to other matters. His tastes and his habits were alike utterly opposed to any thing and every thing like egotism. Even when it seemed as if he ought to make himself known, his habit of reticence often prevailed. We have room for only a single instance, a very suggestive one, however.

In 1818, when only about twenty-three years of age, Mr. Gary was appointed Presiding Elder of the Oneida District. During the year he had occasion to visit the place from which he had been transferred a few years previously. While on the journey he found himself obliged to pass a Sabbath where he was personally unknown, but where he had little difficulty in finding private quarters among those whose Church relations were similar to his own. They heard from him simply that he was a Methodist, and that he sometimes spoke in public. He was taken with them to their place of worship, and introduced to their venerable minister, the Rev. B. Hibbard,

who had charge of the circuit. All the information they could give touching the stranger was so indefinite, and his appearance was so youthful, that Mr. H. thought he ought to know more about him before it would be quite proper to resign to him his pulpit. All his inquiries, however, led to no satisfactory conclusion. He found that he was neither an exhorter nor a local preacher, but simply that he was a member of the Genesee Conference. Just then, however, he was on no particular circuit, though he labored chiefly within the bounds of the Oneida District. This last statement might have suggested his office had he been an older man; but one so young could not be thought of in connection with the presiding eldership. Thus baffled, the preacher in charge thought it proper simply to allow him to preach in the evening, when he himself would necessarily be elsewhere. But the discourse that evening captivated the people; they had never before heard any thing quite equal to it. The report of it reaching the ears of the venerable pastor, and the dubious character of the answers he had received from the stranger being called to remembrance, he was led to examine the Conference Minutes, from which he learned that the young man whom he had treated with so much *caution* was a regularly appointed presiding elder! The mortification experienced by the venerable pastor was equaled only by the gratification of the young elder in having carried out his *incognito* so effectually.

Grave and dignified as Gary was before the public, there was, beyond all question, an original element in his nature that led him to court such issues, and consequently to enjoy them. He was a great favorite of children, and yet he was always involving them in some playful dilemma, from which they saw not how to extricate

themselves. A more genial spirit is seldom found in this somber world. Though reserved among strangers, the society of those whom he knew was always cheered and enlivened by his presence. As he was hardly ever thrown from his mental balance, or his equanimity disturbed, so he was never acrimonious, unkind, or even discourteous. But while he hated nobody he had his special friendships, which were always supported by the strictest fidelity and honor. A more reliable friend is seldom, if ever, found in this imperfect state.

As another example of Elder Gary's cheerful spirit and innocent humor, even in the midst of afflictions, the reader will doubtless be pleased with the following: In 1833, when traveling the Oneida District a second time, he had a very serious fall. Being in the northwestern part of his charge, and all the male portion of the family with whom he had passed the night having left for their daily toil early in the morning, there was no one to hitch up his horse but himself when he was ready to leave. His harness had been placed by his host in the loft of an out-building, only one half of which was covered by a floor. To this the Elder ascended by the usual flight of stairs, and having taken his harness from the pin upon which it had been suspended, he somehow lost his balance, and fell from the chamber floor to the ground, a distance of twelve or fourteen feet. He not only dislocated his wrist and mangled his arm, but was so shocked by the fall that he remained unconscious until evening. So protracted was his absence from the house that some of the family went out to see what had become of him, when he was found in an insensible state, where he must have lain for some time. The injury was so great, and his recovery so slow, that it was several weeks before he

could be taken home to his family in Vernon, Oneida County. But he was no burden to the family where he was—his extraordinary fortitude, his uncomplaining submission, his constant sweetness of spirit, in a word, his truly Christian bearing, in all respects, more than counterbalancing any extra toil or care his presence must have occasioned them.

Not long after Mr. Gary's return home, the writer, being stationed in Utica, went to pay him a visit of congratulation. The interview was one of such tender interest that it can never be forgotten. Though he was still very feeble, his characteristic buoyancy was quite as observable as when he was in perfect health. To a casual remark that his maimed hand looked much like that of the Rev. Robert Newton, who had just then been to this country as the representative of the British Conference, and whose evangelical eloquence had charmed every one, he replied, "Does it, indeed? Then I can scarcely regret any thing I have suffered, or any loss I have sustained, seeing I am made by it to resemble Robert Newton, even in my hand!"

But, with all his geniality, and his delicate regard for the feelings of others, he was capable, when the occasion called for it, of administering a rebuke with most cutting severity. An instance will serve not only to illustrate this, but to exhibit the spirit of those early times. In 1820 George Gary was presiding elder on the Oneida district, and B. G. Paddock, though that year nominally located, was preacher in charge at Cooperstown, being appointed there by the presiding elder in place of Elias Bowen, who had been taken to supply a vacancy at Utica. During the warm part of the year a quarterly meeting was held in a barn at Fly Creek, some four or five miles from the village that gave

name to the charge; for in those times barns were, not unfrequently, used in place of churches, especially on these extraordinary occasions, when the school-room or private dwelling could not hold the multitudes that usually came together. At the time to begin the love-feast on Sabbath morning the door was, according to the then existing law of the Church, closed and fastened. But, during all the opening exercises, and for some time afterward, some one on the outside continued to pound on the door, to the serious annoyance of those within. It was seen that the exercises could not well go on until the noise was stopped. Accordingly, the preacher in charge went to the barn door, intending to open it wide enough merely to admonish, and thus silence, the person who was making the disturbance; but, just as soon as it was unfastened, a brusk, strong-handed—we do not say "strong-minded"—woman thrust herself within. In vain did the door-keeper, whose face was covered with blushes, hold out his hand to obstruct her ingress: she felt that her strength was equal to the emergency, and was determined to avail herself of it. She *would* and did come in, though no further notice was for the moment taken of her. After the love-feast, elder Gary preached. In the course of the sermon he had occasion, possibly it should rather be said, *took* occasion, to quote St. Paul's prayer to be "delivered from unreasonable and wicked men." 2 Thess. iii, 2. "But," said he, "I am inclined to think that had the apostle been present this morning he would have rather prayed to be delivered from unreasonable and *impudent* women," and proceeded to give a most graphic history of what had occurred at the previous service, the offender herself sitting right before him. Having freed his own mind, he turned to the preachers sitting behind him,

and said, "If any of you, brethren, think I have not said enough, I hope you will supplement me when I am done." Let no one pityingly imagine that this Amazon was annihilated. So far from that, when the castigation was completed she turned to a woman sitting near her and said, "Now I wish I had a cent; I would give it to the elder." The preacher had, doubtless, seen her utter want of modesty, nay, of decent sensibility even, or he never could have had recourse to discipline so severe, for he was, always and every-where, the Christian gentleman.

Our subject was not a scholar in the ordinary sense of that word. He entered the ministry so young that there was little opportunity for previous training. The veriest elements of a common-school education might be said to constitute the sum total of his scholarship, so far, at least, as science and letters were concerned. But he had a mind of great natural vigor, so that he grasped whatever met the eye or addressed the ear, with something nearly akin to what is commonly called intuition. If he did not read books, he did men and things. The experiences and observations of daily life were made, to a degree truly surprising, tributary to his intellectual edification. Here he was always a successful student. It is not intended to be understood that he did not read, but simply that he was not a great reader. While with the large volume, especially if it dealt in the lore of past ages, he had little satisfactory communion, the quarterly and other periodicals—in a word, the literature of the day generally—not unfrequently engaged his attention. So that, gathering here a little and there a little, he finally accumulated large stores of knowledge. In almost any company he would be taken as a man of uncommon information.

But it was in the pulpit that Gary appeared to the best advantage. He was, in the best sense of the phrase, a good and a great preacher. Though not large personally, his voice was fine, his enunciation distinct, his action graceful, and his whole bearing adapted to please and impress an audience. He had little imagination, but emotional power to almost any extent. When fully aroused, as he was apt to be at camp-meetings and on such like occasions, he carried all before him. At such times his whole soul was thrown into his theme, while every glance of his eye, every utterance of his lips, every action of his body, gave force to the Divine message he was delivering. God and man seemed to meet. The whole assembly was moved, as if in the presence of Divinity itself. He himself melted and wept, and so did the people. When this Divine *afflatus* came upon him, his hearers were either fastened upon their seats, or drawn from them upon their feet and toward the speaker, as if by irresistible attraction. He had his favorite themes. 2 Cor. v, 20 was one of them. The Hon. Greene C. Bronson, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, heard him preach on it, at a camp-meeting in Oneida County, more than fifty years since, when Mr. Gary was young; and, forty years afterward, the judge says of the discourse: "It appeared to me both able and eloquent, and fully equal to what might have been expected from a talented and faithful minister of more mature years and higher advantages of education. The thoughts were logically arranged and perspicuously and forcibly expressed, the gestures were appropriate, and it was in all respects a calm and dignified, though earnest, exposition of the Divine truths which stand connected with the text."

In after years the preacher became still more impas-

sioned and eloquent in the delivery of this discourse. At a camp-meeting held in the neighborhood of Ithaca, Tompkins County, in 1827, he preached the same sermon —the same in substance only, for his discourses were never written—with a pathos and power that can never be forgotten. Some eight or ten years later still the writer heard him preach on the same text before the Oneida Conference, and with the same wonderful effect. Even at this distance of time, the sermon is spoken of by multitudes who heard it in different parts of central New York. But though this may have been a favorite theme, it was by no means the only one which brought out his extraordinary power in the pulpit. Others might be mentioned which, at times, were equal in interest and effectiveness.

Such sermons as we have mentioned were, however, exceptions rather than habitual with him. Commonly he was calm, expository, and eminently edifying. Sometimes he might seem slow, but even then his hearers found afterward that he had made much greater progress than they thought he had. But we have exhausted our space and must close, though a volume would scarcely suffice to do full justice to our convictions. Blessings on his memory!

REV. ABNER CHASE.

Another of my brother's early associates, and one that well deserves a distinct and emphatic notice, was the Rev. Abner Chase, who died in Penn Yan in April, 1854, aged nearly 71. He was born in Stonington, Ct., December 11, 1784; and when between eighteen and nineteen years of age made a profession of religion and

became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Broadalbin, Montgomery County, N. Y. About three years thereafter Mr. Chase began to speak in public, and was successively licensed, first as an exhorter and then as a local preacher. In both capacities he labored extensively, and was every-where well received. Impressed that it was his duty to devote himself wholly to the work of the ministry, in 1810 he took a recommendation to the New York Annual Conference, was received by that body on trial, and appointed to the Delaware Circuit. At the end of that year he was, at his own request, transferred to the then newly formed Genesee Conference, which met at Sauquoit, Penn., July 20, 1811, and of this body he remained both a member and an ornament until he passed to the scenes of the blessed.

Simply to name the charges he successively filled, and the years in which he filled them, would afford information of scarcely sufficient value to justify the use of space necessarily occupied in doing so. My first personal acquaintance with him, or, more properly, *observation* of him—for I was both too young and too little in sympathy with him for the former—was in 1814, when he was on the Utica Circuit; the same charge that was, with some curtailment, afterward called Litchfield. Though I had been in the habit of hearing the Gospel from my childhood, no minister had ever before so much interested me. Proud and wedded to the world as I was, I anticipated his ministrations at the old Warren meeting-house, which occurred once in four weeks, with a sort of delight. His bland countenance, his ready utterance, his kindly manner, and especially the exuberance and appositeness of his illustrations, so charmed me that I seldom failed to be present when Abner Chase was to occupy the pulpit. As yet, how-

ever, I had by no means made up my mind to be a Christian; at least, not just *then*. The next year I was providentially called to a clerkship in a dry-goods store, in the town of Paris, Oneida County. I say *providentially*, because it has ever seemed to me that the providence of God was specially concerned in my lot being cast just where this man of God was, as stationed preacher, again proclaiming "all the words of this life." I now heard him with increasing interest; though it was not till the close of the ecclesiastical year, when the Annual Conference was being held in his church, that I settled the great question of personal discipleship. While the now sainted M'Kendree was performing the ordination service, on Saturday, July 21, 1816, I solemnly vowed thenceforward to be a follower of the Saviour. Soon after I was baptized and admitted to probationary membership in the Paris (now Sauquoit) Church by the Rev. Abner Chase, who had just been appointed to that charge for a second year. Ever after, to the close of his life, he was my warm personal friend. I hope this does not appear egotistic: I give so much of my personal history simply to show that I have been in a position to form, at least, an intelligent opinion respecting the man of whom I write.

Though his mode of sermonizing was *sui generis*, his preaching was singularly effective. It abounded in anecdote, and scarcely ever failed to rivet attention. Sometimes it was overwhelmingly powerful. A distinguished civil functionary, the late Hon. Myron Holly, who was equally distinguished as a scholar, once heard him when more than commonly inspired, and was so deeply affected as to be barely able to stand on his feet. So he himself afterward declared. Though our subject had what might be called a homely face, yet, when lit

up with a smile, as it commonly was when he was preaching, and when his mild blue eye, sparkling with intelligence and holy joy, looked out upon a congregation, none could have a more attractive presence. At such times he appeared like an angel in something more than an ecclesiastical sense. In his more happy moods he would frequently raise his long finger to his cheek, as if brushing off a fly, or pass it back over his temple, as though he would restore the hair to its proper place; the whole, however, being a mere habit, expressive of good feeling. But those who frequently heard him preach were always glad to see it, as it was either a sure presage or an invariable accompaniment of a rare entertainment. These characteristic movements became more frequent as he became more impassioned, and soon well-nigh the whole assembly would be melted into tenderness and penitence or holy joy, according to the spiritual condition of its several members.*

* The following anecdote, though rather humorous for grave history, will give a pretty good idea of the effect not unfrequently produced by Mr. Chase's preaching. In the summer of 1830 the Genesee Conference met in Rochester, N. Y. Though then stationed at Cazenovia, in the Oneida Conference, I was at the Rochester session to look after the interests of the Cazenovia Seminary. I was quartered with a Presbyterian family, the head of which was then an elder in his Church, and subsequently mayor of Rochester. He still lives, and is a blessing to the Church and to the world. At noon on Sabbath I said to him, "My spiritual father, the Rev. Abner Chase, is to preach at the Methodist church this afternoon; come, go with me and hear him." The invitation was accepted. When at the church I could not help seeing that the sermon, though much in the preacher's usual style, was producing a very happy impression upon the mind and heart of my host. At the close of the service, and as soon as we left the place of worship, he seized me by the arm and said, with the most evident emotion, "*That was the true prickly ashbark; why, I felt it to the ends of my fingers.*" This sermon was often referred to afterward, and evidently left an abiding impression.

There was nothing like sameness in Mr. Chase's preaching, save only in the sense of uniform excellence. His variety was inexhaustible. He not only had a good stock of theological knowledge, but, wherever he was or however employed, he was always accumulating material for the pulpit. While Bible history was often made to solve the problems of providence, or illustrate some trait of human character, the simplest occurrences of every-day life were, with equal skill, laid under contribution for the edification of those that heard him. An instance of the latter, though it dates back to 1817, can never be forgotten. Upon one Sabbath morning, when preaching on "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life," he said, "we needed light only for present duty and present comfort. Some good people did not understand this, but were often distressed because they could not penetrate the future. Where I was last night"—he had been to an adjacent neighborhood to preach—"the mother of the family with whom I stayed said to her little son, 'Willie, put a candle into the lantern and run to the old house'—the house they had recently left for a new one—'and bring me such an article.' The little fellow hastened with alacrity to do as he was bidden; but when he stepped from the vestibule he cried out, in great seeming perplexity, 'O ma, I cannot go.' The mother, stepping to the door, said, 'Why not, my son?' 'Why,' said he, 'only look yonder and see how dark it is toward the old house! I cannot go where it is so dark.' 'But,' replied the mother, 'is it not light where you are?' 'O, yes,' was his response, 'it is light enough where I am, for I've got the lantern here.' 'Aye, and when you get out there you will still have the lantern with you, so that it will be just as light there as

it is where you are now.' Though still showing some trepidation, he trusted his mother, and found her word true. Now," said Mr. Chase, "we have only to do as did the little boy. If we follow the Saviour we shall surely have the light with us, for he is the 'light of the world.' With him as our leader and guide, we cannot walk in darkness. Even when we reach 'the dark valley and shadow of death,' it cannot be *very* dark so long as the heavenly Shepherd himself is with us."

This is a simple specimen of what was constantly occurring in the ministrations of this apostolic preacher. Nature, and providence, and the common occurrences of life, supplied him, as they did the Great Teacher, with pertinent and striking illustrations. His resources in this regard seemed inexhaustible, so that his discourses were ever fresh and instinct with life. Hence, what he said was sure to come home to "the business and bosoms" of those who heard him.

From what has been said it would be naturally inferred that there must have been, at least, as a prevailing characteristic, a marked appropriateness in his sermons. Such was the palpable fact. He seemed not only to know just what the specific occasion called for, but where and how the supply could be furnished. At the time of the great revival at Sauquoit, in 1816, there were some unfriendly criticisms indulged in by the pastor of a neighboring Church, as well as an intimation set afloat that something in the shape of polemical discussion might be of great use to the community just then. The next Sabbath the text in the Methodist pulpit was, Neh. vi, 3, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" The appositeness of the theme at once struck every intelligent mind; and

though no direct issue was made; nothing, indeed, said that could be offensive to any body, yet all saw that a parley in "the plain of Ono" would be almost certain to cause "the great work," then in hand, to "cease." At this distance of time, and especially now that the relations of Churches have undergone so blessed a change, it is difficult to imagine the salutary effect produced by the discourse in question.

Another example of Mr. Chase's readiness to meet any special case that might arise is all that can now be given. In the summer of 1817 a camp-meeting was held in Winfield, Herkimer County, N. Y., which was commonly called "Dow's camp-meeting," simply because it was responsive to some formal overture from that eccentric man that the presiding elder of the Oneida District, the Rev. Charles Giles, saw proper to appoint the meeting then and there. But, under the circumstances, Dow seemed to be the oracle of the occasion. In the estimation of the masses in attendance no other minister present, unless Timothy Dewey, Dow's special friend should be excepted, was worthy of much attention. Whenever either Dow or Dewey, especially the former, took the stand, there was a rush to the auditorium: even many good people seemed to be carried away with a sort of superstitious reverence for the eccentric evangelist. Our subject had noticed the state of things with anxious interest; and determined, should the proper opportunity occur, to administer the needed correction. Accordingly, when his turn came to occupy the stand, he took for his text 1 Cor. iii, 21-23, "Let no man glory in men: for all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas," etc. He said the Church at Corinth was cut up into factious parties, each of which proposed to love and

admire one particular preacher. Now such preference may be perfectly innocent, or it may not. If it produce either contempt or neglect of all other ministers, it is highly offensive to Him whose ministers they are. Such was the sin of the Corinthians. One said, *I am of Paul:* I admire a learned minister, a man of a clear, strong, logical mind. Such is my favorite; I will hear him, and no one else. Another said, *I am of Apollos:* I much prefer a fine person, a musical voice, and graceful action. These qualities meet in Apollos, and I can afford to listen to no other preacher. And another said, *I am of Cephas:* as for logic and the tinsel of oratory, I care little for them: give me a plain, zealous, lively preacher; one who deals in blunt, unadorned truth, such as Cephas; I will hear him and no one else. Now in all this there was both sin and folly: sin in idolizing any individual, and folly in depriving themselves of the benefits of the various gifts God had bestowed upon his ministers, all of which were designed to promote "the perfecting of the saints." The sermon went on in this strain till it exhausted the teaching of the text; carrying with it a pathos and power that not only commanded the attention of the vast congregation, but left an impression that could not be otherwise than salutary. Ministerial favoritism was, at least for the time, thoroughly routed.

Chase had a remarkably well-balanced Christian character. It would be difficult to say with which of all the graces he was most richly adorned. There was in him, indeed, a beautiful blending and happy exhibition of them all; all, too, in a blessed state of maturity. He not only never "thought of himself more highly than he ought to think," but always bore himself so modestly, even in the most elevated official positions,

that envy itself cowered before him. In 1832 he was presiding elder on the Ontario District, and I was pastor in the village of Ithaca. A new church was to be dedicated in Trumansburgh, and both of us were invited to perform the services. His sermon in the morning was in his happiest style, abounding in illustrative incidents, and delivered in a spirit so bland, so mellow, so communicative, that he took the whole congregation with him; smiles and tears alternating on which side soever one turned his eyes. Chase stayed in the place several days, and, at the close of the morning service, invited me to his room. Knowing from experience that a minister, when about to preach, wishes to think of nothing else, he remained but a moment; and, as he approached the door of the room on leaving, I said to him, "Now, Brother Chase, you have preached the people all up to heaven; but I shall go to the church, and preach them all down to earth again." With an expression of countenance I can neither forget nor describe, for it was an expression of unutterable self-abasement, he replied, "Brother, if I have done no harm, God be praised." No volume I ever read, the Bible alone excepted, has done me as much good as has this single sentence; especially as the manner of its utterance, scarcely less than the sentiment itself, has ever been present to my mind.

In June, 1851, the very year in which he took a superannuation, he wrote me a strikingly characteristic letter. An extract or two will, I am sure, both please and profit the reader: "Well, here I am still trying to preach as each blessed Sabbath returns, and have generally enjoyed myself well in so doing. But there is great need of pastoral work here, (Milo Center,) which I am not able to perform, and which it was stipulated I need

not feel myself under obligation to do, only in so far as I might feel able to perform it. But I never had a charge, and never should have, when I did not feel all my energies enlisted to promote its interests; and I even sometimes *want* to do much more than I can. The Church and congregation here are very solicitous that I should continue with them another year should my life be spared. But to this I cannot consent, even though the appointing power should sanction such an arrangement. I love to preach when I am able as well as when in the vigor of manhood; but I feel that I cannot now be depended upon beyond any thing further than occasional sermons." . . .

"It is quite uncertain whether I shall be able to attend the session of your Conference. I am, as you know, an old man, and *home* is now more highly prized than in former days. In other words, it is more of a hardship to be *from home* than it was formerly. But I shall soon pass to a *permanent* home; and I trust that, through our Lord Jesus Christ, it will be one of peace and delight, infinitely surpassing any which earth can afford. My contemporaries [coeval] are gone; and when I shall have passed away, I shall leave it for you to write for the information of my friends who may survive me, at least this short notice, "ABNER CHASE IS DEAD."

There was no occasion for me to announce the death of my venerable friend at the time it occurred, as others personally observant of the fact did what I, being distant, could not do to any purpose. But I have always supposed it possible that more was intended than was expressed in the closing words of the quotation. Thus understanding my now sainted correspondent, I have, several times, made incidental public

allusions to his remarkably excellent character. Still, I have ever felt that I ought, somehow or somewhere, to give to the Church and the world something further, something more specific, in regard to a man whose deep piety, godly example, and extraordinary usefulness should command the homage of coming generations.

A fine contribution in this direction has been made by Drs. Luckey and Buck—the former now with the glorified—as published in Dr. Sprague's very valuable book, "Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit," pp. 497-503. On reading their excellent communications my first impression was, that nothing further in respect to the good man of whom they speak was particularly called for. Further reflection, however, impressed me that one who had known him so long and so intimately as had the writer hereof, ought to be able to add something to what had been said by others. Besides, what seems to him a matter of duty, is, in the present case, eminently a labor of love. To no one individual, either living or dead, is he under higher personal obligations than to Abner Chase, nor is there any other of whose excellences he can speak with fewer qualifications. Directing attention to him, one might well say, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright!" Everywhere and on all occasions he was the Christian and the Christian minister. Nor did he labor in vain. He left abiding fruit wherever he toiled. Few among us have, indeed, been instrumental in leading more souls to the Saviour. He presided on a district, or filled a station, or traveled a circuit, equally well. In a word, he was always found equal to any post to which he was providentially called. Few men ever had more friends or fewer enemies: of the latter it is wonderful he should have had any. It might be said of him, almost

literally, as the beloved disciple said of Demetrius, he had "a good report of all men, and of the truth itself."

But though an ample volume would scarcely do justice to my convictions touching Brother Abner Chase, I have space for nothing more save a brief account of his death. He took cold, which resulted in congestion of the lungs, of which he died after about a week of intense suffering. From the first he seemed impressed that he could not recover. Though perfectly conscious, he was able to say but little. What he did say was, however, characteristic of the man. To his daughter, who had expressed solicitude and sympathy in view of his sufferings, he replied, "O, I shall not suffer any too much." At another time he said to his family, "My children have long known my views of God and the Bible; of Jesus Christ and his salvation; and these things I have urged upon you in public and in private; but how much more in the hour of my departure." To one of his sons he said, with great placidity of manner, "I am not informed who is usually first at the gate of Paradise to meet the new arrivals; but it is not a matter of great importance, as there must be such a multitude from the days of Abel to those of Wesley to go on errands of this kind." "He was," says Dr. Buck, "entirely sensible of the progress of the fatal malady, and, when all hope of recovery was past, desired that the doors of his room might be thrown open, so that the many who were anxiously waiting to see him and hear him speak once more might come freely about his bed. A little before he died, as we were standing about him, he desired singing and prayer. When asked if he wished to have any particular hymn, he selected the familiar one begin-

ning, 'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?' During the singing he lay with his hands clasped upon his breast, looking upward most of the time, and expressing in his countenance the otherwise inexpressible emotions of his soul, as verse after verse of the hymn was repeated. The whole company were much affected, and it was with difficulty we proceeded through the hymn. When the last verse was sung, the scene was inexpressibly affecting and sublime. As we sung—

> "'Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'Tis all that I can do,'—

he raised his clasped hands, pressed his head further back upon his pillows, lifted his eyes and held them fixed in their gaze upward, and thus continued till the last word was sung. There was at this time expressed in his countenance what no words can portray." In this posture and in this heavenly expression he remained till the special exercises ended. The same day, and only a few hours after, he breathed his last. The writer can think of no more appropriate conclusion than the words of King Josiah in view of the death of the prophet Elisha, "O my father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." 2 Kings xiii, 14.

REV. WILLIAM CASE.

Another of my brother's early associates, and one of his life-long correspondents, was the Rev. William Case. He was born in Swansea, Mass., August 27, 1780. Beyond this little is known of his early life, save only what is recollected of his own verbal allusions, made in social meetings, to his habits previously to his becoming a disciple of the Saviour. Though he always spoke

of himself in terms of disparagement and regret, the presumption is that his character was much like that of most irreligious young men of his times. In February, 1803, after a deep mental struggle, he made a public profession of religion, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Feeling himself divinely called to the work of the ministry, he was, after such preparation as he was able to make, admitted on trial by the New York Conference in 1805, and appointed to the Bay of Quinte Circuit, in Upper Canada. In 1806 he was on the Oswegatchie Circuit; in 1807 on the Ulster; and in 1808 was appointed to Ancaster; thus taking him back again to Canada. The next year he was missionary to Detroit.

In all these charges he so acquitted himself as to show his eminent fitness for the higher office of presiding elder. Accordingly, in 1810 and 1811 he was on the Cayuga District; in 1812 and 1813, on the Oneida District; in 1814, on the Chenango District; in 1815, on the Upper Canada District; from 1816 to 1819, on the Lower Canada District; from 1820 to 1823, again on the Upper Canada District; and from 1824 to 1827, on the Bay of Quinte District; thus holding the office for seventeen successive years. The two following years he was superintendent of Indian Missions and Schools in Canada West. The Societies in Canada, in view of disabilities under which they labored in consequence of their connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, having now severed such connection, and failing to effect a satisfactory reorganization, Mr. Case was called, in 1830, to the *pro tempore* office of general superintendent of these Societies; which office he held during the next three years.

At the end of this term the Canada Conference had

entered into such relations with the British Connection as to render the temporary expedient alluded to above no longer necessary; and Mr. Case was permitted to return to a work which had now, in some sense, become his ruling passion. Hence, we find him again missionary among the natives, with the additional office of superintendent of Indian translations. An industrial school, for the exclusive benefit of the natives, having been established at Alnwick, Mr. Case was put in charge of it; and here, for fourteen years, he toiled with great fidelity and equal usefulness. He was now getting to be an old man; but not wishing to take a superannuated relation, his Conference permitted him, by formal vote, to visit such portions of their great field and to do only such portions of work as might consist with his health, comfort, and preference, during the evening of his life; thus furnishing the strongest proof of gratitude, veneration, and respect. It was while laboring under this honorable commission that he finished his earthly career.

In consequence of a fall from his horse, Mr. Case died at the Indian Mission of Alnwick, October 19, 1858. A fractured limb being the immediate result of his fall, he suffered long and severely, but with great patience and unmurmuring submission. Nay, more, like the father of the faithful, "he was strong in faith, giving glory to God;" thus passing from the toils of earth to the reward of the just. Being so widely known and so universally respected, as well in the States as in his adopted country, his death occasioned a deep and sorrowful sensation. All felt that one of the best and most useful of men had been taken from the militant Church.

Though Mr. Case was evidently a man of the tenderest

domestic sentiment, he abstained from pleasing himself in any special relation to a family till he was considerably past the meridian of life; and this, too, "for the kingdom of heaven's sake." To save souls was the great object of his life; and to do this he was ready to make any personal sacrifice, however great. He clearly saw that the claims of a family and the calls of the Church, as matters then stood, could not be made to harmonize; and so seeing, did not hesitate as to the part it was proper for him to act. But when permanently located at the Indian Mission, the question of marriage was easily susceptible of a different solution. Very possibly, however, the question might have still remained in abeyance, had not the eligible *material* with which to commence domestic life been providentially thrown directly in his way. Two young ladies, Miss Hubbard and Miss Barnes, had already consecrated themselves to the same work, in the same place in which this good man expected to end his days. They were pious, they were comely, they were accomplished; and he could see no reason why he might not "strike hands" with one of them, thereby lessening his cares, sweetening his solitude, and extending his influence. Accordingly he joined fortunes with Miss Hubbard, who was to him all a good man could desire. Being left a widower, however, only a few years afterward, he gave his hand to Miss Barnes, who toiled with him and ministered to him till his probationary work was accomplished.

Few more unselfish men ever lived. He sought others' profit, and not his own. His zeal to do good knew no bounds. Sacrifice, and toil, and suffering, so far from being appalling, were his supreme delight. He counted not his life dear if he might but extend the

triumphs of Immanuel's reign. His plans of action were always objective rather than subjective; or if, at any time, he seemed to take special care of self, it was only that he might thereby more effectually promote the general welfare. When he could do so, he was ever just as ready to give as he was to labor. A single instance is all that space will allow; but this may be taken as an index to his whole character.

In 1826 I was pastor in Utica. Case, being on his way from Canada to New York, on business relating to his Indian Mission, called and passed the Sabbath with us. The brick church on Bleecker-street was then in process of erection, in the completion of which he at once evinced the deepest interest; visiting it again and again, during his short stay, and making many valuable suggestions. On Monday morning, when he was about to resume his journey, I walked with him to the stage-coach, then standing at the door. Before he entered it he turned to me and said, "I am much pleased with your new church, and though there is little probability I shall ever worship in it, I think I shall feel better when toiling in the wilds of Canada to be able to reflect that I have an interest in it, and therefore wish you to hand this to the trustees;" taking from his vest pocket a bank-note, which he had evidently placed there for the purpose, and handing it to me. At this distance of time, I cannot recollect the exact amount of the donation: it was, however, several dollars, and a great sum for a man who lived on a stipend less than one half of the wages of a modern mechanic. But it was the underlying principle that prompts our admiration, and which, at the time, did more to help on our enterprise than would a hundred times as large a donation, in the absence of that principle.

Though in the pulpit Elder Case was by no means remarkable, his executive talent was of a high order; and he knew how to plan as well as execute. As presiding elder, he was among the best. His wakeful eye swept a broad field, and he always knew how to select the more salient points. The mission was projected, and the circuit formed, at just the right time and place. If a church was to be erected, he was the right man to consult. He took his pocket-rule with him into the pulpit, and often at the close of a service would measure heights and distances, in and about it, so as to be prepared to give advice elsewhere. Nothing that concerned either the temporal or spiritual good of the Church, within his appropriate field, escaped his observation. PRACTICAL WISDOM was one of his distinguishing characteristics.

Our subject had a well-cultivated mind, and was really an accomplished Christian gentleman. In the spring of 1828, in company with six or eight of the natives of his mission-school, including both sexes, Mr. Case, then on his way east to elicit greater public interest in his work, passed a few days in Rochester, N. Y. On Sabbath afternoon a public meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, the largest place of worship in town, so that all might have a chance to see something of the fruits of Mr. Case's missionary labor. The occasion was one of thrilling interest. Sweeter singing or better speaking is seldom heard at academic exhibitions, even in our white schools. The whole scene, under Mr. Case's skillful management, was beautiful and inspiring. At the close of the service, a man used to the best society privately said to the writer, "Is it possible that Mr. Case has his residence among these natives? Why," continued he, "a gentleman of more

refined manners I have seldom seen." Such was the impression he made every-where, as well among the lowly as among the most elevated and refined. A more agreeable companion is, indeed, rarely found. He mingled cheerfulness with gravity, and the playfulness of the child with the wisdom of the sage. With a sanctified heart, a polished intellect, a fine person, and a musical voice, he was fit to mingle in any society. Such a man could not fail to have warmly-attached friends, and no man certainly ever better deserved to have them.

Though Case held a ready pen, and was often secretary of his Conference, he did not write largely for the public. Till the last few years of his life, when, as we have already seen, his labors were comparatively local, he was almost constantly on the move. Emphatically may it be said of him, more so, perhaps, than of most other itinerants, "He had no certain dwelling-place." Still, he wrote frequently for our Church periodicals, and will be found by the future historian to have contributed much that cannot fail to be of permanent value to coming generations. The New Dominion and Central New York especially will bear the impress of his molding hand for years to come. Good man, the Church should shed tears of gratitude at his grave!

REV. JONATHAN HUESTIS.

This good man commenced life somewhere about 1785. In youth he came with his father's family into the town of Warren, Herkimer County, N. Y. Under the labors of some of the first circuit preachers that visited that portion of country he was awakened to a

sense of his lost condition, when he sought and found the blessing of pardon and acceptance. He at once joined the household of faith, being one of the seven persons that constituted the first Methodist Society ever formed in the town of his residence. (See p. 64.) Thenceforward he led a life of holiness, and soon began to speak in public. His deep piety, his good sense, and his ability to speak, so impressed his brethren that he was, while yet quite young, licensed as a local preacher. Of his usefulness in this capacity the reader may form some idea by turning back to what is said of him in connection with his high school on Bowman's Creek. (See p. 68.)

At the first session of the Genesee Conference, in 1810, Jonathan Huestis was received by that body on trial, and, in due course, admitted to full membership, as well as ordained first a deacon and then an elder. It would be quite easy to supply a catalogue of the several charges filled by him while he continued to perform effective service; but as these may all be found in the Annual Minutes, their enumeration here would seem like a useless engrossment of space. Our object will be better accomplished by proceeding at once to say, that he was not only a man of deep piety and blameless life, but of a well-cultivated intellect and of highly respectable preaching talent. For many years he was secretary of his Conference, some time filled the office of presiding elder, and elsewhere frequently occupied posts of responsibility and honor. Though not brilliant, he always summed up well. He had a remarkably well-balanced mind, and seldom made any great mistakes in his plans and estimates. A man of more scrupulous honor never blessed the world; he would not do a mean thing for any earthly consideration; and

what he would not do himself, he would not countenance others in doing. At the same time, he always bore himself meekly. A more unpretending man, both in word and manner, can hardly be imagined. He was, indeed, meek and lowly in heart. And then, as life wore away, he became still more humble and child-like; his greatness and goodness appearing in higher perfection, and shining with more than usual radiance.

But good as he was, he was doomed to pass through all but heart-breaking trials. Conjugal infidelity, of a most painful character, well-nigh overwhelmed him. To the end of his life he never completely recovered from the shock. A sense of humiliation seemed always to attend him, even after the individual perpetrating the deed of dishonor had passed away; remorse evidently hastening the transit from time to eternity. The whole case, added to his previous trials and sufferings as an itinerant, so affected his general health that he remained in the active pastorate only a few years after it; when he went upon the superannuated list, and there remained till the Master called him home.* At first, the writer doubted whether any allusion whatever should be made to this painfully delicate subject; but finally concluded that this much might be proper for two reasons: first, it may and should operate as a warning against listening to the voice of the tempter: secondly, and especially, it not only brings out and places in a strong light the virtues of the innocent sufferer, but demonstrates the power of divine grace to sustain and comfort the good man under the severest trials of the present life. From early childhood the writer hereof knew Jonathan Huestis; and though the latter is now

* He died February 8, 1854, aged 67.

beyond the reach alike of human praise and human censure, he takes a sort of mournful comfort in bearing testimony to his great excellence of character.

REV. SETH MATTISON.

A sketch of the early life of this distinguished minister of the Gospel, drawn up by himself, and dated Lima, N. Y., December 15, 1833, has providentially fallen into our hands. The following embraces the chief points in his early history. He was born in Shaftsbury, Vermont, Feb. 22, 1788. From his childhood he was impressed with the importance of religion, and, at the age of fifteen, found the grace of life. Of his literary advantages he says: "I was kept in a common school until I was nine years of age; after which I attended during winters only. Such was my proficiency, however, that at the age of fifteen I took a school at Sandlake; and, young as I was, think I was tolerably successful as a teacher."

In the spring of 1805 he came by domestic removal into the then wilderness of Onondaga, N. Y., where he was subjected to the usual toils and privations of a new country. But amid these he did not forget the vows of the preceding year, for in July he sought and obtained probationary membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, being admitted by the Rev. George Lane, then junior preacher on the Scipio Circuit. Only two weeks thereafter—so he tells us—he was "verbally" authorized by Amos Jenks, preacher in charge of that circuit, to hold meetings as an exhorter. "From that time to this," says his manuscript, "I have continued to expound the word of God and call sinners to repentance."

The way in which his attention was first called to the Christian ministry, and his early exercises in reference to this his great life-work, will be gathered from the following extract: "My first inclination to the ministry was excited at the age of nine or ten years, while singing a farewell hymn composed by one Hull, a Baptist minister. I never afterward adverted to that circumstance without having that inclination revived. In 1804 I was deeply afflicted with disappointment in the pursuit of happiness: yea, was thrown into a state of deep and unutterable anguish; the immediate cause of which it was improper to make known to any one but the Author of my being. Heaven, at that early period of my life, endowed me with prudence, and drew me under a holy influence, or I should have been utterly ruined. The inclination to the ministry, of which I have before spoken, was revived, and I felt not only the absolute necessity of religious consolation, but also, that if I could, consistently with the will of Providence, pursue the calling of the ministry, it might tend to assuage my grief and secure me in the dangerous journey of my life. It was well for me that I did not then fully perceive my incompetency for the work. Had I foreseen the severe course of discipline which God had designed for me, and the long course of study and various experience needful to prepare me for usefulness as a minister of the Lord Jesus, I should probably have fainted at the prospect. While examining the Holy Scriptures, attempting to expound them myself, and hearing holy men expound them, the depravity of my nature was so exposed to my view that I was often led to exclaim with the prophet Isaiah: 'Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips: . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts!' Though my

disposition, to the age of six or eight years, was, according to my best judgment and recollection, mild and inoffensive, save a certain irritability which sometimes discovered itself when treated unkindly by my mates; in process of time it became sadly deteriorated. Hence, when I came to the pure light of revelation, I discovered that I had acquired many erroneous impressions and sinful habits. In a word, I clearly saw that my whole nature was so corrupted by pride and selfishness that without a great change I could never succeed in the ministry or even indulge a hope of salvation."

From pencil marks on the paper from which the above is copied, it is evident that the good man intended to go on with his personal history and tell how he was delivered from "the body of this death." That he *was* delivered, no one familiar with his after-life could for a single moment doubt. While he bore the fruits of the Spirit in all their supreme loveliness, he consecrated his whole life to God and to humanity.

But to return to his Onondaga history. Some months after he commenced holding meetings under the sanction of the preacher in charge, the Quarterly Conference of his circuit voted him license to exhort. In this way he exercised his gifts till May 26, 1807; when, at a Quarterly Conference held in connection with a camp-meeting in the town of Brutus, he was licensed as a local preacher. Those who afterward knew this distinguished divine—for such he became—can hardly do otherwise than wonder at what follows; and yet something akin to it is often found in the history of other early Methodist preachers. In the memorandum before referred to he says: "This summer (1805) I commenced my theological studies, having no book but the remnant of a pocket-Bible, and no time to study in but

Sabbaths and evenings after concluding the labors of the day, and no light to study by at night save such as was made by pine splinters. I borrowed the life of Benjamin Abbott, and read it with delight." Considering his peculiar temperament and mental characteristics, we are not surprised when we read again, "Borrowed Hervey's Meditations, and read with pleasure and profit." Again, "Borrowed the old Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church"—doubtless the edition in which were bound the Doctrinal Tracts—"and was pleased with the doctrines and articles of faith, as well as with the economy and government of the Church. Obtained Wesley's Notes. Held two, three, and four meetings a week. When not invited, I begged an invitation. Held meetings in all the surrounding neighborhoods, often going many miles on foot. Being deeply affected with a sense of my remaining depravity, I watched, prayed, and struggled after holiness. Amid all, opposed by relatives, persecuted by sinners, contended with by Calvinists, and encouraged by the good of all denominations, especially by the Methodists."

Of the persecutions he encountered in those early times the following incident may be taken as a specimen. He had an evening appointment to preach in a log-cabin. The sons of Belial in the neighborhood could not allow such a transaction without at least trying to make disturbance. Their expedient was certainly very childish, and possibly quite unique. They took a pumpkin, removed the inside of it, and carved upon the outside by cutting through the rind the face of a man, embracing mouth, nose, eyes, etc. A lighted candle was then thrust into the cavity through a hole made in the bottom for the purpose, thus rendering the face not only visible, but rather appalling to those not in the

secret. This head was elevated and tossed about outside of the cabin, with a view to attract the attention and disturb the quiet of the worshipers within. The latter were, however, too intent upon their devotions to be in the least troubled by it. Determined not to be defeated in their wicked purpose, the persecutors opened the door of the cabin and threw their artificial hobgoblin upon the head of the preacher just as he was offering the concluding prayer. This singular item of history was given in a family circle by Mr. Mattison himself, who was, at the time, (1813) on the Utica Circuit; substantially the same charge afterward called Litchfield. A lady present said, "Why, Brother Mattison, what did you think when such a frightful object came tumbling down upon you?" "Think?" replied he: "Why, I thought if I could not face a pumpkin, I certainly could not a frowning world." Thus it was that the fathers treated persecution itself; like King David, "turning it into matter of song, and playing it off upon the harp."

Though naturally a very timid youth, his zeal to save souls stimulated him to toil on in his humble sphere, whatever opposition might be arrayed against him. His deep piety and conceded promise of usefulness were not overlooked by those whose duty it was to take care of the interests of Zion here in the wilderness. In 1808, in consequence of the transfer of the Rev. James Kelsey to the Scipio Circuit, in the place of William Hill, who had been dismissed from the charge, young Mattison was sent to take the place of Kelsey on the Otsego Circuit. He filled out the balance of the year—about six months—with general acceptability and usefulness, when he returned home and resumed his labors as a local preacher. Here, however, he was per-

mitted to remain only a few months. Having given satisfactory proof of his fitness for the work, he was called to the wider and more responsible sphere of the itinerancy. By a quarterly conference held in connection with a camp-meeting in Scipio early in the summer of 1810, he was recommended to the newly formed Genesee Conference, to convene in a few weeks. By this, which commenced at Lyons on the 20th of July, he was received on trial, and appointed to the Otsego Circuit—the same charge he had served as a supply a short time previously. From this time forward, for nearly thirty-five years, he continued to perform the onerous duties of the itinerancy. To supply details would, however, be inconsistent with the necessary limits of the present paper.

As a divine, Brother Mattison ranked with the first among us. Though he commenced his public life with little scholarship, as has been already seen, he finally achieved a highly respectable position. He was constantly employed in adding to his stores of knowledge, as well literary and scientific as theological, thus growing stronger and stronger, as every Christian minister should, to the close of life. Some of his last sermons were among his very best. Several of his discourses have been published, some in pamphlet form and some in the Methodist Magazine and Quarterly, which the reader will find replete with just and elevated thoughts, expressed in language eminently suited to the pulpit. The arena of his public labors was central New York. So great was his modesty, however, that he always shrank from the larger towns and more important charges, and greatly preferred the smaller villages and more rural portions of the Conference. In these, therefore, he spent most of his ministerial life, always loving

and ever beloved. Not only were thousands led by him to the foot of the cross, but the Church was strengthened and built up under his able pastorate.

Seth Mattison was born a poet. His thoughts, by something like an irrepressible instinct, ran into verse. No wonder, then, that he wrote much in this way. The only volume he ever published, entitled, "The Retired Muse, or, Forest Songster," contains some poems surpassed by few others of American origin. The larger number of his poetical compositions were suggested by passing occurrences, and of course acquired little more than a newspaper notoriety. Some of these will, however, be found to possess considerable merit, and well deserve a place in the poetical archives of the nation. In the latter part of his life he gave himself far less to this species of composition; indeed, for a few years, abstained from it almost wholly. He assigns his reasons for this in a letter to the writer hereof in 1842—only a few months before his death. He says: "As for my writing poetry, I am in doubt. I have found the path of life so perfectly the reverse of my poetic imaginings that I feel quite indisposed to travel the fields of nature for either amusement or consolation; and yet there I must travel if I hold dalliance with the muses. I could travel there with great pleasure, and advance a species of piety in my own soul—a piety, however, of rather doubtful character. The fact is, the gloomy shades and frightful precipices along which my footsteps have been directed have given such a cast to my imagination, which has ever been inclined, perhaps constitutionally so, to dwell on the sorrows of human life, that when my muse awakes and sings freely, she pours out a strain which criticism condemns for its dubious colorings. I cannot sing by other men's conceptions. Life

has been to me a thorny maze, and though a heavenly light has shone along my pathway, it has proved to me quite the reverse of what gay writers and most admired poets have pictured it. I am, in later years, but little entertained with flowery gardens, with blooming landscapes, or, indeed, with any merely earthly prospects. In these I gloried in days of fancy and inexperience. Now, if I rest at all, it must be in the sublime truths of revelation. I can listen with pleasure to an intelligent analytical examination of a flower, but you can hardly think with what painful disgust I turn away from the mere romantic admirer, who can only exclaim, "O how pretty! O how sweet! What delightful hues!" and the like. In brief, if I cannot look up through nature to nature's God—if I cannot see the Deity either in his works or his word—I must sing, if I sing at all:—

> "How tedious and tasteless the hours
> When Jesus no longer I see!
> Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
> Have all lost their sweetness to me."

It will be inferred that Mr. Mattison's temperament was much like that of the poet Cowper. The exquisiteness of his sensibility can hardly be imagined. It was like the apple of one's eye. Of course he both suffered much and enjoyed much. What was gentle and amiable all but entranced him, while what was course and vulgar appalled and greatly distressed him. A rabbit, could he have consistently domiciliated one, would have been treated by him as the poet to whom we have likened him treated his. An instance will show his disposition. While traveling the Litchfield Circuit, some sixty years since, he tarried all night at one of his appointments with a local preacher by the name of Matthew Lewis, who cultivated a little farm, and otherwise lived much

in the style of his humble neighbors. When Mattison arose in the morning he found a sheep tied near the door, whose innocent looks at once challenged his attention. Learning from his host, who was sharpening his knife near by, that it had been caught with a view to slaughter, he approached it, held out his hand and talked to it, until the gentle animal really seemed to comprehend and appreciate his sympathies, licking his hand and looking him wistfully in the face. This reacted upon the sympathiser until he fairly wept. "Brother," said he to the owner, "do let the poor creature go." The response was, "We are much in want of fresh meat; I have had a long and tedious run to catch the animal, and now I do not like to change my purpose. Besides, I have had *your* comfort specially in view in planning the present slaughter, and could not give you what my wife would regard as a satisfactory breakfast without it." The thought that he himself had supplied any part of the motive for the contemplated deed of blood almost overwhelmed him, and greatly stimulated his desire to effect a liberation. "Brother," said he, with a sort of passionate earnestness, "I will never eat another mouthful of flesh in your house as long as I live if you will only let that poor sheep go." "That," replied the owner, "*I* cannot consistently do. But I will turn her over to *you:* if you see proper to loose her, of course I shall not kill her." It is hardly necessary to add that the deed of emancipation was speedily executed, and the intercessor delighted to see the intended victim bounding off into her accustomed inclosure. "There," said the local preacher some years afterward, when narrating the circumstance to the writer, "the old sheep is now down in the field, and there shall she remain till God takes her. I can neither

kill nor part with an animal whose life has been spared at the instance of so good a man and so dear a friend."

Such a man could hardly be otherwise than strong in his attachments. There were a delicacy and an ardency, and yet a considerateness, in his social feelings, which gave a sort of charm, we had almost said a kind of divinity, to his friendship." God and his friends, the one supreme, the other subordinate, were the chief sources of his happiness. Though the last few months of his life were months of suffering, his end was peace. He rests from his labors, and his works follow him.

REV. ISAAC PUFFER.

But few preachers were more widely known in central, western, and northern New York from forty to sixty years since than was Isaac Puffer. He was born in Westminster, Worcester County, Mass., in June, 1784. At the age of five he came with his parents to Oswego County, New York. A few years thereafter the family removed to Watson, in Lewis County, in which place Isaac, in the fifteenth year of his age, found peace with God, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was one of twelve who constituted the first class in the village of Lowville—one of the first classes formed in that large extent of territory then known as "the Black River country."

Precisely when or how he commenced public speaking, the writer has been unable to learn. It is known, however, that in 1809 he was received on trial in the New York Conference, and appointed to the Otsego Circuit: that Conference then covering all that portion

of country. The next year (1810) the Genesee Conference was formed; and as it embraced the Otsego charge, young Puffer became a member of that body. The new Conference covered all the territory now embraced in at least four Annual Conferences, together with what was then known as the Upper and Lower Canadas. To cultivate this large field, it may be said, without qualification, no one labored quite as hard as did Isaac Puffer for full forty years; when he went upon the superannuated list, and remained there till called to his heavenly home.

Though his early advantages must have been inconsiderable, he became one of the most useful, it might almost be said one of the most popular, preachers of his time. His great strength lay in the ease and skill with which he quoted and applied the sacred text. In this respect he probably had no compeer in the whole Connection. Of philosophy he had no more knowledge than he had of polite literature, and certainly had very little of either; but everything in "the book divine" was at his tongue's end. One peculiarity of his preaching was, that he always gave book, chapter, and verse.

In the early part of his ministry the Calvinistic controversy largely engrossed public attention. The Calvinism of that day was of the pure, unmixed kind. So extreme was it, that it would now be called Antinomianism by the Calvinists themselves. The proper moral agency of man was practically ignored, if not theoretically and verbally denied. Sinners were treated as if they could do nothing, and, therefore, really had nothing to do; while saints were safe, any how, as they could not do otherwise than persevere. Men were mere passive agents in the hands of God, if, indeed, agents at all,

and acted only as they were acted on. When the writer was a boy, a grave old divine, who was very anxious to keep "the poison of Arminianism," as he called it, out of his father's house, spent long hours there in debate with a member of the family who was avowedly inclined to the heresy in question. In one instance, to illustrate the "divine sovereignty," he took the fire-shovel in his hand, and said: "There, the sinner is in God's hand just as this shovel is in mine. Now he is moving him right on toward hell, (suiting the action to the teaching,) and now (reversing the movement) toward heaven."

So long as views like these were prevalent among the masses, early Methodist preachers felt that they could do little in leading men to repentance and Christian activity. Hence a preliminary work, almost every-where to be done, was to dislodge these errors from the popular mind. Controversial preaching was, therefore, in a sense, quite unavoidable. However averse to it, either from temperament or otherwise, every itinerant was obliged to take the attitude of a polemic. Those of the present day, when there is such a practical convergency in the current theological systems, can have little idea of the difficulties then to be overcome. But while *all* had then, in a peculiar sense, "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," *some* seemed to have a singular talent for the controversy, and, therefore, a special call to it. Such was Isaac Puffer. Generous and tender-hearted as he was, almost to a fault, the violent peculiarities of the Genevan creed received no mercy at his hand. His onslaughts were, indeed, terrible. When he opened his scriptural battery, the enemy must either retreat or capitulate, or, at least, disguise himself. Two or three score proof-texts—by no means

an unusual number in a single discourse—wrought into a chain by his masterly hand, speedily did the work. Probably, indeed, no other man in his day contributed any thing like as much as he did to disabuse the popular mind of these paralyzing errors. During the latter part of his public life, however, he had little occasion to preach in this strain, and really seemed to enjoy exceedingly the most intimate relations and tender communions with those very people whose distinguishing tenets he had demolished with such an unsparing hand. His was, indeed, a war of love.

Another form of error against which he aimed, if possible, a still more effective blow, was Universalism. This, as a kind of offshoot of hyper-Calvinism, had almost every-where diffused itself. Receiving the dogma that "God had unchangeably foreordained whatsoever comes to pass," it maintained that man could not justly be punished in a future state. Why send him to perdition for doing just what God eternally and "unchangeably" designed he should do? The logic was simple, and people who had been accustomed to hear and believe the doctrines of "the divine decrees" had little difficulty in accepting the soothing corollary. Indeed, the conclusion seemed to be quite as irresistible as it was comforting. So thought vast multitudes, and hence the notion that there would be no punishment after death was found in almost every nook and corner of the land. And if already safe, what need was there of man's troubling himself about his salvation? The matter had been settled without *his* agency, and he had only to wait till God should see fit to take him to the land of promise. Thus reasoned and thus acted no inconsiderable percentage of our population. Universalism must, therefore, be shown to be untenable, and the hopes

inspired by it to be delusive; for, till sinners could be made to see their danger, there was scarcely any possibility of leading them to repentance.

Such were the deliberate convictions of Puffer, and he governed himself accordingly. For the same reason he preached at all, therefore, he deemed it his duty to oppose Universalism. But here, as elsewhere, the only magazine whence he drew his munitions of war was found amply sufficient for his purpose. With book in hand, he was always ready for battle. The abettors of a dangerous error quailed before him. Its mightiest champions stood no chance at all before his sweeping battery. If, as was sometimes the case, they sought a personal tilt, the challenge was eagerly accepted, when evangelical truth was sure of a triumphant vindication. Debates of this sort are seldom thought to be profitable; but, as conducted by him, they were not unfrequently productive of salutary results. But Puffer did not always wait for a challenge; occasionally he took the initiative himself. Wherever he went he raised his voice against what he believed to be a dangerous error. And the pathos and power with which he preached against Universalism were truly wonderful. Deep and irrepressible emotion would sometimes all but overcome him, causing him to tremble like an aspen leaf. He not only trembled himself, but caused others to tremble. At the close of one of his great efforts, at a camp-meeting in Madison County, New York, more than forty years since, a large number of Universalists—it was said, at the time, at least fifty—came forward for prayers, many of whom began from that hour to lead new lives. All over central and northern New York, and in portions of the Canadas, persons are to be found in large numbers who were led from Universalism to evan-

gelical Orthodoxy by this powerful preacher of God's word.*

As has already been implied, Puffer was an indefatigable laborer. During a large portion of his life he preached from one to three sermons every day. He would not only perform all the labors of a large circuit, but was ready to respond, whenever he could, to calls from surrounding charges—calls that would have been of burdensome frequency to most other men. Indeed, he seemed never so happy as when in the pulpit. With the masses he was always exceedingly popular; but no one enjoyed his preaching more than he did himself. He loved the work, and he performed a vast amount of it. He had a large, muscular frame, and a fine, musical voice; so that preaching really taxed him probably much less than it does most other men.

* In candor it should be said, that Universalism is not now what it used to be. It has, if we mistake not, undergone important modifications within the last forty years. It is now Restorationism rather than Universalism. The doctrine of future punishment—punishment more or less extended—is generally accepted by the leading men of the denomination. It would be difficult to find a preacher of any note among them who would now say—what Universalism used to say—that good and bad alike, the most virtuous and the most vicious, go at once after death to the world of bliss. There is, we are most happy to believe, a good deal of evangelical truth that now comes from the pulpit of that denomination. Rev. Dr. Ryder of Chicago, says: "So far as loyalty to Christ and faith in the Bible as the sufficient rule of faith and practice are concerned, we believe the Universalist denomination is as united as any sect represented in the Alliance." . . . "We believe in a new birth, or change of heart, effected in the soul by a cordial belief of Gospel truth, accompanied by the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit." Dr. Chapin, of New York, in a sermon on "Who touched me?" says: "We are weak, we are sorrowing, we are sinful, and we need Christ and nothing else. The soul flies to his power when all else is gone. If we are in earnest we shall find him, and we shall be blessed in finding him." Surely, those who say such things "cannot lightly speak evil" of the MASTER.

A more kindly man than was Mr. Puffer is rarely found. He feared nobody, but loved every body. Affliction, anywhere, at once enlisted his active sympathies. No matter what was the sufferer's character or condition, if he fell under Puffer's observation he might be sure of having a brother's hand extended to him. If he could not relieve, he would at least pity. Like his divine Master, he went about doing good. An instance may not be out of place: When traveling the Cayuga Circuit, some thirty-five or more years since, he was passing through the village of Auburn on his way to a public engagement when the team of some countryman who had come to town ran away. Such things were of daily occurrence in their streets, and the citizens, intent upon their *own* business, scarcely noticed the incident. Not so with Puffer. Seeing the poor man's affliction, though a total stranger, he could not leave him. With all his strength and agility he started off in pursuit of the fleeing horses, and so intense was his anxiety that he really seemed to be more deeply interested than the owner himself. He had, in fact, by deep and tender sympathy, made the case his own. This little incident is referred to as an index to his whole social character. He would do the same thing, or its equivalent, every day in the year, without ever thinking he had done any thing more than was usual among good men.

His honesty was transparent. So patent was his child-like simplicity that he was widely known by the *sobriquet*, "Honest Isaac"—a title first given him by the now sainted Bishop George. He seemed to have scarcely any idea of human policy. His own plans, and purposes, and motives of action were always right on the very surface; and that was just where he looked for those of other men. No wonder that impositions were

sometimes practiced upon him; and no wonder that, to the superficial eye, he sometimes appeared vain; for he always spoke of his own failures and successes just as he did of the failures and successes of other men. At the close of the camp-meeting sermon spoken of above a brother met him outside the ground, and said, "Brother Puffer, you had a good time to-day." With the most perfect self-satisfaction legible all over his countenance, he approached the brother, and, laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder, responded, "Yes, brother, I *had* a good time. In truth, it is my preaching on some of these great subjects that makes me so popular. When I preach on common topics I cannot preach any better than the rest of you." Near the same time he met the same individual in the village of Cazenovia, and, reining his horse up to the side-walk, said to him: "Brother, I want *you* to go down to Chittenango and preach, for the people there think no Methodist preacher is fit to be heard but *me*, and I want to have them learn better." It was said by some that he had never learned to conceal his heart! If the writer ever knew a man of pure, transparent, unvarying goodness, aiming solely and supremely to promote the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, that man was Isaac Puffer.

After his superannuation (in 1843) this venerable man spent several years in visiting, as he was able, the places in which he had labored in his palmy days; thus allowing any of his old friends who still remained to take him by the hand once more, and the children to see a face and listen to a voice of which they had heard so much. For domestic reasons he emigrated West in 1848, spending the rest of his days chiefly in Wisconsin and Illinois. New scenes, new associations, and new calls to moral combat seemed to have a rejuvenating

influence, so that he essayed to work as in former days. About this time the writer received several letters from him, full of zeal and good feeling. But it was easy to see that his vigor was gone. For years he had ceased to be what he had been. He had toiled too hard and suffered too much, in early manhood, to enjoy what is commonly called "a green old age." But, feeble as he was, a call to action at any time aroused him. It was hard for him to understand that he could not do as much and as well as he ever could, so that he was ever ready to respond to almost any call. But, early in the winter of 1853, he felt himself obliged to retire from the field; or, at least, his friends insisted on his doing so. He languished, life gradually wearing away, until the 25th of the following May, when he left the scenes of earth for the joys of heaven. His end was peace. All of his last expressions were those of calm trust and holy confidence. He died at Lighthouse Point, Ogle County, Ill., in the seventieth year of his age.

REV. CHARLES GILES.

Though Charles Giles was a few years older, both in life and in the itinerancy, than my brother, he was alike his correspondent and his early ministerial associate. He was born near Fort Griswold, Conn., a place of revolutionary celebrity, on the 22d of February, 1783. Here he spent his childhood and early youth, and was trained much as were children generally, at that early day, in New England. His father was a man of vigorous intellect, and of unusual personal independence. So far as theology was concerned, hyper-Calvinism was the prevailing characteristic of the community in which

the family lived. But the idea that God had made a part of the human family on purpose to save them, and the other part on purpose to send them to perdition, seemed to the senior member of the household so utterly inconsistent with his notions of the Divine character that he peremptorily refused to receive it. The posthumous book of Dr. Huntington, entitled "Calvinism Improved"—really an argument in favor of Universalism—now began to be read; and, at about the same time, Messrs. Michael Coffin and Hosea Ballou, then young and talented, came into the neighborhood to propagate the same doctrine. On the supposition that God has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass, Mr. Giles maintained that the doctrine set forth in this book and by those gentlemen was an unavoidable corollary; for God could not and would not damn men for doing just what he had decreed they should do. Hence, the new doctrine was readily accepted. The wife and children were not, however, sufficiently interested in the matter to be seriously affected by it; at least, they feared the future consequences of sin; nor did Mr. Giles show any disposition to disturb their moral habits. He was himself upright in his intercourse with the world, and really desired his family to be so. Indeed, such is the force of habit, he never did break away from the restraints imposed by early moral training.

When Charles was about fourteen years old the family emigrated to Brookfield, Madison County, New York. The father, having purchased land there, made a small clearing, and built a log-cabin, the preceding year. Here the Giles family shared the fate usual to new settlers; their solitude being cheered by general health and prosperity, and by yearly accessions to their neighborhood population. In less than three years

after their settlement here, the town was visited by itinerant preachers from the Philadelphia Conference. If Brookfield was then included in the Chenango Circuit, as it probably was, the preachers were Barzillai Willy and William Vredenburg. But whoever they were, the usual evangelical "signs" attended them. The Gospel, as they proclaimed it, was indeed "the power of God unto salvation." A revival broke out that well-nigh swept all before it. So far as the Giles family was concerned, it was literally so. Even the semi-skeptic father was made to "lick the dust;" so that his house was henceforward, to the close of his life a house of prayer. Soon after Charles was inducted into the household of faith he felt himself divinely called to the work of the ministry, and began to speak in public for the Master. His gifts were formally recognized, and he was licensed first as an exhorter and then as a local preacher. All his studies and all his movements took a new direction, and the ministry of the word was now distinctly recognized as the one great business of his future life.

This point being settled, he took a recommendation from the Quarterly Conference of which he was a member to the Philadelphia Annual Conference, which met that year (1805) in the city of Philadelphia. He was received on trial by that body, two years thereafter admitted to full membership and ordained deacon, and continued to labor in connection with that Conference till 1809, when he took a location in order to make some special provision for his family. This accomplished, he was ready to re-enter the itinerancy in connection with the Genesee Conference at the time of its formation in 1810. With this single exception, he remained in the itinerancy from 1805 to 1867, when he died, at the age of 84 years. It should be stated, how-

ever, that during a considerable portion of this time he was either superannuated, or without an appointment at his own request. Central New York was, for the most part, the scene of his labors, and generations will probably pass before the echo of his name will cease to be heard in that region. For twelve years he was presiding elder, and this was, doubtless, the happiest portion of his public life. He was eloquent, but such was his intellectual character that it required some extraordinary occasion to bring him out in his more captivating style. A camp-meeting, or an old-time quarterly meeting, attended by a large concourse of people, would generally supply the requisite excitement. When thus aroused the exuberance of his imagination exceeded that of any other man I ever heard speak. Tropes and figures seemed to spring up in his mind as spontaneously as the growth of vegetation after a vernal shower. As a natural consequence his imagery was not always well sustained; being sometimes confused and incongruous. To none, however, but the deliberate rhetorician would this seem to be a fault. The panorama was so brilliant, and so rapid in its transit, that any little confounding of figures was seldom detected. His voice, for sweetness, compass, richness, and variety of intonation, was unsurpassed. He could easily raise it, so as to make the largest congregation hear; and yet, by such elevation, it would lose none of its melody. There were times when large congregations were held spell-bound by his eloquence, and others when they were literally raised from their seats.

When not thus stimulated, however, Mr. Giles was by no means remarkably interesting as a preacher. For discussion, exposition, or logical deduction he had no special adaptation or relish; so that when out of his

constitutional element, his success was not striking. He was an ardent Christian, and, in that quality, a Christian of the old Methodistic stamp. Nothing stirred him like warm devotional exercises. A volley of responses, or a shout of triumph from an appreciative audience, gave wonderful impulse to all his intellectual movements, and especially to his speaking faculties. In his palmy days his success in winning souls to Christ was remarkable; hundreds, if not thousands, having been brought to the knowledge of the truth through his instrumentality.

Amid all his labors Mr. Giles found time for study. He not only read the original of the New Testament with considerable ease, but made commendable progress in several branches of science which he found to be more or less connected with the teaching of the sacred text. He read somewhat extensively, and was able to sustain a conversation on literary subjects generally with discriminating interest.

Brother Giles employed his pen considerably almost from the very commencement of his public life. As early as 1806, when he was on the Otsego Circuit, he wrote and published a short poem, entitled "The Dagon of Calvinism," which was simply a satire on the more questionable points in the Genevan creed. The Young Hammerer"—for so he calls himself—though professedly trying to work up and embellish his "Dagon," really endeavors to make it just as odious as possible. Any thing more grotesque or self-contradictory than is his "image" can hardly be imagined. In its day the poem, if such it could be called, was immensely popular. Even those who did not approve of its subject could hardly do otherwise than laugh at its wit. The author himself probably published no

more than a single edition; but, as he secured no copyright, others multiplied copies of it all over the country. The writer has seen it and heard it spoken of in distant States. Such a publication *may* have once had its use; but Calvinism, at least in its practical bearings, has undergone such material modifications that at the present time Mr. Giles' "Dagon" would be not only inapposite, but needlessly offensive. It is not to be regretted, therefore, that it is probably now out of print.

At a much later period in life, when the author was far more capable of versification, he wrote another poetical satire entitled, "A Convention of Drunkards." Of course, the *dramatis personæ* are all either manufacturers, venders, or consumers of intoxicating liquors, and are made to speak and act in harmony with their true character and position. The composition has a good deal of dramatic interest, and has been frequently rendered upon the stage at academical exhibitions, to the great amusement, if not substantial profit, of the audience.

Mr. Giles also wrote ballads and other fugitive pieces all along through life. Being generally, perhaps nearly always, devotional, they were widely sung and very popular among those for whom they were specially intended. He composed an ode on the completion of the Erie Canal. Before it was published a copy was sent to Governor Clinton, who acknowledged the receipt of it in a very complimentary letter. The writer chanced to be present when this letter was received by the author of the ode, and heard it read.

But the largest, and by far the most elaborate and valuable, of all our author's poetical compositions was published by the Harpers, in 1837, under the title of "The Triumph of Truth; or, the Vindication of Divine

Providence." Though not without defects, the poem is really worthy of much more attention than has ever been bestowed upon it. History, philosophy, theology, criticism, are all laid under contribution to aid in "justifying the ways of God to man." No intelligent and well-disposed person can read the poem without pleasure and profit. It embraces fourteen books, and fills two hundred and seventy-six pages.

Under the title of "The Pioneer," Mr. Giles wrote another volume, of between three and four hundred pages, which was published at the Book Room in 1844, by Lane & Sandford, "for the Methodist Episcopal Church." In this the author gives a history of his own nativity, experience, travels, and ministerial labors. To those who take an interest in the religious facts, incidents, and occurrences of that early day, the book cannot be otherwise than both pleasing and profitable. It is a little too diffuse; branching off in observations, reflections, and speculations which have no immediate or special connection with the narrative; otherwise, the "Pioneer" would be far more interesting to the common reader. The facts set forth are unquestionable: though the author is occasionally at fault in the order of them. For example: He speaks (page 180) of attending an Annual Conference at Niagara, Upper Canada, in 1812; of his journey to that place, of the battle-field at Lundy's Lane, etc., etc. It is true the Conference for that year had been *appointed* at Niagara, but the intervention of the war rendered the holding it there impossible. It was accordingly changed to Lyons, N.Y., and was really held there. The battle at Lundy's Lane had not been fought in 1812. If the reader will substitute 1820—in which year the Conference *was* held at Niagara—for 1812, all will be plain; though the events that follow

in the narrative will harmonize only with 1812. The "Pioneer" was written more than a score of years after the Niagara Conference, and during the interim the author had passed through painful and distressing afflictions. It is not wonderful, then, that his mind was somewhat confused in regard to the date of that conference.

The two volumes just named—"The Triumph of Truth," and "The Pioneer"—are, it is presumed, still on sale at the Methodist Book Room, in New York. The writer, having just read them again, feels constrained to speak of them in terms of still more decided commendation. There is real poetry in the "Triumph of Truth;" the sentiment being not only truthful, but often touchingly beautiful. While the existence and perfections of the Deity are argued from the works of creation and providence, the leading facts of revealed religion are brought out in a most pleasing and impressive style. For youth and young people, in particular, the book is full of what can hardly fail both to interest and profit.

Allusion has been made to the deep affliction of this good man. Specification here would be hardly proper, and especially as it does not seem probable that it would tend to any beneficial ends. Suffice it to say, that, through domestic perfidy he was deprived of all the sweets of connubial life, and almost literally of a home even, during the balance of his days. But, amid all, he held on to his Christian and ministerial integrity till the Master took him. He closed his eventful life in the city of Syracuse, New York, August 30, 1867.

REV. DAN BARNES.

Little has been learned respecting the early history of the good man whose name is given above. He was received on trial in the old Genesee Conference in 1810 —the same time my brother was—and located in 1836. Central New York was the arena of his labors during the twenty-six years of his itinerant life. He was three years—from 1823 to 1826—presiding elder on the Black River District, and an equal number of years—from 1826 to 1829—in the same office on the Oneida District. This is proof that he was, at least in the estimation of his brethren, a man of substantial talent. Such was, indeed, in his day, the universally conceded fact. He was safe in the pulpit, and equally so in the executive chair. If the movement of his mind was slow, when it did move it generally reached the right conclusion.

A man of such mental habits could not be popular, especially at a time when *much* warmth was deemed essential to the pulpit. And yet those who *listened* to him, and had the requisite capacity, were generally profited. Polemical discussions were, in a sense, and in his times, unavoidable; and for such discussions Dan Barnes had a special aptitude. If any thing aroused him, it was a challenge to controversy. And when he really did buckle on the armor, his onslaught was terrible. Super-Calvinism, bald Universalism, and covert Arianism, stood no chance at all before him.

If the writer ever knew the special reasons for his locating, they have now escaped from his memory. The probability is, that discouragement had full as much to do in leading him to take the step he did as any thing else. He thought he had ceased to be useful, and that others might advantageously occupy his place. Besides,

his family could be only scantily provided for from the support awarded him by the Church; so that location was, in his estimation, the only alternative. Accordingly he went West, and purchased a new farm, where, as a local preacher, he could still labor for the Master.* Only a few years thereafter he lost his life by a most painful accident. He was burning a log-heap, and stepped upon the top of it with a handspike in order to bring the burning parts a little nigher together; when, by some mishap, his foot was caught between the burning timbers. There being no one at hand to relieve him, his limb was so badly burned before it was extricated as to induce a fever which caused his death. His sufferings were great; but he bore all with uncomplaining firmness and submission until he exchanged the sorrows of earth for the joys of heaven. Though his influence may not have been so widely felt or so readily appreciated as that of some other men who really had less talent, there can be no doubt that he did much in laying the foundations of that prosperity so largely enjoyed by the Methodist Episcopal Church in central New York. His memory should be gratefully cherished; and the writer is sure he is doing only a simple act of justice in making this record of him.

REV. ZENAS JONES.

This good man deserves to be classed with the fathers of the old Genesee Conference. He was born in Wilbraham, Mass., October 17, 1780. His father dying when he was an infant, his education was chiefly in the hands of his mother till he was seven years old, when

* He was afterward readmitted to the Michigan Conference, but was able to labor only about six months.

her scanty means obliged her to give him up to the guardianship of others. But the providence of God still tenderly watched over him, and he was kept from those vicious practices into which youth are particularly prone to run. When only fourteen or fifteen years of age he heard the Gospel from the lips of some of the pioneers of Methodism who visited his native town. The Rev. Daniel Ostrander was the instrument of his conversion to God, by whom he was baptized and received into the Church. At the age of twenty-four years he was licensed as an exhorter, and soon after as a local preacher. In 1810 he was ordained a local deacon by Bishop Asbury; and in 1812, under the direction of the presiding elder, the Rev. George Harmon, he went to the Lebanon Circuit as assistant to the Rev. Dan Barnes. In 1813 he was admitted on trial in the traveling connection, and in due course graduated to full membership and elder's orders. For nineteen years he held an effective relation to his Conference, during which time he labored in a large portion of the circuits in central New York, always and every-where acceptably and usefully. He was, indeed, the honored instrument of leading many souls to Christ, and of building up his Church.

But his health failing him he was obliged, in 1832, to take a superannuate relation. Still, however, he was not idle. Whenever he could, he was ready to open his mouth for God. Sometimes, especially in the more favorable parts of the seasons, he preached frequently, to the great satisfaction and profit of those who heard him.

For two or three years previous to his death he seemed to be impressed that his end was near. In his conversation he dealt much on death and a future state,

anticipating an early removal from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. Just before the Utica Conference of 1845 he desired his presiding elder to inform the members of that body that he expected never to meet with them again on earth; that he still loved them with an affection human language could not describe; and that he expected finally to meet them all in heaven. The same officer was similarly charged by him when he was about starting off to the Auburn Conference, the following year. Ere that Conference arose, however, his venerable form was again seen in the midst of his brethren. His ardent desire, as he afterward informed the writer, to commune once more upon earth with those whom he loved so well, made him quite forget his great bodily weakness. It was, indeed, his last interview with the Conference; for within six weeks after the close of the session he was numbered with the venerable dead.

His descent to the tomb, though somewhat rapid, was gentle and easy. His bodily suffering was not great, and he retained his mental faculties to the last. The day before he died he walked to his barn; and, only about sixty minutes before he ceased to breathe, he desired that a small trunk in which he kept his papers might be brought to his bed. Having accomplished the object for which he wished to see his papers, he deliberately removed his spectacles from his face, remarking it was the last time he should ever have occasion to use them. Presently he informed his attendants that he was struck with death, and directed their attention to his hands, already cold, as proof of the fact.

Of the state of his mind—so calm, so tranquil, so truly joyous—it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea. Two or three days before his death he

told his wife that he had never before, during his whole life, had such a deep and affecting sense of the Divine goodness. To a sister who was waiting on him the day before he expired he said he had such views of the glory of God, and the joys of the heavenly world, as were almost utterly overpowering, and that death had no terrors to him. To his son he remarked, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil; for God will be with me." The whole dying scene was admirably adapted to remind one of that beautiful Scripture, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

Zenas Jones was eminently a good man. He was familiar with the higher branches of Christian experience, living in habitual intercourse and communion with the triune God. Nor was his piety a mere mental abstraction, a quiescent sentimentalism, that had no influence upon his life: it was a living, active, operative principle; a principle that disposed him to all holy obedience. He was every-where and on all occasions the friend of God and the advocate of his cause. Who ever knew him for a single moment to lose sight of the sanctity of his character as a Christian professor, or the dignity of his calling as a minister of the Lord Jesus? As a friend, no man was ever more trustworthy. Guileless as a child, he had nothing to conceal; faithful to all the interests of truth, he never failed to defend the innocent, or to reprove the guilty. From a long and intimate acquaintance with him, the writer well knows whereof he affirms.

His preaching talents were highly respectable. If he did not rise so high, he certainly did not sink so low, as some others. Though not possessed of the advantages of early education, he was a close biblical student, availing

himself of all those helps that providence placed within his reach. Thus applying himself, he became a very creditable divine, as well as a very useful preacher. Such was another of "the fathers," whose name should be handed down to coming generations.

REV. GEORGE W. DENSMORE.

The name and character of this good man ought to have a place in the archives of the Church. But if some one do not speak for him *now*, it is doubtful whether the future historian will be able to command any specific information respecting him. Even now, indeed, few are left capable of supplying the requisite data for any thing like a satisfactory memoir of him. Hence the present paper.

Of Brother Densmore's nativity, childhood, or youth, little or nothing is now known. At the age of twenty-one he was received on trial in the New York Conference, and appointed to the Cayuga Circuit. The next year the Genesee Conference was formed, which included the Cayuga District in its territory; so that his probationary membership went into the new Conference. His first appointment in connection with that body was to the Ontario Circuit, with George Thomas. At the end of the year he was admitted to full membership and to deacon's orders, and appointed to Ancaster and Long Point, in what was then called Upper Canada. Before the next meeting of his Conference, which was appointed to be held at Niagara, July 23, 1812, war was declared by the American Congress against Great Britain. This, of course, cut off all intercourse between the United States and the British dominions; so

that not only was the seat of the Conference necessarily changed, but a dozen of its members were shut up in Canada, and Densmore among them. While the Conference proper held its session at Lyons, Ontario County, the brethren who had been isolated in Canada held a sort of subconference, from which our subject was appointed to Detroit. The inference is—though we cannot now verify the fact—that the charge called Detroit, then doubtless a circuit, was chiefly on the other side of the line. In 1813 he attended Conference at Westmoreland, Oneida County, New York, was ordained elder, and appointed to the Broome Circuit. How he made his escape from his political confinement we are not advised; the presumption is, that he somehow found a loop-hole at Detroit—possibly when the place was occupied by our troops.

From this time to 1837, when he located, Brother Densmore regularly and zealously performed the work of an effective itinerant. With him there was no shrinking, no self-seeking. Wherever the authorities of the Church thought it best for him to go, there he was not only ready to go, but to lay out all his strength. To trace his labors through the twenty-eight years he belonged to the Conference would lead to details inconsistent with the necessary limits of this notice. Most of the circuits and stations in central, and many in western New York, have enjoyed his labors, and will long cherish a pleasing and grateful recollection of him. Hundreds, if not thousands, have been led by him to the foot of the cross, most of whom have already been gathered with him to the inheritance of the saints in light. He took a leading part in the erection of places of worship, as well as in promoting the benevolent institutions of the Church in general.

Densmore had a fine, mellifluous voice; sang charmingly, exhorted powerfully, and preached respectably well. As was said of the Master, "the common people heard him gladly." In the best sense of that much-abused phrase, he was a popular preacher. Though by no means learned, he had not only good sense, but all those other elements of character that give a man currency in society. As an index to his social habits, the reader will be pleased with a single incident which was reported to the writer only a few days since. It will have been seen that sixty years ago he was on the Broome Circuit, which then included what is now Binghamton city. Some three or four miles north-west of the little village the frame of a large barn with very heavy timbers was to be raised. Densmore had preached in the neighborhood the evening before, and learning that great difficulty was being experienced in commanding the requisite help, determined, as he had time to do so before going to his next appointment, to remain and give a helping hand. He did so, to the great satisfaction of all concerned; being lithe, agile, vigorous, and ready to do just what was wanted to be done. During the whole performance, though genial and sociable, he maintained the gravity of the Christian minister, so that his character, so far from being in the least compromised, was really elevated and established. After this he never lacked hearers when he visited that neighborhood. The young preacher *must* be treated with attention. But times have changed, and the same measures in the same neighborhood might not now be deemed politic; then nothing could have been more commendable. It indirectly led souls to Christ.

It would seem like a pity that such a man might not have spent his *whole* life in the active pastorate. He

had reached that period in life when he was really capable of his greatest usefulness; but he had a feeble wife and children to provide for, and brought himself to believe that the paramount duty lay in that direction. Those who may be disposed to query, must look at the facts. The stipend of a Methodist preacher in Densmore's day was little more than a tithe of what it now is. It is easy to see how, under the circumstances, he might very conscientiously reach the conclusion that there was no other way in which he could shield himself from the imputation of being "worse than an infidel," than by retiring from the itinerancy. It was doubtless under such a conviction that he was led to locate and go West. But what a sad failure, so far as his principle object was concerned! "He died," so the papers stated, "at Sugar Grove, Cane County, Ill., on the 17th of January, 1841, in the fifty-third year of his age." We are not at liberty to speculate upon the laws of the invisible world. Secret things belong to God. But one can hardly suppress the query whether he might not have lived, had he and his suffered on in the itinerancy. "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

REV. JAMES KELSEY.

Eminently was the Rev. James Kelsey one of "our fathers." Though some account of him has already been given—see page 81—he well deserves a still more specific notice. He was born in Tyringham, Mass., October 18, 1782. Of his early life little is now known; and had he not become a disciple of the Saviour, the presumption is he would have had only a neighborhood history. Herein, as in a thousand other things, is seen

the value of our holy religion. Many a man is now exerting a wide and salutary influence in and upon the world, who, but for his induction into the Church of the first-born, would have been little better than a cipher among men. THE CROSS, when a man cordially embraces it, lifts him up and places him in a commanding position. Thus it did to Kelsey.

Speaking of himself he says, "It pleased God in 1796 to show me my undone situation by nature and practice, and, after about six weeks of earnest seeking of pardon, to manifest his love to me in the forgiveness of my sins, and in giving me the evidence of my acceptance with him through Christ Jesus." A few years were spent in preparatory studies and in maturing his Christian experience, when he was licensed as a local preacher, and came to the wilderness of central New York. As early as 1804 he was employed by the presiding elder, the Rev. Joseph Jewell, and sent to the Cayuga Circuit. That charge then included nearly all of the territory now covered by Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, and Tioga Counties. It was a four weeks' circuit, taking in about forty appointments, which were scattered up and down in the vicinity of several lakes; a circumstance that greatly increased the amount of his travel, as there were then no facilities for crossing those bodies of water. The amount of labor involved can hardly be imagined by "circuit riders" of the present day.

After being thus called out, it would seem probable that Kelsey never again resumed the work of a local preacher; for in 1806 he was received on trial in the Philadelphia Conference—which then embraced all this portion of country—and appointed to the Ontario Circuit. From this time to 1839, when he went upon the superannuated list, he was incessantly devoted to the

work of an itinerant; giving all his time and all his talents to the Church. Though not an old man, being a little under sixty at the time of his death, he just about literally wore himself out with hard work. His constitution having yielded to a sort of general debility, from which it seemed probable he would never recover, he reluctantly retired from his charge. Still, however, he continued to preach occasionally until within a short time of his death. But his voice, which had been one of great compass and power, became feeble and tremulous; his memory almost entirely failed him; and the whole man, intellectual and physical, exhibited very great prostration. In this way he seemed to be gradually descending to the tomb, when a paralytic stroke, affecting the whole of one side, hastened him in one short week to the *terminus* of life's journey. As might be supposed, his mind was about as much prostrated as was his body, so that his words were few and somewhat confused. But while it pleased God to favor his servant, in his last moments, by drawing the vale of insensibility over the terrors of death, he was also pleased, for the consolation of sorrowing friends, to allow him a lucid interval or two for the purpose of telling them "all was well." But then such had been his manner of life that any thing like a dying testimony was scarcely needed. No one that knew him can doubt that he went safely to the home of the good. If the "well done, good and faithful servant," were not addressed to him, all human estimate of moral character must be sadly at fault.

James Kelsey was a good, sound, evangelical preacher. He was generally successful in winning souls to Christ; not so much on account of any brilliancy he displayed as from the uncommon pathos which seldom

failed to accompany his ministrations. "The common people," as was said of the great Master, "heard him gladly." There was a time when he stood in the first class of preachers in the Genesee Conference. In 1820 he was associated with such men as William Case and Henry Ryan on the examining committee, when full thirty young men were admitted to full membership in that body. In 1811 he was a delegate to the General Conference, and for several successive years was steward in his own Conference. These facts show how he stood with his brethren. And though, in after years, younger and more talented men rather took the lead of him in Conference, he never fell so far in the rear as not to retain a highly respectable standing. In the way of salary he probably received little more, during a whole year, than is now frequently, if not commonly, paid to a preacher in a single month. Blessed old men! may the Church never forget them.

REV. RALPH LANING.

The Christian minister whose name stands at the head of this article deserves a more specific notice than has hitherto been awarded him. He was born in Hopewell, Huntingdon County, New Jersey, on the 5th of April, 1798. When about eleven years old he came with his parents by domestic removal to Ulysses, Tompkins County, New York, where he remained till he entered the itinerancy in 1811, at the age of twenty-two. Though thoughtful and well-disposed, he was not decidedly religious till he reached the age of sixteen, when he sought and found the blessing of Divine forgiveness. Being thus adopted into the family of Heaven, he at

once became a communicant in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It would seem that, from the very commencement of his religious life, young Laning began to think of devoting himself to the Christian ministry. This was, however, rather inferred from the part he acted than from any thing he said directly on the subject. There were then no Church schools to which he could go, so that he was restricted to such means of mental improvement as were common to the neighborhood. But of these he made the most he could. He was diligent in his studies; all of the time making accessions to his stores of knowledge. While he carefully read such religious books as the circuit preachers brought to the place, he gave the most ardent and discriminating attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Thus applying himself, he mastered the fundamental principles of the Christian system with marked facility. At the same time he was, personally, a growing Christian; advancing as well in the experience as the knowledge of divine things. His exercises in social meetings attracted the attention of the more observing, and finally led to a general conviction that God had a special work for him to do. Accordingly he was formally licensed, first as an exhorter and then as a local preacher; and, in both capacities, went into the surrounding neighborhoods with the messages of salvation. In this way he made himself at once so useful and so acceptable that the Church thought it best to enlarge his commission. This was done by recommending him to the Genesee Conference, which met in Paris, (now Sauquoit,) July 20, 1811. He was received by that body on probation, and appointed to the Northumberland Circuit, Pennsylvania, in company with B. G. Paddock and J. H. Baker.

Thenceforward to the close of his life, with the exception of about a year and a half when his name was on the superannuated list, Laning devoted all his energies to the great work of saving souls. The stations he filled were, generally, among the most important in the Conference at that time: Paris, Rome, Marcellus, Lyons, Manlius, and the like. It is a noticeable fact, too, that he stayed far more frequently two years in the same charge — then the disciplinary limit — than was common with his brethren in the ministry. The inference is obvious. The people were satisfied as well with his preaching as his pastoral fidelity. He was, indeed, not only a very accurate sermonizer, but careful to bring out of the treasure-house of divine truth "things new and old;" thus dispensing to them that heard him an unceasing variety. Like Demetrius, "he had a good report of all men, and of the truth itself."

He died of pulmonary disease, induced by a hard cold which was aggravated by excessive labor, October 30, 1831. His sufferings were severe, but borne with the utmost patience and resignation. Faith was triumphant to the end. During his last day he was heard to say, repeatedly, "I am happy — praise the Lord." A funeral sermon was preached on account of his death at the Baptist Church in M'Lean village, by the lamented Rev. W. W. Nind, now with Laning amid the glories of the throne, when the remains were committed to a vault in the public cemetery of the place just named. On his tombstone it is said, by one who knew him well: "His Christian character was unspotted, his ministry was divinely owned and blessed, and his end peaceful and glorious. Servant of God, well done!"

REV. GIDEON A. KNOWLTON.

This good man was born in East Haddam, Connecticut, in 1769. Of his early history little is now known. It is understood, however, that he emigrated when a young man to the then wilds of Otsego County, N. Y., and that his family remained there till the time of his death.

In 1800 he was received on trial in the Philadelphia Conference, and appointed to the Oneida and Cayuga Circuit; in 1801 he was sent to Tioga; in 1802 he was admitted to full membership, ordained deacon, and appointed to Ulster; in 1803 he remained in the same charge; in 1804 he was on the Albany Circuit; in 1805 on the Saratoga; in 1806–7 on the Montgomery; in 1808–9 on the Western.

During the two years Mr. Knowlton was on the Western Circuit, he found there were "regions beyond" him which were in a state of utter destitution, so far as evangelical privileges were concerned. His heart warmed toward them, and he felt that something *must* be done to hunt up and fold these lost sheep in the wilderness. He did all he could in this way himself without abandoning the work specially committed to his hands, and then besought the presiding elder to send him help. Responsive to this Macedonian call, the elder detached my brother, B. G. Paddock, from the Westmoreland charge, and sent him on to aid in forming a new circuit. The young evangelist says—I quote substantially from his manuscript now before me—"I went on into Oswego County, sought out destitute neighborhoods, established appointments, formed societies, and arranged every thing as well as I could for a separate and distinct field of labor. Having done this, I reported to Mr. Knowlton,

and took his place on the Western Circuit, so that he might go on and finish the work I had begun, and thus be prepared for the approaching Conference. At the meeting of that body the new circuit, which took the name of "Mexico," was formally recognized by the presiding bishop, and Knowlton appointed to it with S. H. Rawley as his colleague. It will be seen, however, that he never again visited it.

From the positions he uniformly occupied, it is evident he was regarded by his brethren as a man of reliable character and of, at least, respectable preaching talents. Speaking of him, Bishop Asbury says: "He was a deeply experienced Christian, and a plain, practical, useful preacher." Such was his faithfulness, that it became proverbial in stormy weather: "It is Knowlton's appointment; he will be there; we must attend." Such a statement is what would be naturally expected. A man who could voluntarily separate himself as long as Knowlton did from all the endearments of his own domestic circle, with a sole view to the salvation of souls, would not be very likely from any mere meteorological difficulty, great or small, to stay away from the place where he was expected to proclaim Christ and him crucified. With him there was no flinching, no counting of his life dear unto himself. His ALL belonged to God and his Church.

Such a man must die well. It could hardly be otherwise. In the present instance it was eminently so. Returning from his Conference—first session of "old Genesee"—held at Lyons, July, 1810, and being on his way to visit his family, he had reached Whitestown, now New Hartford, Oneida County, when he was suddenly and violently attacked with fever, doubtless induced as well by hard labor as by the malaria he had imbibed in

the low lands of Oswego during the preceding year. Though his sufferings were great, he was tranquil and happy. Even amid the agonies of dissolving nature, he frequently exclaimed, "How sweet is pain when Christ is near!" It would seem that his family had been sent for; and that at least several members of it had journeyed many tedious miles through the wilderness to see once more him who had been so long separated from them. What stronger proof could they give of the tenderest affections? and what a trial to the husband and father to live, the chief part of the time for ten years, away from such a family! But it is comforting to know that they were with him now; for the Minutes of 1811 say: "A few days before he died he called his wife and two daughters to his bed, and after clasping each by the hand, he bade them farewell. 'You have often looked and wished for my return,' said he; 'I am now going to my eternal home. Be faithful, and we shall soon meet again, to part no more forever.' Though for several of his last days his mind wandered, yet the day before he died he seemed perfectly himself, and said to his physician with great emphasis, 'I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH!' In this happy frame he left the scenes of earth."

Meeting with my old friend, the Rev. Joseph Hartwell, a few months since, and learning that he was in possession of some of the facts in respect to the good man of whom we speak, I invited him to communicate them for this chapter. He has kindly supplied the following, which, I am quite sure, will be read with interest:—

"I have been astonished, if not awe-struck, at what I have read and by other means learned of the toils and sacrifices of our early itinerants. Such a class of men, in

such numbers, the world never saw before, and may never see again. And we should be unwilling that the name of any one of the class should be lost from our annals.

"In 1845 David Durham, of Stockbridge, N. Y., told me of Gideon Knowlton. The narrative was brief, very brief, and the incident that so moved me was given in a cool way, as though it were a common and unnoteworthy affair for those times. He did not appear to be telling any thing that struck him as strange, or at all impressive. Father Dunham was now aged and feeble. In early life he had belonged to the itinerancy, and traveled a circuit that extended from the Genesee country to Oneida County. And I think it was at this time that he fell in with Gideon Knowlton, who had been laboring on the Western Circuit, as they happened to meet on coming around to a point where their charges touched. It was near where Utica now stands. Both were on horseback, of course, as the roads admitted of no other mode of travel. Sitting in their saddles, they talked a few moments of the great work into which every power of mind and body was strained. They were on their last round for the conference year, and Knowlton had not seen his family probably during that entire year! The latter were far away in Otsego County, and the demands of his work, as well as the state of the roads, had kept him from them for so long a period. And now that his year's work was so near its close, he was all animation in the hope of soon seeing them. But did he visit them? Never! The malaria in those vast forests and swamps had poisoned his blood, and before he could turn homeward from his circuit a fever was kindled. Medical aid was limited and inefficient, and but little could be done to extinguish a fire that soon burned out his life. He died among strangers, with

them was buried, and, I might almost say, as was said of Moses, 'No man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.'* I did know where it was. A little clump of bushes and briars in a field between Utica and New Hartford marked the spot. I had arranged for the removal of his remains to the Sauquoit Cemetery, as well as for a tombstone. But my own unexpected removal to Utica to form a new charge, and the very unusual demands there upon my time, thwarted my purpose. This is all the apology I can make for a deeply-regretted omission. The city has since grown out over that field, and no one now living can tell exactly where that good man was laid. But He knows who

> "'Looks down and watches all our dust
> Till he shall bid it rise.'

"Some may think it of little account, but I can never think of that grave with any thing like ordinary regret. The good of the living does not allow such men to be forgotten. And yet his name is but once mentioned in any permanent record of our Church."

* In justice to the people among whom he died, it should be said that they gave him just as good a burial as was, then and there, possible. His remains were interred near the little "chapel" which they had *tried* to build—the first thing of the kind ever attempted by Methodist people west of Albany. If the reader will turn back to the ninth chapter, he will find something of the history of this memorable little house of prayer. The premises were necessarily sold, and thus reverted to secular purposes. The shell of the unfinished house, as well as the bushes at the grave, were often seen by the writer, years afterward. The removal of Mr. Knowlton's remains was the subject of frequent conversation, and was once resolved on by the Sauquoit Quarterly Conference when the writer was presiding elder on the Oneida District. Why it was *not* done probably no one now living can tell. The presumption is, that the responsibility should be divided among not a few. Be this, however, as it may, all will, doubtless, deeply share in Brother Hartwell's regrets.

It was in the strength of manhood that he had left his family in the wilds of Otsego, in a great measure to take care of themselves, while he gave himself up to the itinerant ministry. Did he think when he last parted with them he would never see home again? How much would I give for a history of his thoughts and a knowledge of his prayers as he traced those "bridle paths" for so many miles to that frontier work in the north. Doubtless his heart was strong and his hopes high, and he cared for nothing but his family behind him, and his work before him. A man in any thing short of such a state of mind would not lead such a life nor attempt such a work. To say nothing of the sorrow, agonies, and struggles into which widows and orphans were thrown, at what an immense cost of health and life were the foundations of our Church laid in this new world! If such men as "Father White," Van Ness, Turk, Owen, Knowlton, "could speak, their narratives would be strange revelations to the ears of this generation." How many young men of splendid physical form and strength entered the itinerancy to remain only for a brief service! Not only the work, but the exposures and liabilities attending it, were new, and but poorly understood. On this account, many with finest intellect and purest purpose were soon crippled and laid aside, never again to enter the field but under the great disadvantage of broken health. If recovered in some respects, yet there remained a physical liability which the same work and exposure that produced it would develop again, as repeated experiments sadly proved.

Many of them died young; and though of great promise, few, indeed, of the present day have any knowledge of their record. And sad, indeed, are the reflec-

tions of the living man whose stand-point was such as to allow him a view of these noble young heralds of the cross as they passed by him to their graves. "Other men labored," and we "are entered into their labors." We reap the fields that they subdued. Our times and toils are different, but our responsibilities are the same. What fidelity our very position requires!

THE END

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